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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

FROM

JANUARY TO APRIL INCLUSIVE,

1827.

WITH AN APPENDIX.

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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1827.

ART. I. *The History of the Reign of Henry the Eighth: comprising the Political History of the Commencement of the English Reformation.* By Sharon Turner, F.S.A. and R.A.S.L. 4to. pp. 694. 2*l.* 2*s.* London. Longman and Co. 1826.

UPON this huge and elaborate volume, in which Mr. Sharon Turner has professed to embrace one of the most remarkable and important epochs in our history, the public judgment has already been tacitly pronounced. The work has fallen still-born from the press. We will venture to assert, that not ten persons in the realm have had the patience to toil through half the wearisome length of its seven hundred pages; and but that we have a critical duty to perform, we should ourselves have been well satisfied to have given a silent concurrence to the verdict, by not disturbing the passage of the book to a decent oblivion. But its sins against good taste in composition and manner are so glaring; its obliquities in opinion are at once so ludicrous and so mischievous; and its claims to superior accuracy and industrious illustration, over the labours of all our previous historians, are broadly asserted with such offensive self-complacency, that we are imperatively called upon to subject its pretensions to a rigid, though impartial examination.

The language and composition of Mr. Turner's volume may naturally engage our first attention; and here, as a few examples are better illustrations than a thousand comments, we shall at once enable our readers to judge for themselves of the precious peculiarities of our historian's style. We give the following sentence, as it meets our eye in the very first page of the book:—

'Viewed in those large arrangements of time, which constitute chronological periods, the history of the world, after every fair objection from its obliquities, describes the history of manifold progression in all that constitutes our improvement and our celebrity; but, if it be contemplated only in separate divisions, without reference to its relations as a whole; if we consider it merely as a casual succession of distinct and detached fragments, or connect our feelings with the rise and fortunes of the particular kingdoms and populations that have glittered and passed away,

then so many local catastrophes of states, and so many intervals of dark ness and destitution appear, that the intelligent mind has often hesitate to decide whether the changes have been confused and disorderly v cissitude; or those beneficial revolutions which ultimately unfold a gran and enlarging advance of the human intellect, and new provisions for th production of universal felicity.'—pp. 1, 2.

The vigorous simplicity and lucid compression of this perio will not fail to be appreciated by all, who happen to comprehen its meaning. Thus again, we arrive at a dissertation on the ris of Wolsey; but here a whole passage may afford a fairer criterio of our luminous author's average style:

'As the course of nature is so uniform, and the bodily elements and ir forming spirits of man are alike in every age and climate, we might, fro theory, have expected that the current of his social life would, like th world which he inhabits, have always exhibited, in its events and actors, continuous sameness: and yet our experience is, that the human characte and the scenes and dramas of both its public and private life, are for th most part an agitated succession of change, diversity, and anomalou eccentricity. One cause of the difference may be, that while the move ments of material things are forcibly regulated by appointed laws, whic never alter, no adamantine fetters of an inexorable necessity coerce th human spirit; but free in its essential nature, tenacious of its freedom and ever wishing and seeking to exercise this blessing, it tends to sprin from all bondage and servile imitation, and to choose its own path indulge its own caprices, and make a distinct individuality for itself, inde pendent of others, incalculable by them, and almost always deviating int a specific variety. Some exercise this common power of free-will wit more energy than others; and hence new characters, dissimilar in severa marking and influencing points from those which have preceded, are con tinually emerging from the more tranquil diversities and calmer level c ordinary life; and of these the singularity of some takes the path of a ambition to acquire a command in its affairs, and an actual government c its polity and population. In every age men of this description rise up and step forward beyond their fellows, aspiring to do and to be more tha they behold, and continually preventing life from becoming that placi lake or smoothly gliding river, which knows no change, displays no com motion, attempts no improvement, and produces no evils.'—pp. 119—12(

And he from thence proceeds to paint the character of the grea cardinal's mind, in such a period as a Tacitus might envy.

'They did not push themselves forward, to seize the helm of huma life, without any natal pretensions to become its governor, except a aspiring, intrepid, arrogant, insatiable, energetic, and ostentatious spiri which, flattering itself into a persuasion of its own internal superiority, at tempted to bend all others to its dominion; and which, in an age of grea pride, warlike bustle, and jealous competition, though but a scholar and churchman, succeeded in attaining all the power and pre-eminence whic it so presumptuously and, but for the success, would have been thought s absurdly to have coveted.'—p. 120.

Such is his manner of philosophical description: the elegant involution of his narrative style is still more unique:—

'Son of a butcher, as it was reported and believed while he lived, though some of his later admirers wish to doubt a circumstance which they unreasonably consider to be a descent too humiliating: and of a poor man, as his gentleman usher and earliest biographer, perhaps with an intentional obscurity, more generally states, he was sent very early to Oxford by his father or assisting friends.'—p. 121.

These may serve as sufficient specimens of Mr. Sharon Turner's conceptions of the dignity of the historic muse. But it is in the accumulated array of his expletive adjectives, that the march of his periods is most majestic and grandiloquent. Thus we encounter epithets cased in sevenfold strength, like the shield of Ajax: we hear, p. 687, of 'a softened, softening, impressed, impressible, benevolent, affectionate, benign, and sensitive heart;' and we are told of cardinal Pole, in a paradox of the following astounding dimensions, (p. 603), that he 'was an accomplished, inconsistent, gentlemanly, nervous, elegant, cultivated, religious, mild, social, interesting, and yet bitter-minded man!'

Mr. Turner, however, does not always thus soar in these magnificent flights of diction; his tropes and figures are sometimes of this nether earth; and his similes tell of such things, as 'the ape and the glow-worm in the fable,' (p. 485); of a soul and a nut-shell,' (p. 259); of the 'serpent with the ruby head,' (p. 604): and, p. 21, of 'raw heads and bloody bones.' But of all the strange phraseology, the singular orthography, and the new-fangled coinage of which Mr. Sharon Turner's heterogeneous and inimitable style is compounded, the description would be as insufferable as the reality; and we gladly pass from the manner to the matter of his volume.

In his preface he is pleased to proclaim his discovery, that 'many parts of the reign of Henry VIII. had not been sufficiently elucidated by preceding historians; that the public had not been put in possession of the entire truth on the subject; and that the king and his conduct had not been impartially appreciated.' He found that, 'to elicit farther light on what was obscure or doubtful, or which had been mistaken,' it was indispensable that he should turn 'to original documents, which had not been examined;' and his industry and meditation were therefore bestowed on the treasures at the British Museum, 'which had been singularly disregarded by former historians, although long open to the perusal of all who would take the trouble to investigate their contents.'

The result of this *original* investigation into the circumstances of Henry's life and reign, offers one of the most extraordinary instances of judgment gratuitously perverted, of which there is any example in the annals of historical literature. We had imagined that, if there ever existed a monarch whom the voice of all history had unanimously agreed to brand with the vices of brutal

sensuality and atrocious cruelty, without any redeeming qualit
tion, that despot was our eighth Henry. We had observed hi
have been an example of iniquity so enormous, and so wholly
testable, that neither in the unscrupulous zeal of religious
political party, nor yet among the conflicting passions of con
versial writers, had any one been found hardy or insensible eno
to defend or to palliate it. We had deemed the universal repr
tion of mankind for ever recorded against the savage and inexor
tyrant, who, most truly has it been said, "spared neither ma
his hate nor woman in his lust:" the butcher of the poor vic
of his wanton appetites; the murderer of his most faithful serva
the ferocious persecutor both of Catholics and Protestants; v
in the madness of his pride, imposed contradictory articles of
lief on the consciences of a whole people, and consigned the r
virtuous spirits of both parties to the flames or the scaffold, to
his thirst of blood, or to gratify his fierce and inconsistent big
Yet it is this monster of cruel, uncontrollable passions, who,
Sharon Turner protests has not been 'impartially appreciat
and whose defence he has felt proud of undertaking. His w
volume is an eulogy of the virtues, and an apology for the cri
of one of the very worst men, and certainly the most execr
because the most capricious tyrant, that ever sat on the thro
this kingdom.

Now, if Mr. Sharon Turner had found means to refute all
dark tales of Henry's judicial murders, and to disprove them, a
more than so many atrocious inventions of enemies, his dispos
to rescue the memory of the calumniated monarch would b
telligible and praiseworthy. If it had been possible for him,
by the production of any new evidence, to have detracted from
number or enormity, and to have altered the character of t
deeds of ferocious cruelty, his dissent from the conclusions o
former historians would at least have been comprehensible
plausible. But none of these things has he been enabled to
so far as the conduct of the king is concerned, his volume
tively has not thrown a particle of new light upon the actio
this reign; here he has not discovered a single fact which wa
previously before the world: and the plan of his defence is lin
to the miserable attempt to advance novel reasons, and to seek
most curious palliation, for all the perpetual guilt which, in its
mission, he cannot deny.

The mere narrative of the notorious circumstances of He
life, no sophistry can materially colour or suppress: and it is
in opinions and conclusions, upon events too well known to be
verted, that our judicious historian has possessed the pow
differing from all his predecessors. Mr. Sharon Turner is a s
mental philanthropist, who bewails the evil passions of man
and declaims much on the demoniac phrenzy of strife and b
the wickedness of worldly ambition, and the horrors which sch

of conquest and political intrigues have entailed upon suffering humanity. All this is well: but how shall we reconcile the consistency of a writer, whose periods alternately inculcate the loveliness of virtue and mercy, and palliate the most frightful violations of both? How shall we, with him, sternly reprobate the moral insensibility of Francis, who, on the bloody field of Marignano, slept soundly amidst the carnage which he had directed; and yet regard with complacency the far more shocking and deliberate obduracy of *his* hero, whose cruel heart was impervious to the pleadings of our best affections, whose unrelenting slaughter was, in his domestic and civil life, of his wives, his servants, and his subjects? This didactic reprehension of lesser crimes, blending with the defence and extenuation of deeper guilt—and especially as proceeding from an author, who abounds in saintly truisms, and has evidently aspired to render his work a mirror of moral reflections—this utter confusion of the shades of human offence, is surely among the most strange and pitiable perversions of intellect into which man has ever been betrayed!

The leading events in the life and the reign of Henry VIII. are too familiar to every reader to need that we should offer any connected abstract of the contents of this ponderous tome: and we gladly disclaim both the necessity and the intention of following Mr. Turner, through his minute elaboration of details. We shall only refer to a few passages, to illustrate the mode in which the author has treated the character of the king, and to justify the comments into which we have been led.

Mr. Turner ushers in the main purpose of his volume, by tediously copying all the formal encomiums which were heaped upon Henry during his early reign by his lettered contemporaries; and choosing to receive a great part of this complimentary adulation for the language of truth, he is absurdly eager at the outset, to establish a favourable impression of the character of his hero, which may stand him in need in the darker parts of his progressive career. After carefully inserting these long-drawn panegyrics, he sums them up in the following conclusion:

'The reader has now before him as large a picture as can be furnished of what the most eminent of his contemporaries thought and expressed of Henry up to his forty-seventh year. Whether, if he possessed till that time the qualities that were so long applauded, they could be entirely extinguished in him, when a new political situation led to the cruelties which sullied his last ten years, the moral philosoper may reasonably doubt. These unfavourable additions, and their causes, will be considered in a future chapter; but it is important to note, that Pole, his severest censor, more than once intimates, that if he would have fully submitted himself again to the Papal See, he would have appeared in all his pristine amiability: at least, would have been so considered and represented by those who, for his revolt from it, were passionately painting him as a moral mulatto, without, however, being quite convinced that he actually was such.'—pp. 36—37.

That the cruelties which sullied his reign were confined to his last ten years, is a curious assertion: since neither his unfeeling divorce of his innocent queen Catharine, for the gratification of his legal adultery, nor his execution of her unhappy successor, nor yet his judicial murders of More and Fisher, were included within that period. That the earlier parts of his reign were not signalized by atrocities, is, however, true: but how this fact can be pleaded in extenuation of his later crimes, the reader will probably be at some loss to discover. If he originally possessed the amiable qualities which our author has so largely ascribed to him, and among which (p. 593). Mr. Sharon Turner enumerates *a mild and friendly temper*, the moral philosopher may indeed reasonably doubt how they should become totally extinguished in his nature. But to suppose the existence of this 'pristine amiability' in his character, is to take for granted the subject-matter of the doubt. To the impartial observer of his earlier actions, the arbitrary, violent, and capricious complexion both of his domestic conduct, and foreign measures, will rather appear in sufficient consistency with his later life: although his unruly passions had not yet been provoked by opposition to break forth into the atrocities of which they were capable. The "nemo repente fuit turpissimus" of the poet, affords a more rational standard for the estimate of his true character: the pattern of all virtue which Mr. Sharon Turner has delighted to imagine, could never have degenerated on a sudden into the bloated and gloomy despot. The germs of that fierce impatience of restraint which led to so many horrors, were inherent in his disposition. Even when Sir Thomas More was cherished in the sunshine of his favour, the shrewd observation of that virtuous minister had instructed him in his insecurity against the heartless selfishness of such a master. Observe his well-known answer to a congratulation on being seen arm-in-arm with the king: "I believe he doth as singularly affect me as any subject within his realm; howbeit, if my head would win him a castle in France, *it should not fail to go.*" And the emphatic and dying declaration of Wolsey, had been yet stronger: "rather than he will either miss or want any part of his will or appetite, he will put the loss of one half of his realm in danger. Be assured what matter ye put in his head, ye shall never put it out again."

The unrelenting persecution with which Henry completed the ruin, and shortened the days of the man with whom he had lived for twenty years in the closest intimacy and confidence, is to be received, we presume, for one signal proof of his mild and friendly temper. When Cavendish waited on him to communicate the particulars of Wolsey's death, the compassionate monarch continued the amusement in which he was engaged, before he would hear the pitiable tale; and the strongest interest he expressed, *was for the fate*—not of the man—but of a certain 1500*l.* of his *effects! As a minister*, Wolsey was any thing rather than blame-

less, but there is much justice in the extenuation which Hume has found for his measures in the character of his master: since "the subsequent part of Henry's reign was undoubtedly much more criminal than that which had been directed by Wolsey's counsels."

In his account of the occasion which prepared the disgrace of Wolsey, the business of the king's divorce from Catherine of Arragon, it is really ludicrous to observe how Mr. Sharon Turner has laboured to shift the whole shame of having originated that iniquitous project, from the king to his favourite. It was the 'disturbing cardinal' who pressed the matter; it was the religious scruples which were infused into Henry's delicate conscience, that first unsettled his feelings on the legality of his long union, and alienated his mind from the fond and virtuous woman,

> "That like a jewel had hung twenty years
> About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
> Of her, that loved him with an excellence
> That angels love good men with."

Nor has a passage from a private letter of Wolsey to the king, so early as 1527, six years before the completion of the divorce, and which Mr. Turner has here himself published, opened his eyes to the fact, that the scruples of the royal feeling had far more relation to the flesh than the spirit. The furtherance of the divorce, is here called by Wolsey the king's "great and secret affair;" as "his deliverance out of a thralled, pensive, and dolorous life;" and as being necessary for "*the continuance of his health.*" Is there here anything to be found in the record, touching his ghostly peace, or spiritual misgivings? Yet it was after this, that the royal hypocrite protested before his assembled council, that, saving his religious doubts, he preferred Catherine above all other women; and long after it is acknowledged that he had conceived his violent passion for Anne Boleyn--'Miss Anne Boleyn,' as Mr. Turner most politely calls her—he uttered a second more solemn and public assertion, that "he had stirred the divorce to settle his conscience, and for no other cause, as God could judge;" and that "if the queen should be adjudged his lawful wife, there was never any thing more pleasant nor more acceptable to him in his life." Will it be believed, that, even the barefaced falsehood of this declaration should not be too gross for Mr. Turner's credulity? Yet he adds, 'that the king entered into the question only to learn the truth, is a fact which the evidence supports.' That any being in his senses should really and seriously imagine that Henry was prompted by religious scruples, would have appeared to us most incredible; and Mr. Turner, we take it, is the first man who has ever dissented from the arch and pithy conclusion of the poet:

> "*Cham.* It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
> Has crept too near his conscience.
> *Suff.* No, his conscience
> Has crept too near another lady."

The cruel execution of Anne Boleyn, to make way for a new object of the royal appetite, may in itself illustrate the only real motive which had produced the divorce of the exemplary Catherine. For the indulgence of his licentious passions, Henry seems to have thought marriage at least a necessary form; and thus it was, as has often been observed, that he plunged into deeper crimes than those which he appeared to avoid. For, while he was scrupulous in legalizing his adulteries, no compunctious visitings of humanity, none of the ordinary feelings of our kind, ever restrained him for an instant from arriving at the gratification of his desires, through the most cruel injustice, and perjury, and blood.

On the mere question of Anne Boleyn's innocence, it is not easy to decide; and we share with Mr. Turner the doubts which he expresses on this point. But, so far as Henry's treatment of her is concerned, the atrocity of her execution is little relieved by the possibility of her guilt; and the scandalous impatience of his marriage with Jane Seymour, on the very day after the shocking tragedy of her death, offers the most certain and revolting proof of the motives which had instigated him to her destruction. On this occasion, Mr. Turner, for once, forgetting the defence of his 'amiable' hero, gives vent to a burst of indignation.

'The king's conduct, on this occasion, displayed only the vindictive resentment of the mortified husband. To consign the long-beloved wife of his bosom; the selected object of his tenderest caresses,—for whom he had braved and defeated popes, priests, sovereigns, slander, hatred, treason, and peril—to a violent, public, and defaming death; and by a signature, written in the very apartments where he had feasted upon her smiles; listened, delighted, to her merry chit-chat, and danced enraptured with her grace, in all her fearless and unforeseeing gaiety; ordering 'the little neck,' which he had so often admired and caressed, to be cut asunder by the butchering strokes of a common executioner, was an act better suited to an Othello, to a relentless Moor, or to a turbaned Turk, than to the most polished and cultivated prince of one of the most civilized nations on the globe. It was unnecessary, because divorce and degradation would have answered every public end. It was cruel beyond excuse. It was pride and passion, obeying the dishonourable impulses of an unmanly revenge.' —pp. 639, 640.

Yet even here it is observable that our author takes it for granted, that she was guilty, though he immediately afterwards proceeds to record his formal dubitations on the fact. Without following Mr. Turner through the edifying picture of the remaining years of Henry's domestic life, we shall just copy the following summary justification of his general conduct to his wives:

'The king's domestic affections and tendencies, induced him to place his private happiness in marriage, unlike Francis, who sought his indulgences elsewhere; but this virtuous disposition being too much allied with a determined self-gratification, led the English king into that defamation and evil which have made him seem the nursery Blue Beard, both

of the throne and of the nuptial state. Yet it was *accident*, not malignity, which brought the ascription of this character upon his name. Of his six wives, the first and the last did him credit, and made him happy, and were highly respected by him. The third died beloved and lamented, and the second and the fifth disgraced themselves, and produced their own destruction. It was the fourth only, Anne of Cleves, that could justly say she was repudiated without any fault, only because she was not personally attractive.'—pp. 658, 659.

'Of his six wives, the first and last did him credit:'—for the one he repudiated, he stigmatized her child as the offspring of incest, and he broke her heart; and the other was actually saved only from impending ruin, by the address with which she cajoled and soothed her imperious tyrant. The curious and well-known story, of the danger which Catherine Parr incurred, by rashly differing in opinion with the royal polemic in a theologicial argument—of the articles of impeachment against her, which were in consequence actually prepared by his command—and of the artifice by which she turned aside his wrath—Mr. Turner has wholly omitted to relate. But, we are told, 'the second and fifth wives disgraced themselves, and produced their own destruction:'—though Mr. Turner elsewhere declares that one of them may have been innocent; and that the bloodshed of the other (Katherine Howard), was an extreme and unnecessary severity, and another stain on the reign of Henry. Again, if Anne of Cleves was the only one of his queens who could justly say that she was repudiated without any fault, what, we would ask, was the offence of the first Catherine? Over this case of the 'fourth' wife, the facility of a divorce, obtained merely because she was not pleasing to the English sultan, has thrown only an air of the ridiculous, with which the recorded insensibility of the German princess has assisted in investing it. It is a farcical interlude in a thick succession of tragedies: but it is as strong a trait, *ex absurdo*, of the character of the king, as his decapitations of two other consorts were more fearful evidences of the depravity of his heart. He had not only power to seize the supremacy of the church, and to reign with despotic violence over the consciences, as well as the civil rights of his subjects: he was also free to set aside, and to abrogate, every ordinance of God, and every law of man.

Of all the men who flourished during the reign, and at the court of Henry, Sir Thomas More has perhaps been most celebrated, for his elegant genius, his familiar acquaintance with the noble spirit of antiquity, his amiable domestic virtues, and, above all, his bold and incorruptible integrity. And, accordingly, the relentless spirit, with which Henry consigned to destruction this great and good man, the most faithful minister, and the most upright friend he ever possessed, has usually been recorded for one of the most execrable acts of his reign. Mr. Turner has viewed the case differently: he has discovered that More was not only a

revolting compound of coarse and sanguinary bigotry, but that he was degraded, by the feebleness and scurrility of his writings, *below the educated men of his day.* He declares, that More's works contain nothing valuable, except some passages in the Utopia, 'which he did not personally exemplify in his prosperous life;' and he happily concludes that 'there was little in him without his harsh fate, which would have survived his contemporaries.' Whether the world's previous estimate, or this novel contradiction of the genius of More will prevail, it is not for us to determine; nor shall we stop to consider whether the fame of the Utopia may not possibly survive, when the depreciation of its author, in Mr. Sharon Turner's admirable and judicious History of Henry VIII., shall have been utterly forgotten. But so new and sudden a denial of all distinguished merit, in an individual who, although not guiltless of the intolerant spirit which belonged to his age, has been universally regarded for three hundred years as one of its brightest characters, is not among the least extraordinary opinions of the grave volume before us.

We would hope that it can scarcely have been the wish to discover a palliation for the murder of More, that has prompted this attempt to lower the pretensions of his mind. But it is notorious, that he was sacrificed to the obstinate tyranny of the king, merely because he refused to do violence to his principles, by subscribing to the oath of supremacy: it is expressly recorded, that his compliance with this point was all that was required. Here is integrity was inflexible; and he preferred to suffer. Was he really guilty of any treasonable practices, when it is admitted that not even a specific charge of the sort remained? The imputation is, in fact, supported by no probability. Yet so strangely desirous is Mr. Sharon Turner of vindicating the ungrateful master, who consigned such a man to the block, that he argues on a mere loose assertion, and from the suspicious authority of a state letter, that there must have been some indefinite conspiracy in which More had engaged.

In the same manner does Mr. Turner, without evidence, apply the supposition of guilt to the virtuous prelate Fisher and others, who, like More, were executed really for the mere refusal of the oath of supremacy. And in all Henry's butcheries, he lays great stress upon the legal verdicts which were obtained against the sufferers, as if it had not been notorious that, in the language of a great authority, 'all trials during this reign were mere vain formalities.'

In the execution of the family of cardinal Pole, of his two brothers, and of his aged mother, Henry had gratified his hatred and vengeance against a man, whose whole life was graced by his fine genius and generous virtues. Margaret de la Pole, a venerable matron of seventy years, and the last withered branch of the kingly stock of the Plantagenets, was attainted, *without trial,* and without the production of any proof of guilt; and the fate to which

Henry ruthlessly condemned this aged and powerless woman, has always been justly noticed by historians with execration, as one of the most detestable and wanton acts of revengeful cruelty in the reign of this monster. All this tragedy is noticed by Mr. Sharon Turner, with the brief conclusion that the punishment of Margaret and her sons was 'neither unjust, illegal, nor undeserved.' Thus, also, does he relate the death of Cromwell, whose only real offence, which the implacable and unreasonable tyrant could never forgive, was his innocent share in promoting the marriage with Ann of Cleves. Of Cromwell's alleged treasonable practices, the proofs are, as justly declared by Hume, utterly improbable, and even absolutely ridiculous. Some of the charges against him, says our author calmly, 'imply that mysterious and mischievous speculations were floating in his imagination. Upon such pleas as this, was he, too, condemned by attainder, without hearing, and without even the mockery of a trial.' So in the cases of Surrey and his father Norfolk, the former a mirror of noble and knightly accomplishments, the latter the old and faithful servant and minister of Henry, and the commander to whom he had owed the victory of Flodden: the son was infamously sentenced by a jury to die, and was actually executed *on suspicion* of treason; and the aged father, with even more open shamelessness, was capitally attainted without examination. His innocence, was, if possible, more apparent than that of his son; it has never been pretended that any thing was ever proved against either. Yet to pass the death-warrant of Norfolk also, was the act of Henry on the day but one previous to his own dissolution.

Let it be observed, that Mr. Sharon Turner has had all these facts before him; he has related them all: he has, besides, noticed all the sanguinary and indiscriminate persecutions by the king of Catholics and Protestants for their religious opinions; and yet, after contemplating these enormities, perpetrated under the immediate and personal commands of the merciless tyrant, he can sum up his character in the following terms of extenuation:

'If we deduct the ordinary mutations of advancing life, and the usual irritabilities of a breaking constitution, and of increasing disease, which are too common to the great bulk of mankind, to justify peculiar reproach to any one for their petulant evils, we shall find that nearly all which is condemnable in the darker period of Henry's reign, resolves into those public executions which our pages have neither disguised nor excused. It is the historian's duty to uphold the great principles of social welfare, whenever they come in contact with his subject, and to mark the error and the mischiefs of forsaking them. But it must be remembered, that the criminality of the transgressing individual, is not always proportionate to the crime he may commit; and it will be unfair to Henry to omit the alleviating facts which ought to be recollected when his legal cruelties are surveyed, and when his moral character is to be finally awarded.

'None of these severities were inflicted without the due legal authority. The verdicts of juries; the solemn *judgment* of the peers, or attainders by

both houses of parliament on offences proved to its satisfaction; pronounced all the convictions, and produced the fatal sentence. Every one was approved and sanctioned by the cabinet council of the government. The king is responsible only for adopting the harsh system; for not interposing his prerogative of mercy, and for signing the death warrants, which ordered the legal sentences to be put in force. He punished no one tyrannically, without trial or legal condemnation. None, therefore, fell by his single act: and we may add, that no one appears to have fallen without the actual commission of something which came within the application of the existing laws, and which was then considered, by the first men of the country, to be a guilty deed that merited the punishment.'—pp. 678, 679.

And to this monstrous sophistry, he affectedly adds in another place, that, 'if the denomination of a good king be taken with the same latitude of meaning, as the expression of a good man in ordinary life, the inscriptionary circle must then be as large as the royal crown that it criticises, and Henry might plead, not unavailingly, for a graduated inclusion. A perfect king, like a perfect man, is, as yet, but a theoretical possibility, and will be expected by no one who truly knows either himself or his fellow creatures.'—p. 681. After this, we need add not another syllable to shew the absurd and wanton spirit of paradox in which the whole volume has been composed. Nor shall we pass a single comment more on the utter abandonment of the broad principles of virtue and justice into which the author has been hurried, in his unaccountable and futile attempt to reverse all our preconceived notions on the merciless character of Henry VIII., and to discolour all the principal occurrences of his ferocious and disgraceful reign.

After these examples of perverted judgment, to expose farther the whole cast of Mr. Turner's opinions, the narrow and sectarian character of his bigotry, or his gross and palpable prejudices and partialities, would be a fruitless waste of language. Suffice it to declare, that his charity is bounded by the circle of his own presumed orthodoxy; and that he will be found to have assailed with some injustice, with some detraction or other, the memory of every truly eminent character of that age. The value of his work may be sufficiently estimated, by the specimens which we have here already given from his precious delineation of the king's character: we shall only be tempted to offer a very few remarks, upon the general conduct of his history in other respects.

In his preface, he has very much insisted upon the importance of the new light, which he has thrown 'on the transactions of the celebrated Duke of Bourbon.' He observes of that prince, that 'the peculiar connection of all his movements with English history has never been noticed before; and much which is developed in these pages from official papers, and from his own letters, will be found as new to the French nation as to our own. It has not been known before to our neighbours, any more than to ourselves, as far

as the writer has hitherto observed, that this personage, so famed as the connetable du Bourbon, swore allegiance to Henry VIII., and engaged to make him king of France, and invaded it for that purpose; and was earnest, notwithstanding his failures, to renew and to consummate his project.'

Mr. Turner is certainly here entitled to the merit of having established a new fact; though most fearfully prolix is he in its enunciation. Hume, and all other historians, have believed only Bourbon's public refusal to acknowledge Henry as king of France. Mr. Turner has established the certainty, from MS. letters, that the duke *did* privately swear fealty to him, and entered into repeated projects of invasions against the land of his birth, for the purpose of placing Henry upon its throne. All this Mr. Turner has shown: these visionary schemes, indeed, were wholly without fruit, and most probably without any farther intention of fulfilment on the part of Bourbon, than to serve his interests of the moment: but still the fact of the private treaties is new; and Mr. Turner may delight in the success of the researches which have evolved it. For he has accomplished the mighty discovery, that a renegade prince took an oath of allegiance to a foreign pretender; and that it was *contemplated* to have established by arms a title thus acknowledged by treason, *if* certain enterprises had been undertaken and perfected. Upon this chain of remote and utterly fruitless purposes, has Mr. Turner established the connection of Bourbon's movements with English history: any other writer would have recorded the fact, commented on its curiosity, and then abandoned its unconsequential recollection, in half a dozen sentences. But Mr. Turner has found the occasion too tempting to be easily relinquished; and he has seized its excuse to fill two hundred pages of his quarto with foreign wars, without influence upon this kingdom, and foreign negociations without any issue at all.

This discovery, however, such as it is, must be cited as the only interesting matter of Mr. Turner's volume. But indeed, that in traversing the beaten record of so familiar a period of history, he should have elicited nothing, which all the world had not previously known, is not at all extraordinary; but it *is* surprising that he should have misapprehended or been wholly ignorant of facts, with which the most superficial of his readers must be acquainted. Thus, even at the outset of his subject, in the account which he has rather needlessly given of the expedition of Charles VIII. into Italy, there are almost as many blunders as pages. For example, in p. 56, he calls Ferdinand, 'the successor of Joanna of Naples,' as evidently not aware that the remarkable and spendid reign of Alfonso the Magnanimous had intervened! At p. 59, he states that 'the pope, the *king of Spain*, the duke of Milan, and the Venetians, mere combining *with their united armies*' to intercept the return of Charles VIII. The king of Spain's forces were not united with the confederates; the intercepting army of the league

were, as every historical scholar is aware, entirely Italians; and the Spanish troops did not land from Sicily under Gonsalvo, (and then only in the Neapolitan provinces) until after Charles VIII. had quitted Naples with his main army. A little further on, in describing the league of Cambray, after stating that each of the combining powers 'obtained the Venetian cities and provinces, for which they had confederated; and that Venice was reduced to her insular city, her commerce, her colonies, and her navy;' he boldly asserts that the republic '*acquiesced* in the deprivation of her territorial power.' He has therefore never been informed, or has utterly forgotten, that Venice gradually recovered her Lombard possessions in arms; that the whole of her continental territory in northern Italy was restored to her by the pacification of Noyon in 1517, (Guicciardini, c. xii., p. 124); and that she preserved these dominions inviolate for above two centuries and a half, until the epoch of the French Revolution. We merely point to these, among many other inaccuracies, as singular proofs of negligence, or of superficial acquaintance with foreign history, in a writer who makes a vaunt of superior accuracy and research over all his predecessors.

Again, in the dimensions of the volume, it might be presumed that a sufficient security would be found against the omission of any material fact in the domestic history of the reign of Henry VIII. Yet it will scarcely be believed, that Mr. Turner has forgotten to notice the trial and execution of the duke of Buckingham, one of the most remarkable circumstances in Henry's early reign; that the whole story of the last twelve and most disgraceful, though not the least important, years of his life, is slurred over and compressed into a tenth part of the volume; and that the intimate connection of the English and Scotch affairs in that period is noticed and dismissed (p. 675), in a single paragraph. For this great chasm, and for other wide breaks in the completeness of his work, Mr. Turner has some pleas which are rather amusing: that his object has not been to relate what is already familar, and that he need not enter into details which have been ably narrated by others. We regret that the author has not carried this principle of exclusion much farther. If all that is familiar in the reign, or that has been elsewhere more ably narrated, had been expunged in the passage of the volume through the press, we opine that our labour on its perusal would have been marvellously diminished. In conclusion, we shall only observe, that Mr. Turner has been born about three hundred years too late. He ought to have lived at the court of the tyrant whose panegyrist he has become. He ought then, too, to have written his history, for such a work ought only to have appeared in such a reign.

Art. II. *Tales of a Voyager to the Arctic Ocean.* 3 vols. 8vo. 28*s.* 6*d.* London. Colburn. 1826.

The cheerless and chilling title of these volumes had nearly deterred us from cutting their leaves. We have no possible desire, on a December's day, to pore over the shivering sheets of an Arctic tale-teller, or to freeze our faculties by perusing narrations of "moving accidents by flood" and ice, and of "hair-breadth scapes" from "berghs" and bears. To say the truth, the ponderous tomes of Ross, Parry, Franklin, Lyon, Scoursby, and Co., have, already, somewhat satiated us with the subject. However, having applied ourselves resolutely to the task, we soon suspected, from the total absence of *vraisemblance* throughout the work; from the want of probability in the incidents at sea, and the obvious inconsistencies which appear in the delineation of the nautical character, that these said "*Arctic* Tales" were concocted in the latitude of London. The vernacular dialect of the forecastle is so totally different from the puling sentimentality of our author's seamen, that it is hardly possible to believe he ever heard a sailor utter a syllable in his life '*Jack*' is peculiarly figurative in his phraseology,—his similes are apt and quaint,—and his metaphors are broken as seldom as his wit is perceived by himself. In short, if the *tar* of our Arctic voyager be a true picture, the Tom Pipes of Smollett, the Tom Coffin of Cooper, and the Yarn-spinners of the "Naval Sketch Book," are nothing but caricatures.

Our scepticism was further increased by the extraordinary prescription of the author's physician; for it is hardly possible to suppose that any rational son of Esculapius would send a consumptive patient to the "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," in order that he might be cured of a pulmonary complaint. There is, besides, a very startling coincidence, in our voyager's happening to embark on board a "Greenlandman," freighted with *Sçavans* and *sea-philosophers* from the captain down to the cook.

The fact is, that this imaginary excursion is nothing more or less than a mere vehicle, such as Moore employed in his "Lalla Rookh," for the purpose of introducing, in a connected form, the series of tales which constitute the prominent portion of the work. There is this difference, however, between the two fictions, that the tales of Moore are all oriental, and in perfect keeping and harmony with the imaginary journey he describes; whilst the tales of this arctic voyager have as much connection with the arctic regions, as with the territories of the great Mogul. For instance, what have we in the 'Charioteer?'—The disgusting details of a watch-house riot in Mary-le-bone. What in the 'Valetudinarian?'—The casual rencontres of two individuals, season after season, in *Kensington Gardens!* One of these persons, without any reason whatever, conceives the most extravagant curiosity to discover the

trade or occupation of the other; and after imagining the object of his anxiety to be, by turns—a miser—a quaker—a pick-pocket—a painter—or a poet, he at length discovers him to be the most harmless and uninteresting of all earthly beings—a deaf and dumb man! This amusing mystery, and its *denouement*, occupy only 45 pages of the third volume! In truth, our author appears to take up his pen without feeling the slightest impatience to get to the end of his task, or anticipating any possibility of such a sensation arising in the breast of his readers.

The author tells us, (vol. i., p. 150), that 'the time between supper and "turning in," was usually occupied in "story-telling," and I never failed,' he adds, 'when any tale seemed interesting, to draw out my note-book, and follow the speaker with my pen. This practice, had now become almost requisite, as a kind of compliment to the narrator; for it was looked upon as a mark of the merit of a tale, when the first lieutenant, (as I was *humourously* called), thought it worthy of being taken down in "harpoons and ice anchors," the name given to my *short hand* by the sailors; and I was not a little amused by the *literary vanity* of many of the men, who used to ply me with relations of all kinds, in hopes that I should inscribe them in these wonderful characters.' Who but a mere landsman could ever have imagined, that in an icy sea, sailors have nothing else to do between "supper and turning in," but to tell stories, for the purpose of seeing them afterwards recorded in print? The nautical reader will be amused with the following account of a hurricane, which the author tells us he took down from the mouth of a harpooner:

'"We were going," says the harpooner, "at about eight knots before a good breeze from the southward, when slap it chopped round to the north-east, and before we were aware sent *all* our top-gallant-*rigging* clean *overboard*. I was not upon deck at the time, but it was not long before I got there, and says the mate to me, "Cleeson, this ship will never make a voyage, I see—there's no luck in her name." (the *Die-a-maid*)—"No, sir, said I, her hour is come, I believe; but we had as well *undress her* before she takes to her bed, *ha-ha!*"—So up aloft I sprang to lend a hand in *reefing* the *sails*—but would you believe it, though we carried twenty-five hands, not more than eight of them would work.'"—Vol. i. p. 65.

Passing over the impossibility of the 'top-gallant-*rigging*' going 'clean overboard' unaccompanied by the *masts*, and the folly of *first* '*reefing* the sails,' in so critical a situation, we shall merely observe, that no seaman could possibly substitute so lubberly a phrase as '*undressing a ship*,' for 'shortening sail,' or 'taking-off her canvass;'—and, that when a ship is '*taken aback*,' it is no time for '*Jack*' to be cracking bad jokes, or to be '*ha-ha-ing*,' when he should be "hauling-in his braces," and "boxing-off" his craft.—Again says the narrator, "May I never strike another fish, if seventeen of our rascally *lubbers*' (the harpooner himself, made

the *eighteenth*) did not refuse to come *above board*, after they had *looked out* and seen the *waves* running in shore like heaps of clouds, and the ship *reeling* on her *beam* ends, from the quantity of canvass she carried.'

Now as the ship was going *before the wind* when 'taken aback,' we should like to know, how with her 'yards *square*,' she could be sent *reeling* on her *beam ends?* The dangerous consequence, generally resulting from a ship being 'taken aback' is, *going down* stern foremast. But what can we possibly expect from a blubbering harpooner, who calls "coming on deck," 'coming *above*-board;' and talks of *sailors* '*looking* out' and seeing 'the *waves* running in shore?'

The following puling nonsense is part of a dialogue, which takes place between the crew of the Whaler, during the celebration of Neptune's visit, upon the occasion of the *Leviathan* crossing the Arctic circle. Jack was certainly "in the wind," but drunk or sober he will always speak like '*Jack*.'

'My friends,' says one of this jovial crew, 'We are many valuable lives exposed in the Greenland seas to great dangers. You all know we sailed out of the port of London, and touched at Lerwick, in the Islands of Shetland, in our way—but of that I say nothing: what I say is, did you ever in all your lives—I speak you know to men—I mean experienced men—did you ever in your lives, in the East Indies or in the West Indies, or may be up the Straits,—did you ever, I say, ever in all your born days, know a *black jack taken for a square topsail* vessel?'—vol. ii., p. 85.

No, nor, did we ever, in all our days, here of a 'square *topsail vessel*' before. To mend the matter, he afterwards calls it 'a square *rigged ship*,'—another absurdity. Though a sailor may say, "a square-rigged vessel," in contradistinction to a "fore-and-aft-rigged vessel," yet there is no such phrase in the nautical vocabulary, as a '*square-rigged-ship*.'

Again, in vol. ii., p. 146, we find the captain of a Greenlandman, in relating his narrow escape, (when in command of a collier), from a French *lugger* Privateer, thus blundering away in a lubberly strain—'Be her intention,' says he (the *lugger's*), 'what it might, she did not pursue it, for by the time I had got to the rough trees, to look out at her, she *threw* her *yards aback*, and stopped her way.'—Now as a *lugger* happens to be a "fore-and-aft-rigged vessel," and not a "*square-rigged ship*," we may safely assert, that no seaman would *throw* her *yards* aback to bring her to.

The following specimen of 'Greenland news,' which our author gives as 'a communication that passed through *speaking-trumpets*,' from the 'crows nest' of one ship to that of the other, upon the occasion of two whalers meeting on their cruize, is of itself a sufficient proof of the spurious pretensions of this work as a nautical production.

'A. "Yo hoy! how do you get on?"

B. "Oh, d—d bad—lost a fish yesterday with two lines, after g her play for six hours."

A. "What was she, a razorback? (A finner)?"

B. "No, but a very *wicked* fish. She got among a 'loose p and I thought we should have lost a boat as well. We have three however, under the decks."

A. "Oh, that's very well—heard of Short of the Unity?"

B. "Yes, he has got six fish—one he found dead."

A. "A lucky little dog that!"

B. "The Dee of Aberdeen caught a unicorn t'other day."

A. "Nothing else?"

B. "I hav'nt heard. Duncan of the Dundee has fish—so ha Exmouth, so has the John of Greenock, and the Neptune of Hull; many have none—the Hercules of Aberdeen, *for instance*, and the falgar."

A. "Fairburn is captain of the Hercules, this year, his first mand—I hope he may be lucky."

B. "I hear we have gone to war with the Russians."

A. "How the devil could you hear that?—have you been ba Shetland?"

B. "No, but during the late gales, one of the fleet got *into the* (clear water he means), "and was chased back among the ice by a sian brig, who was afraid to follow her."

A. "What ship was it?"

B. "Don't know."

A. "We must go home in company, and fight our way with poons, and whale-lancers," (very like a whale).

B. "Wait for me, when you're going, for I have no knac fighting."

A. "Well, I will, if you'll come aboard, and take a pipe."'—vo pp. 331—332.

Without offering a remark on the dulness of this dialogu the fact of the author's omitting, with all his minute detai mention a syllable respecting the distance of the vessels apar the relative position of each; we shall only observe, that it is improbable, in a Polar temperature, that two Greenland capt should be so *green* as to perch themselves up in the 'crow's of their respective mast-heads, with long *trumpets* at their mou and longer icicles at their noses, when the whole colloquy c have been so much more comfortably, and effectually, kept up hailing from the deck.

We might enumerate many instances of the inconsistencies absurdities with which the work abounds: but having dwelt enough upon these points, we are now to exchange a word or with our author of a more serious nature.

It has been long the pride and boast of England, that British tar is the epitome of all that is brave, noble, and di terested in human nature.—Poets, painters, dramatists, histor —all have made them the theme of perpetual panegyric: <

hostile nations have joined in the general admiration of the manly attributes of the British sailor. But now, for the first time, we are told by an Arctic voyager, who, in all probability, never made a voyage in his life, that the impression left upon his mind is, that seamen are almost the *vilest* class of his countrymen.

'As almost all of them' he adds, (meaning the crews of the *Leviathan* and of other ships which he visited during his health-seeking excursion), 'had been men-of-war's-men before the peace, I presume they were representatives of seamen of the *best stamp*. No doubt, had they been actually in his majesty's service when I saw them, and under the control of officers endowed with the power of severe punishment, they would have appeared a more orderly, and less dissolute gang; but such would not have been a fair display of their real merits; and I *repeat*, that, on observing them when off their guard, they will be found to be a *vicious* and *unprincipled band*.'—vol. ii., p. 304.

That there have been, but too often, during the war, men serving in the British navy, of the most depraved habits, we admit; but these were what sailors term "jail-birds," and "Lord-mayor's-men." Such, however, we venture to assert, never composed the crew of a Greenlandman:—these vessels being invariably manned by the best of our north-country seamen. Such, too, we boldly affirm, are no more the 'representatives of seamen of the *best* stamp,' than the philosophising, whale-killing 'Captain Shafton,' is the *best* representative of the heroic Nelson.

In justice, however, to the author, we must admit that some portions of his work are agreeable enough. The following reflections of this same 'Captain Shafton,' though coming rather inaptly from a man of his "calling," are highly poetical, and convey to the mind an admirable picture of the desolation which encompasses the murderer:—

'The cry of murder among men, is like the scream of hatred among birds, at the appearance of an owl. All the feathered tribes sally forth, and unite to assail the nocturnal assassin; and the tide of humanity in every bosom sets strongly against the escape of the homicide; every feeling is a wave that rises to oppose his progress; he becomes like a shipwrecked mariner, alone on an ocean of angry billows;—heaven is dark above him, and lashes him with the withering blasts of conscience; his fears for his present safety form a troubled sea, on which he cannot rest, and which leads him from his home and from his former companions; and he avoids society, as the sailor is compelled to avoid the shore, lest he should perish against the rocks of the very land, which before was his only place of security and comfort.'—vol. iii., p. 53.

Nothing which has been said by Captain Parry upon Polar scenery, can weaken the charm of the picture we now quote.

'There was much both of the sublime and beautiful, as well to the ear as to the eye, in the apparent approach and retreat of huge masses of ice. At first, they are heard buffeting *with the* billows, whilst wrapt in mist,

though close before the vessel. Suddenly they appear upon the sight, like giant spectres, gliding over the blue, foam-crested hills of ocean's fancied regions, sinking their white heads to the surface, and again mounting upon a broad swell of water, bared even to their very bases. It is then that their gaunt and craggy figures, armed at all points with gleaming spikes and tusks of sparry lustre, dripping with spray and crowned with wreaths of vapour, seem, like sea monsters risen from the deep, to leap into the air. For a time they are stationary, as if stretched at full length to gaze about for enemies; the waves break and froth among their feet, and the wind whirls the rising mist around their summits. The water appears to sink from beneath them, and in an instant they plunge deep into its bosom, wallowing in its angry surges, and are again shrouded behind the haze.'—vol. ii., pp. 9, 10.

'Nickkur Holl,' and the 'Boorwolf,' are good specimens of the author's imaginative powers, and will be read with interest by all who admire horrific fictions. They have also this advantage over the other tales; that they are in keeping with the general plan of the work, and with the scenery and personages amongst which the author places us. 'Mortram' and 'Woolcraft' are good domestic tales; very prolix in parts, but this prolixity is in a great measure compensated by the originality of the designs, and the degree of interest thrown over many of the characters, which urges the reader forward to the end of his journey, despite the tediousness of some parts of his road. There is a sameness, however, in the catastrophe of both tales being brought about by a *house taking fire*.

The 'Vision of Lucifer,' is a well-wrought tale of comic terror. The hero, captain Shafton, being in London, unemployed, and preferring to take up his abode on board ship, to living on shore, accepts the offer of a friend, to become the solitary inhabitant of a dismantled East-Indiaman, then lying in the river. The ship was said to be haunted by the spirit of the mate, who had hanged himself on board, in a fit of phrensy. The captain, though not in the least tinctured with the superstition common to seamen, is nevertheless surprised at some unaccountable sounds he hears at night, and determines, if possible, to ascertain the cause of them.—But we shall let the captain relate the rest of the adventure himself.

'Summoning my courage,' says Shafton, 'I shook off a tremor that seized my frame, and bolting upright in bed, laid hold of my dark lanthorn, and turned it so as to throw a blaze of light over the state room; and you may judge of my terror, when I beheld, not a ghost, nor a thief, but a tall, dark-coloured serpent, standing nearly erect, by my bed-side, with its eyes brightly gleaming from a head frightful and appalling beyond description. Never in my life had I seen such a fearful object, for, to the usual hideous and disgusting aspect of a snake, were added features peculiarly its own, and which almost led me to believe that Satan himself was present before me, in the guise of this hateful reptile. The light of my

lanthorn, increased in brightness by a polished steel reflector, fell in a glare upon the devilish apparition, and I discerned distinctly that its mouth was wide open, armed with large crooked fangs, and furnished with a long tongue, that vibrated menacingly beyond its jaws. Its head was rather small, but on either side, its neck was swollen out to an immense size, inflated, as I imagined, with poison, which it was about to inject into my veins, when it should spring and seize hold of me; but what seemed more horrible than all its other deformities, was, that in this bloated mass, which bolstered around his collar, were things which appeared like two wide eyes, in addition to the small ones in its head; and this sight almost convinced me, that the monster could only be some diabolical spirit, for I knew that no animals but insects have more than a pair of visual organs. In a state of mingled awe, doubt, and utter dismay, I remained holding my lanthorn, and staring at the dire countenance of the serpent, which all the while stood erect, waving its body in the manner of a rope shaken at one end, while its tongue played around its lips, its eyes glittered, and its scales gleamed. I felt, or fancied that I felt, as if fascinated by its glance, and began to give myself up for lost; for I had heard of the power of fascination possessed by snakes, which deprive the victim of the energy to escape or defend itself. Besides, this creature, serpent, or devil, was not a small enemy of the kind, for it stood nearly four feet from the floor, which, as my bed was fixed down low, brought its head nearly level with my face; and my fear of moving, lest I should provoke it to dart upon me, held me in a state of stillness as complete as if I had been rivetted by the hateful influence of which I was so much afraid. Had it not been for an innate disbelief of the existence of goblins, I should probably have spoken to the dragon who kept me thus at bay, for it had all the characteristics of a demon, as far as the imagination could array an evil spirit in a visible form; but either scepticism or terror kept my tongue quiet, and while neither of us seemed disposed to do otherwise than stare at each other, my candle, which was nearly burnt out, sunk into the socket, and the flame expired.

'All my horrors before this moment were nothing to what seized me when I found myself exposed, in darkness, to the venemous fury of an unknown, though undoubtedly a dangerous, serpent. A long hiss, which it uttered, and which I deemed preparatory to its springing at me, wound up my feelings to a pitch of desperation; and having nothing else at hand, I dashed my dark lanthorn to the place where it had stood when the light was extinguished. Whether my missile struck the reptile or fiend, I know not, but a horrible hissing filled the state-room, and a rattling and groping noise succeeded; and in a short time I heard my enemy behind the bulk-heap, retreating swiftly, as its repeated sibilations indicated by their growing less audible.

'Bathed in a cold sweat, and stiffened with fear as I was, I leaped out of bed as soon as I was assured that the devil was at some distance, and I ran stumbling on deck as fast as I could, where I remained till daylight. I then called a boat and went ashore, to relate my adventure to the captain.'—vol. iii., pp. 35—38.

Shafton, however, discovers that this singular spirit was a species of the serpent called "*Cobra de Capello*," which had belonged to the unfortunate mate. He had purchased it from an Indian

juggler, who had disarmed it of its fangs, which operation rendered it perfectly harmless. It had been left on board the ship to kill rats and mice, on which it chiefly subsisted, and had been wholly forgotten!

Before we conclude, we beg leave to ask the author of the 'Tales of a Voyager,' in what grammar he learned in his youth to conjugate the auxiliary verb *to be* with *itself*? we have the following passage in vol. iii., p. 322—'as if the earth were heated, and being quenched by the rain,' that is, as if the *earth were being* quenched by rain; which is not only bad grammar, but nonsense, and a vile cockneyism that occurs repeatedly in the production before us.

There are three important lines with which the third and last of these volumes closes, and which we had nearly omitted to notice. In these the author threatens to call up more "spirits from the vasty deep," in the shape of a fresh collection of "Tales and Anecdotes from his Note-book." If such be his future intention, we have only to add, that if our 'Arctic Voyager' would listen to the counsel of an unprejudiced monitor, he will avoid the danger of again diving out of his depth, and instead of going "*north about*" to collect anecdoical tales of the *south*, he will take a shorter trip, and *shorter* notes; for though his work may be more *saleable* in three volumes, we can assure him, it will be more *readable* in one.

ART. III. *A Narrative of the Campaigns of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans, under Generals Ross, Pakenham, and Lambert, in the years* 1814 *and* 1815; *with some Account of the Countries visited.* By an Officer who served in the Expedition. Second edition, 8vo. pp. 377. 12*s*. London. Murray. 1826.

FROM some circumstances, with which we are wholly unacquainted, this volume, though originally published so long ago as 1821, has hitherto been deprived, most unjustly, as it appears to us, of its due share of public approbation. When we say that it is an earlier production of the same vigorous and highly graphic pen, which has traced the varied and romantic career of 'The Subaltern,' we are pretty certain that our readers will feel indebted to us for making them acquainted with its existence. Indeed, we may suppose that it is to the success of his more popular work, the author is to ascribe the attention which his publisher has very recently, though somewhat late, bestowed on the present neglected 'narrative.' It is, however, but justice to add, that the mass of the literary world is too little disposed to judge of merit for itself. It waits until a name is blazoned forth, and attains to some celebrity, before it pays the homage that is really due to modest and unpretending genius.

We may also add, that the very title of the work before us, was by

no means calculated to ensure its popularity. The campaigns of which it treats, ended in a manner, not dishonourable to our arms, but painful in an eminent degree to the proudest and most irritable feelings of the nation. In every instance in which British soldiers were employed on that occasion, they, with one infamous exception, displayed the same heroic steadiness and indefatigable bravery, which covered our standards with so much glory in the fields of Europe. But the measures which they were sent to carry into execution in America, were unhappily by no means so well combined, as those which had emanated from the hero of the Peninsula. A descent upon Washington, a similar invasion of Baltimore, and lastly, the conquest of New Orleans, were the principal objects of the war. But that which was attempted last, ought to have been the first to be carried into execution, since it was never proposed to keep possession of Washington or Baltimore, or indeed to make any other than short incursions upon those cities, with a view to levy pecuniary contributions—incursions which much more resembled those of our own Danish invaders, than of any state or people accustomed to the usages of modern warfare. It must have been evident to the weakest capacity, that attacks of this description would only excite a universal flame throughout the Union, and at the same time afford ample time for enabling that part of the republic, which it was our ultimate object to conquer, to collect and arrange all its resources for its defence.

It is said that the design, in proceeding first to the Chesapeake, was to withdraw the attention of the executive to that point, and to lull it into security as to New Orleans. If so, at least, measures ought to have been adopted for making the invasion in the south, at the same moment that the descent was commenced in the north. But no such plan seems ever to have been thought of. After being degraded to the character of incendiaries at Washington, after being obliged to retreat before Baltimore, and after wasting many weeks of precious time in their voyage to the Gulph of Mexico, our men were landed on a morass, badly provisioned, slenderly supplied even with ammunition, many of them in a state requiring repose and attendance in an hospital, rather than exposure in a field of battle. When to this we add, that they lost successively their appointed leaders, Ross and Pakenham, names that must ever be remembered among the best and bravest of British soldiers; and that, after all, their final retreat is to be attributed to the grossest mismanagement and ignorance on the part of those who planned the expedition, and who did not sent out half the number of troops that was necessary to ensure its success, we think that the Americans have no great reason to congratulate their forces, at least, on the triumph which their country obtained.

Indeed the American arms have acquired any thing but glory, from that war. Nor could we have earned the slightest accession to our fame, as a military nation, even if we had won every battle

in which our troops had been engaged during that disastrou contest. They were employed, in most instances, against a rud and undisciplined mob, who depended more on their riflemen, an on their perfidious mode of warfare, for success, than on an resources of a combined and manly resistance. The moment, too that was chosen by them for issuing a declaration of war again us—a moment when we were engaged against all Europe, vindica ing not less our own independence than that of the nations tran pled under the hoof of a military usurper, insatiable of blood an dominion—the selection of such a time as that for hastening to rupture with this country, was an indelible disgrace to the nam of any free people, but especially of a people having British blood i their veins. If any thing can justify the ferocity of our attac upon Washington, it was this sordid and cowardly policy on th part of Madison and his advisers.

But although the issue of those campaigns was unfortunate f the British arms, we do not at all regret it. The possession New Orleans by England, would never be patiently acquiesced in b the people of America. It would be an object of contention, unt either party should be exhausted in the conflict; and the comme cial advantages which it might afford us, would never compensat for the expense that would be incurred by retaining it. Besides, would always prevent any thing like a feeling of cordiality fro growing up between the two nations,—a feeling, which, notwith standing any warmth of language into which we may have bee led, we ardently desire to see mutually and sincerely cultivated.

In the meantime the adversity which our troops encountered i America, while it affords some lessons capable of warning us again errors similar to those committed on that occasion, serves only t display in higher colours, the remarkable patience of privatio and unconquerable courage, which, under the most disheartenin circumstances, characterize the conduct of British soldiers. would be difficult to say, whether their cool and daring entran into Washington, their steady discipline before Baltimore, or the obstinate endurance of the unexampled miseries which fell to the share near New Orleans, is most deserving of praise.

We shall take their proceedings in the order in which they a here stated; touching, however, only upon the principal scenes i which they were engaged, and referring to the work itself for th details. The corps engaged in the capture of Washington, con sisted of no more than about four thousand five hundred me They landed at St. Benedicts, on the left bank of the Patuxen on the 19th of August 1814, without any opposition. The exp dition was supplied with artillery, but 'for want of horses to dra them, no more than one six-pounder and two small three-pounde guns, *were brought on shore!*' Except those belonging to the gener and staff officers, there was *not a single horse* in the whole army Our author gives a lively and picturesque description of the fir

advance of the troops from the ground which they had occupied on landing.

'In this state affairs continued till four o'clock in the afternoon, when the general suddenly made his appearance in the camp, the bugles sounded, and the regiments formed in order for marching. Nor did many minutes elapse before the word was given, and the army began to move, taking the direction of Nottingham, a town situated on the river, where it was understood that the flotilla lay at anchor. The march was conducted with the same caution and good order that had marked the choice of ground for encampiug, and the disposition of the troops in position. The advanced guard, consisting of three companies of infantry, led the way. These, however, we repreceded by a section of twenty men, moving before them at the distance of an [a] hundred yards; and even these twenty were but the followers of two files, sent forward to prevent surprise, and to give warning of the approach of the enemy. Parallel with the head of the three companies, marched the flank patroles; parties of forty or fifty men, which, extending in files from each side of the road, swept the woods and fields to the distance of nearly half a mile. After the advanced guard, leaving an interval of an hundred, or an hundred and fifty yards, came the light brigade; which, as well as the advance, sent out flankers to secure itself against ambuscades. Next to it, again, marched the second brigade, moving steadily on, and leaving the skirmishing and reconnoitring to those in front; then came the artillery, consisting, as I have already stated, of one six and two three-pounder guns, drawn by seamen; and last of all came the third brigade, leaving a detachment at the same distance from the rear of the column, as the advanced guard was from its front.'—pp. 96, 97.

Although the troops halted for the day when they arrived at a rising ground, distant not more than six miles from the point whence they had set out, yet it is a remarkable fact that during this short march, our author observes, 'a greater number of soldiers dropped out of the ranks, and fell behind from fatigue,' than he recollected to have seen 'in any march in the Peninsula of thrice its duration.' It appears that the men, from having been so long confined in ships, and unaccustomed to carry their luggage and arms, were in fact become 'relaxed and enervated to a degree altogether unnatural.' Besides which, the weather was so excessively sultry, that there is little doubt that if they had been vigorously attacked on their landing, they might have been cut off in detail without much difficulty. Fortunately for them, however, no enemy made his appearance, and having rested in their bivouac during the night, as well as a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied by a deluge of rain would permit them, they moved on the next day to Nottingham, 'in excellent order, and in the highest spirits.' It seems that the object of this march was, that the land forces might get in the rear of a flotilla of gun boats in the Patuxent, commanded by commodore Barney, and prevent it from retreating, while it should be assailed in front by armed boats from the English fleet. As soon as the troops arrived at Notting-

ham, however, the flotilla, which had been stationed opposite that town, retired higher up the stream. They still followed the commodore, as far as the village of Marlborough, and here he blew up all his gun boats. After some hesitation, General Ross then led his army towards Washington, his only squadron of cavalry, (a force peculiarly indispensable to an invading army for the purpose of obtaining information, and reconnoitring the open country), consisting of about fifty or sixty artillery drivers, mounted on such horses as they could find, in the fields or stables of any houses along their line of march. As they proceeded, they received intelligence from various quarters, that the enemy was concentrating his forces for the purpose of hazarding a battle in defence of his capital. It was a singular error on the part of the Americans, that they suffered the British army to advance without making the slightest attempt to impede their progress, particularly as from the fatigue which they endured, and the relaxing and oppressive sultriness of the climate, 'some of the finest and stoutest men in the army were literally unable to go on.' Having been refreshed, however, by a halt of some hours, they perceived about noon, (on the 24th), a heavy cloud of dust; and on arriving at the turn of the road, they perceived the American army in occupation of a position of great strength, and commanding attitude. We need not repeat the result. The British troops, harassed as they were, and opposed to a force of nine thousand men, a number exactly the double of their own, and strengthened too by twenty pieces of artillery, beat them as if they were so many children from their ground, compelled them to disperse in the greatest disorder, and marching forward, captured the capital.

We would willingly draw a veil over General Ross's proceedings at Washington; but, at the same time, it is due to his memory to observe, that before his army entered that city, he accompanied a flag of truce in the first instance, which, contrary to all the laws of civilized warfare, was fired upon from the windows of a private house. A body of the troops entered instantly, every person found in the house was put to the sword, the house itself reduced to ashes, as well as every thing connected in the most distant degree with government. It is proper also to add that the troops, irritated as they had certainly every right to be, exhibited the greatest forbearance and humanity, and, as far as it was possible under such circumstances, scrupulously spared all private property.

Although the burning of Moscow, was a death-blow to Napoleon; yet, it may be remembered, that in the bulletin in which he described that event, he dwelt like a poet upon the grandeur of the conflagration. We have heard several persons who witnessed the burning of Washington, speak of it also as a prospect of extraordinary magnificence. We must give our author's account of it.

'While the third brigade was thus employed, (in destroying the senate-house, the president's palace, the dock-yard, arsenal, &c.), the rest of the army,

having recalled its stragglers, and removed the wounded into Bladensburg, began its march towards Washington. Though the battle was ended by four o'clock, the sun had set before the different regiments were in a condition to move, consequently this short journey was performed in the dark. The work of destruction had also begun in the city, before they quitted their ground; and the blazing of houses, ships, and stores, the report of exploding magazines, and the crash of falling roofs, informed them, as they proceeded, of what was going forward. You can conceive nothing finer than the sight which met them as they drew near to the town. The sky was brilliantly illumined by the different conflagrations; and a dark red light was thrown upon the road, sufficient to permit each man to view distinctly his comrade's face. Except the burning of St. Sebastian's, I do not recollect to have witnessed, at any period of my life, a scene more striking or more sublime.

'Having advanced as far as the plain, where the reserve had previously paused, the first and second brigades halted; and, forming into close column, passed the night in bivouack. At first, this was agreeable enough, because the air was mild, and weariness made up for what was wanting in comfort. But towards morning, a violent storm of rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning, came on, which disturbed the rest of all those who were exposed to it. Yet, in spite of the disagreeableness of getting wet, I cannot say that I felt disposed to grumble at the interruption, for it appeared that what I had before considered as superlatively sublime, still wanted this to render it complete. The flashes of lightning seemed to vie in brilliancy, with the flames which burst from the roofs of burning houses, while the thunder drowned the noise of crumbling walls, and was only interrupted by the occasional roar of cannon, and of large depôts of gunpowder, as they one by one exploded.'—pp. 127—129.

Our author confirms the anecdotes, which were current at the time these events occurred, concerning the conduct of the president, Madison, and his confident expectation of a very different result.

'That gentleman, as I was credibly informed, had gone forth in the morning with the army, and had continued among his troops till the British forces began to make their appearance. Whether the sight of his enemies cooled his courage or not, I cannot say; but, according to my informer, no sooner was the glittering of our arms discernible, than he began to discover that his presence was more wanted in the senate than with the army; and having ridden through the ranks, and exhorted every man to do his duty, he hurried back to his own house, that he might prepare a feast for the entertainment of his officers, when they should return victorious. For the truth of these details, I will not be answerable; but this much I know, that the feast was actually prepared, though, instead of being devoured by American officers, it went to satisfy the less delicate appetites of a party of English soldiers. When the detachment, sent out to destroy Mr. Madison's house, entered his dining parlour, they found a dinner-table spread, and covers laid for forty guests. Several kinds of wine, in handsome cut-glass decanters, were cooling on the sideboard; plate-holders stood by the fire-place, filled with dishes and plates; knives, forks, and spoons, were arranged for immediate use; in short, every thing was ready for the entertainment of a ceremonious party. Such were the

arrangements in the dining-room, whilst in the kitchen were others answerable to them in every respect. Spits, loaded with joints of various sorts, turned before the fire; pots, saucepans, and other culinary utensils, stood upon the grate; and all the other requisites for an elegant and substantial repast, were exactly in a state which indicated that they had been lately and precipitately abandoned.

'You will readily imagine, that these preparations were beheld, by a party of hungry soldiers, with no indifferent eye. An elegant dinner, even though considerably over-dressed, was a luxury to which few of them, at least for some time back, had been accustomed; and which, after the dangers and fatigues of the day, appeared peculiarly inviting. They sat down to it, therefore, not indeed in the most orderly manner, but with countenances which would not have disgraced a party of aldermen at a civic feast; and having satisfied their appetites with fewer complaints than would have probably escaped their rival *gourmands*, and partaken pretty freely of the wines, they finished by setting fire to the house which had so liberally entertained them.'—pp. 129—131.

After the lapse of a few days, General Ross, having no object to gain by retaining possession of Washington, determined on evacuating it; a resolution which became the more pressing, as the American army had already rallied, with augmented force in his front. He kept his troops closely together on the capitol hill, and expected every hour to be attacked, when he was most probably saved by the interposition of the elements.

'It was noon before they shewed themselves; and soon after, when something like a movement could be discerned in their ranks, the sky grew suddenly dark, and the most tremendous hurricane, ever remembered by the oldest inhabitant in the place, came on. Of the prodigious force of the wind, it is impossible for you to form any conception. Roofs of houses were torn off by it, and whisked into the air like sheets of paper; while the rain which accompanied it, resembled the rushing of a mighty cataract, rather than the dropping of a shower. The darkness was as great as if the sun had long set, and the last remains of twilight had come on, occasionally relieved by flashes of vivid lightning streaming through it, which, together with the noise of the wind and the thunder, the crash of falling buildings, and the tearing of roofs as they were stript from the walls, produced the most appalling effect I ever have, and probably ever shall, witness. This lasted for nearly two hours, without intermission; during which time, many of the houses spared by us, were blown down; and thirty of our men, besides several of the inhabitants, buried beneath their ruins. Our column was as completely dispersed, as if it had received a total defeat; some of the men flying for shelter behind walls and buildings, and others falling flat upon the ground, to prevent themselves from being carried away by the tempest; nay, such was the violence of the wind, that two pieces of cannon which stood upon the eminence, were fairly lifted from the ground, and borne several yards to the rear.'—pp. 136, 137.

The hurricane threw both armies into such confusion, that neither party could dream of venturing a battle during the rest of the day; and General Ross took advantage of the night in order to

effect his retreat, which he did in perfect order, and with consummate tact. It is due to the Americans to say, that such of the wounded and prisoners as he was obliged to leave behind, were treated by them with the greatest attention.

After concluding the details of this expedition, our author candidly examines the mode in which it was conducted, and points out several glaring faults on the part of General Ross. These of course were overlooked at the time, as success in the end is said to cure every error in military affairs. The soldier, however, will read these criticisms with interest and advantage. Our author positively asserts, 'that to destroy the flotilla (of Commodore Barney) was the sole object of the disembarkation; that but for the instigations of Admiral Cockburn, who accompanied the army, the capital of America would probably have escaped its visitation. It was he, who, on the retreat of that flotilla from Nottingham, urged the necessity of a pursuit, which was not agreed to without some wavering; and it was he also who suggested the attack upon Washington; and finally prevailed on General Ross to venture so far from the shipping.'

Before we proceed to General Ross's subsequent operations, we must notice an enterprise of the true British-tar character, executed by Captain Gordon, of the Sea-horse. Having under his command a squadron of frigates, with two bomb-ships, he penetrated up the Potomac, landed with a party at Alexandria, destroyed the barracks, public-works, and all the cannon which they could find; and then seizing a number of schooners and other small craft, lying in the harbour, loaded them with flour and tobacco, to a considerable amount, and prepared to rejoin the fleet in the bay. The country was all alarmed, and it was determined to intercept the squadron on its return.

'With this view, several pieces of heavy cannon were mounted upon a steep part of the bank, where the river, in making an angle, narrows considerably in its channel. Thither, also, hastened large bodies of infantry; and before the frigates had begun to weigh anchor, nearly 5,000 men were assembled to prevent their passage.

'Of these preparations Captain Gordon did not long remain ignorant; nor was he backward in making the best arrangements possible to meet the danger. By shifting the ballast in each of the vessels entirely to one side, he caused them to lean in such a manner as that their artillery could be elevated to a surprising degree, and the shot rise even to the summit of the hill. The guns were then stuffed, rather than loaded, with grape-shot and musket-balls; and the ships taking their stations according to their draft of water, the lightest keeping nearest to the enemy's shore, set sail, and, favoured by a leading breeze, stood leisurely down the river.

'As soon as they arrived within tangible distance, a brisk cannonade was opened upon them from the heights, and the whole of the infantry appeared in line along the brow of the eminence. Regardless of these formidable salutations, the ships continued to hold their course, without changing their order, or returning a shot, till they reached the base of the

hill upon which the infantry stood, and received a volley of musketry i
their decks. Then, indeed, they answered the fire; and, with such effe
that at the first broadside the enemy's guns were abandoned, and their i
fantry took to flight. The Americans had persuaded themselves that
ship could point her guns so as to reach the top of the hill; and und
this idea had drawn up their troops along the ridge with the intention
overawing the squadron by a display of their numbers. But in the eve
they found themselves mistaken, for so well had Captain Gordon arrang
matters, that not a single shot fell under its mark; and the consequen
was, that, prepared as the ships were for the occasion, a shower of balls
every size and description came amongst them, such as it was impossib
to withstand. A single broadside was sufficient to secure the safe passa
of his squadron; but with this Captain Gordon was not contented. Se
ing the enemy driven from their cannon, he immediately landed his m
rines, spiked the guns, and blew up the expense magazines; when, havi
received them all safely on board again, he continued his voyage, and r
gained the Chesapeake without farther molestation.'—pp. 155—157.

The next important attempt of the invaders was upon Baltimor
General Ross's army received a slight reinforcement from the flee
and notwithstanding the losses already incurred, he was able t
muster about five thousand fighting men, on entering the Patap
co, the river on which Baltimore is built. He reached the pr
montory where it was determined to land, on the 11th of Septem
ber. The following reflections on the scene which then presente
itself to the author, breathe a fine and sensible philosophy
equally removed from the silly vanity of overweening confidenc
and the sensitiveness of timidity. The picture which closes th
passage is remarkably beautiful.

'It was dusk when we reached the anchorage, consequently no land
ing could take place before the morrow. But as the boats were ordere
to be in readiness at dawn, every man slept in his clothes, that he migh
be prepared to start at a moment's warning. There was something in thi
state of preparation, at once solemn and exciting. That we should ob
tain possession of a place so important as Baltimore, without fighting
was not to be expected; and therefore, this arming, and this bustl
seemed, in fact, to be the prelude to a battle. But no man, of the small
est reflection, can look forward to the chance of a sudden and violen
death, without experiencing sensations very different from those whic
he experiences under any other circumstances. When the battle ha
fairly begun, I may say with truth, that the feelings of those engaged ar
delightful; because they are, in fact, so many gamblers playing for th
highest stake that can be offered. But the stir and noise of equipping
and then the calmness and stillness of expectation; these are the thing
which force a man to think. On the other hand the warlike appearance
of every thing about you, the careless faces and rude jokes of the privat
soldiers, and something within yourself, which I can compare to nothing
more nearly than the mirth which criminals are said sometimes to experi
ence and to express previous to their execution; all these combine to giv
you a degree of false hilarity, I had almost said painful, from its very excess

It is an agitation of the nerves, such as we may suppose madmen feel; which you are inclined to wish removed, though you are unwilling to admit that it is disagreeable.

'And yet, as if in mockery of these deadly preparations, I do not recollect to have seen a more heavenly night than the present. The heat of the day was past, a full clear moon shone brightly, in a sky where not a cloud could be discerned, and a heavy dew falling appeared to refresh the earth which had been parched and burnt up by the sun. We lay at this time within two miles of the shore, consequently every object there was distinctly visible. Around us were moored numerous ships, which, breaking the tide as it flowed gently onwards, produced a ceaseless murmur like the gushing of a mountain stream. The voices of the centinels, too, as they relieved one another on the decks; and the occasional splash of oars, as a solitary boat rowed backwards and forwards to the admiral's ship for orders, sounded peculiarly musical in the perfect stillness of a calm night. Though I am far from giving the preference, in all respects, to a sailor's life, it must, nevertheless, be confessed that it has in it many moments of exquisite delight; and the present seemed to me to be of the number.'—pp. 167—169.

It is hardly necessary to remind the reader, that soon after the troops landed, General Ross was shot in the side by a rifleman, while imprudently mingling with some skirmishers in advance of the main body of the troops. The command devolved upon Colonel Brooks, of the 44th, who, under circumstances so unexpected, conducted himself with great determination and coolness. The American army (about six or seven thousand strong) was in a still better position than that which the defenders of Washington occupied. We must confine the author's minute and graphic account of the battle to the more decisive incidents.

'They (the Americans) marched several strong bodies from the right to the left, and withdrew others from the left to the right of their line, though for what end this marching and countermarching was undertaken, I am at a loss to conceive. While thus fluctuating, it was curious to observe their dread of every spot where a cannon-ball had struck. Having seen the shots fall, I kept my eye upon one or two places, and perceived that each company, as it drew near to those points, hung back; and then assuming, as it were, a momentary courage, rushed past, leaving a vacancy between it and the company which next succeeded.

'All this while the whole of our infantry, except the 4th regiment, lay or stood in anxious expectation of an order to advance. This, however, was not given till that regiment had reached the thicket through which it was to make its way; when Colonel Brook, with his staff, having galloped along the line to see that all was ready, commanded the signal to be made. The charge was accordingly sounded, and echoed back from every bugle in the army, when, starting from the ground where they had lain, the troops moved on in a cool and orderly manner. A dreadful discharge of grape and cannister shot, of old locks, pieces of broken muskets, and every thing which they could cram into their guns, was now sent forth from the whole of the enemy's artillery; and some loss was on our side experienced. *Regardless of this, our men went* on without either quickening

or retarding their pace, till they came within an hundred yards of the American line. As yet not a musket had been fired, or a word spoken on either side; but the enemy, now raising a shout, fired a volley from right to left, and then kept up a rapid and ceaseless discharge of musketry. Nor were our people backward in replying to these salutes; for giving them back both their shout and their volley, we pushed on at double quick, with the intention of bringing them to the charge.

'The bayonet is a weapon peculiarly British; at least it is a weapon which, in the hands of a British soldier, is irresistible. Though they maintained themselves with great determination, and stood to receive our fire till scarcely twenty yards divided us, the Americans would not hazard a charge. On our left, indeed, where the 21st advanced in column, it was not without much difficulty and a severe loss, that any attempt to charge could be made; for in that quarter seemed to be the flower of the enemy's infantry, as well as the main body of their artillery; towards the right, however, the day was quickly won. The only thing to be regretted, indeed, was that the attack had not been for some time longer deferred; because the Americans were broken and fled, just as the 4th regiment began to shew itself upon the brink of the water which covered their flank; and before a shallow part could be discovered, and the troops were enabled to pass, they had time to escape.

'As soon as their left gave way, the whole American army fell into confusion; nor do I recollect on any occasion to have witnessed a more complete rout. Infantry, cavalry, and artillery, were huddled together, without the smallest regard to order or regularity. The sole subject of anxiety seemed to be, which should escape first from the field of battle; insomuch, that numbers were actually trodden down by their countrymen in the hurry of the flight.'—pp. 178—180.

The corps thus routed was, however, but a division of the grand army, which, consisting of twenty thousand men, took up a formidable position on a ridge of hills immediately overlooking the town of Baltimore. Had Colonel Brook attempted with his small force to have stormed the lines of an enemy so numerous and so well stationed, he would have been insane. He very properly determined on a retreat, particularly when he found that in consequence of the shallowness of the river near the position which he then occupied, he could have no hope of obtaining assistance from the fleet. The retreat was unimpeded, and he brought back his troops safely to the ships.

The fleet then proceeded to Jamaica, whence the army, being considerably reinforced, was sent upon that disastrous expedition to New Orleans, which, in many respects, too closely resembled the celebrated expedition to Walcheren. We have no room for the details, and must content ourselves with the close of our author's judicious remarks upon the errors of this wretched campaign.

'The primary cause of this defeat may be traced to a source even more *distant than any I have* mentioned; I mean to the disclosure of our designs *to the enemy. How this* occured I shall not take it upon me to declare *though several rumours,* bearing at least the guise of probability, ha-

been circulated. The attack upon New Orleans was professedly a secret expedition; so secret, indeed, that it was not communicated to the inferior officers and soldiers in the armament, till immediately previous to our quitting Jamaica. To the Americans, however, it appears to have been known long before, and hence it was, that, instead of taking them unawares, we found them fully prepared for our reception. But it is past, and cannot be recalled, and therefore to point out errors on the part of my countrymen can serve no good end. That the failure is to be lamented, no one will deny, since the conquest of New Orleans would have been beyond all comparison the most valuable acquisition that could be made to the British dominions, throughout the whole western hemisphere. In possession of that post, we should have kept the entire southern trade of the United States in check; and furnished means of commerce to our own merchants, of incalculable value.

'The fact is, however, that when we look back upon the whole series of events produced by the late American war, we shall find little that is likely to flatter our vanity, or increase our self-importance. Except a few successes in Canada, at its very commencement, and the brilliant inroad upon Washington, it will be found that our arms have been constantly baffled or repulsed on shore; while at sea, with the exception of the capture of the Chesapeake, and one or two other affairs towards its conclusion, we have been equally unsuccessful. From what cause does this proceed? Not from any inferiority in courage or discipline, because in these particulars British soldiers and sailors will yield to none in the world. There must, then, be some other cause for these misfortunes, and the cause is surely one which has continually baffled all our plans of American warfare.

'We have long been habituated to despise the Americans, as an enemy unworthy of serious regard. To this alone it is to be attributed that frigates half manned were sent out to cope with ships capable of containing them within their hulls; and to this, also, the trifling handfuls of troops dispatched to conduct the war by land. Instead of fifteen hundred, had ten thousand men sailed from the Garonne under General Ross, how differently might he have acted! There would have been then no necessity for a re-embarkation, after the capture of Washington, and consequently no time given for the defence of Baltimore; but marching across the country, he might have done to the one city what he did to the other. And it is thus only that a war with America can be successfully carried on. To penetrate up the country amidst pathless forests and boundless deserts, and to aim at permanent conquest, is out of the question. America must be assaulted only on her coasts. Her harbours destroyed, her shipping burned, and her seaport towns laid waste, are the only evils which she has reason to dread; and were a sufficient force embarked with these orders, no American war would be of long continuance.'—pp. 373—375.

Although the style of this narrative is by no means so compact, or indeed so correct * as that of "The Subaltern," and though the latter afforded materials in every respect more interesting, as well

* The author most commonly uses the article *an* instead of a. Thus he writes '*an* halt,' '*an* hearty cheer,' '*an* heavy breathing,' &c., which are abominable cockneyisms.

as pleasing to our natural feelings, yet the performance before us is well entitled to our commendation. Many exquisitely touched landscapes and night scenes relieve the details of cruel warfare and carnage, such as we hope may never again sully the shores of America. May the injuries which Britons and Americans have mutually inflicted on each other be consigned to everlasting oblivion! May the peace which now happily subsists between us, draw closer every year the bonds of amity and of kindred by which we are connected! The period never yet dawned upon the world, when it became the two nations to enter into the most unreserved obligations, for the security of that liberty which is so dear to them both, than that in which we now write. We see the two principles of slavery and freedom at length committed in actual conflict upon the frontiers of Portugal—a conflict which, in some tangible shape or other, has been so long apprehended by all the enlightened statesmen of Europe. It depends on events, which may or may not occur, whether the defensive attitude which we have been compelled by the perfidy of Spain to take, may not in a very short time lead to a general explosion. If such should be the case, the war will be, as Mr. Canning has wisely said, a war of opinion—that is, of liberal principles on one side, and of monarchical oppression on the other. On which side the sword of England will be drawn, is a matter that admits of no doubt. Neither, we trust, will it remain long dubious, to which party the brawny strength of young America will lend her arms and her councils.

ART. IV. *The Last of the Lairds: or the Life and Opinions of Malachi Mailings, Esq. of Auldbiggings.* By the author of "Annals of the Parish," "The Entail," &c. 8vo. pp. 364. Blackwood, Edinburgh. Cadell, London. 1826.

AN opinion seems to prevail among certain classes of Scottish writers, that there is not a single shade of manners, or a solitary character, known in their country, which does not require and deserve a volume in order to display it to the world. But assuredly, mere fidelity of description, the unimpeachable exactness of the copy, does not of itself confer upon such a work an unquestionable passport to public applause. Those, indeed, who had been already acquainted with the originals, may feel pleasure in comparing the portrait with the reality, and in discovering the points where the resemblance is perfect, and where it is defective. But this pleasure, be it remembered, is peculiar to those individuals; it is not only limited to them, but varied amongst them as to its degree, in proportion to the extent of their acquaintance with the things represented.

It is upon this principle, we apprehend, that the multiplication mere portraits at the annual exhibition in Somerset-house, has given so much dissatisfaction to the enlightened portion of the public. They go to see paintings, from the contemplation of which they

nay derive a sense of delight, from which they may gather ideas, and which they may record in the tablets of their memory, among its pleasantest associations. But they are grievously disappointed, when, instead of pictures of general interest, they find the walls hung with the heads, or the full-length likenesses of individuals whom they never have seen, and of whose existence they never desire to form the most distant notion. If they do at any time stop before one of these tenants of the canvas, and speak of it with admiration, it will generally be found that it is because a *story* interesting to their feelings is told in the picture. A group of children are playing round their mother—a family circle are listening to music—or a face of eminent loveliness, shines out from the hand of the artist. Concerning the truth of the portrait, they do not give themselves the least trouble, for so far as their knowledge is presumed to go, they are in no situation to conjecture whether it is a likeness or not.

If this principle be founded in nature, as we think it is, it will account for the apathy with which we have read, and with which we think all persons born at this side of the Tweed, will read, 'The Last of the Lairds.' It may be a most accurate delineation of character and manners, but as we have not witnessed the actual existence of the things represented, we can feel no pleasure in the representation upon the mere ground of its *vraisemblance*. It contains, we admit, a story, nay, several groups who are differently employed, and if this story had been of a description that would interest our curiosity, or excite our feelings, there is no doubt that a conviction of the truth of the portraits would add very sensibly to our delight in perusing it. But Mr. Galt has given us a story —if indeed such it may be called—which is in no degree calculated to increase, or indeed to awaken at all, our agreeable associations. All his characters, from the 'Laird' himself, down to 'Jock,' his serving-man, are absolute *bores*—a vulgar, but expressive term, which is applicable to each and every one of them, without exception.

This last of his tribe—Mr. Mailings, is a bankrupt agriculturist, whose estate has dwindled away by degrees, under the pressure of mortgages, and the thoughtless dissipation and pride of the owner, until it furnishes him with scarcely the means of subsistence. Having been seduced to Edinburgh, to see the king, some four years ago, he mingled with the literary coteries of that town, and returned to his family mansion at Auldbiggings, with the resolution to pay off one of his mortgages by writing his life! He soon finds this an irksome labour, particularly as he discovers that his dull and obscure career afforded him no materials beyond his pedigree. But still anxious to devise means for paying off the mortgage, particularly as the mortgagee, his neighbour, an Indian Nabob, seemed rather desirous of getting the estate into his own hands, the Laird is easily led into a marriage with a grey-headed, bare-boned

is dead, she can never be a blot in a second marriage. But then
ost stiff-neckit man in the way of opinion, and I doot, if ever him
were married, that we would agree about the way o' bringing up
dren; for if I were to hae a dochter," quo' she, "and wha knows
I shall"—I could thole this no longer," exclaimed Mrs. Soorocks,
o, as plainly as I was pleasant, I said, 'Everybody kens weel
Miss Shoosie, that ye'll never hae a dochter.' And what think
t for telling her the true even-doun fact?"
obably whatever she had in her hand."
ye're a saterical man!—to judicate that leddies would be flinging
ry at ane anither's heads! But she did far waur. I never beheld
hantasie. She rose from her chair, her een like as they would
led candles, though her mouth was as mim as a May puddock,
ing her fingers daintily on her busk, she made me a ceremonious
like a maid of honour dancing a minaway wi' the lord-chancellor,
, 'Mrs. Soorocks, I thank you.' I was so provoked by her so-
that I could na but make an observe on't, saying, 'Hech, Sirs,
osie, it must be a great while since ye were at a practeesing, for
're very stiff in the joints. I hae lang kent ye were auld, but I
ink you were sae aged. I canna, therefore, be surprised at your
mper; for when folks loose their teeth, we needna look for mei-
er amang them; the which causes me to understand what Mr.
meant when he said, that between defects and infirmities ye were
past bearing."'—pp. 125—129.

est it might be supposed that this lady exaggerated in any
he manners of her fair rivals, we must exhibit them in *pro-*
rsona; premising, in the words of the author, that 'in the
their youth they had never been celebrated for any beauty.
Shoosie was at this time only in her fiftieth year, but so
ed of the few graces which niggard nature had so stingily
wed, that she was seemingly already an aged creature. Her

'Here Miss Shoosie interposed, with a declaration to the effect that Mr. Mailings would never be the husband of her choice.

'"Choice, Miss Shoosie!" exclaimed the Laird's advocate, "choice! Mony a far better woman than ye were in your best days never had a choice.—Really, at your time o' life, Miss Shoosie,—ye ken ye're aulder than your sister—you ought to accept wi' a gratefu' heart, and be thankfu' to Providence, if onything in the shape o' a man is evened to you."

'The widow made nothing by this taunt, for the indignant spinster retorted,

'"It would be gude for us a' if we saw oursells as ithers see us; but if I could hae demeaned mysell to tak' up wi' sic men as some folk were glad to loup at, I might noo hae been in my widowhood. O but ye hae been lang obliged to thole that dispensation, Mrs. Soorocks—that was your ain choice, nae dout."

'"Sister," said Miss Girzie, "surely ye forget that Mrs. Soorocks has aye been very obliging to a' kinds o' wanters suitable to her years."

'"O ay," replied Miss Shoosie, "we hae baith heard o' mair than ae instance o' her condescension."

'"There was Dr. Pestle," said Miss Girzie, "hi! hi! hi!"

'"And Mr. Grave, the relief minister, ha! ha! ha!" responded Miss Shoosie.

'"It was said you were particular to auld Captain Hawser o' the press-gang," added Miss Girzie.

'"Was that true, mem?" subjoined her sister. "I'm sure ony woman maun hae had a cheap conceit o' hersell that would hae thought o' sic an objik—and only three parts o' a man too, for he had a timmer leg."

'To all this Mrs. Soorocks replied with her wonted candour and suavity.

'"It's very true, that there was a time when I was inclined to have changed my condition,—I'll ne'er deny it; but no one could ever impute to me a breach o' discretion—We live, however, in an ill-speaking warld, Miss Shoosie; and wasna there a time, my dear, when folks werena slack—they ought to have been punished, Miss Shoosie, for cooming your character in the way they did. But ye had great credit for your bravery. I didna think it was in the power o' women to have sae face't it out. I allow frankly and freely, that it was a maist improbable thing, that a young woman o' genteel family should hae foregathered in a glen by appointment wi' a blackavised, pockyawr'd, knock-kneed, potatoe-bogle o' a dominie. Ithers had their cracks, as wha can stop the mouths o' a scandaleezing warld? but, for my part, I aye thocht and upheld the meeting for an accidental ane, and so I said at the time, to Mr. Firlot, when he was bent on sending the elder to test the fact, and mak peremptory investigation. It's not to be tell'd to what a bonny pass matters might have been brought, for the Session were a' on the scent, and the daughter o' an heritor was game no every day to be hunted after. But, as I aye observed, it wad be mair candid and christian-like to let the thing drap; for, in the first place, it mightna be, and I houpit wasna true; and in the next place, coudna be proven, which was the best thing that could happen for baith parties, there being nae leeving witness, at least that either the members or me ever heard tell o'." '—pp. 167—170.

Luckily at this stage the author made his appearance in this elegant circle, otherwise there would have been infallibly a breach of the king's peace.

'Miss Shoosie, a tall, meagre, heron-necked anatomy of womankind, was standing as stiff as Dr. Gaubins, of Glasgow, of whom Beeney Hamilton said, that he looked as if he had swallowed a decoction of ramrods. Her hands were fiercely clenched, her cheeks pale, and her lips quivering, and her teeth grinding, and her small greenish grey eyes sparkling, as if they emitted not constellations of fire only, but visible needles and pins.

'Miss Girzie had thrown herself between them, and was pushing her sister back by the shoulders, evidently to prevent her from fixing her ten blood-thirsty talons in the imperturbable tranquillity of her antagonist's countenance.

'On my appearance the storm was instantly hushed, the sisters hastily resumed their seats, and Mrs. Soorocks, with ineffable composure, addressed herself to me.

'"How do you do, sir? me and the leddies hae been just diverting ourselves, talking o'er auld stories, till we hae been a' like to dee of laughin. Miss Shoosie there ye see hasna got the better o't yet—O! Miss Grizzy, but ye're gude at a guffaw; as for your sister, I'll no forget the way she would joke wi' me. I hope ye havena taen't ill, Miss Shoosie? I was just reminding her, sir, o' a wee bit daffin in the days o' her youthfu' thochtlessness."

'The insulted virgin could stand no more. Bouncing on her feet, she gave a stamp that shook the aged mansion from roof to foundation, and raising her clenched hands aloft, she screamed through the throttling of rage,

'"It's false—it's false—as false as hell!"

'And so in verity it was, for the whole insinuation, with all the details and particulars, was only an invention got up by the ingenious Mrs. Soorocks, on the spur o' the occasion, having no other material wherewithal to parry the cutting inuendoes of her acrimonious adversaries. The widow, however, took no notice of the judge-like energy of the denial, but said,—

'"Good day, my old friends, and tak an advice from me, put a bridle on the neck o' your terrible tempers. Miss Girzie, I may say to you, as Leddy Law said to ane like you, 'may be if you would shave your beard, it would help to cool your head."'

'With these words she swirled meteor-like out of the room, with a magnificent undulation, or curtseying motion, before Miss Girzie could discharge the bomb of her retort. That it might not, however, be lost, but strike, as the artillerymen say, by *recouchet*, the infuriated virgin turned sharply to me, and said,—

'"She's ane, indeed, to speak o' shaving faces—she ought to be taught to scrape her ain tongue. But it's beneath me to discompose mysell for sik a clash-clecking clypen kennawhat. She's just a midwife to ill-speaking."

'Miss Shoosie, who had by this time in some degree rallied, exclaimed,—

'"Sister—I beg, sister, ye'll say no more about her, for I'm determined to take the law;" and with these words she burst into tears.'—pp. 171—173.

The only other characters in the volume, Mr. Rupees, the nabob, Dr. Lounlans, the pastor of the parish, a mysterious astrological sort of a dreamer, whose name we forget, and Jock, are, as we have already said, every one of them bores, though, certainly, they

are upon the whole, less disagreeable than the ladies of the party. We had expected great things from Jock, as the author holds him out in the foreground, as one whose lips are constantly uttering wise sayings, that pass forthwith into proverbs. If so, we can only bear witness, that he has not sustained his reputation in the hands of Mr. Galt, for his sayings are remarkably stiff and stupid. The best point made in the work is, however, the sort of ascendancy which Jock acquired over the Laird, by his strong attachment to 'the family,' and his careful attention to the chattels of his indolent master. This part of his character is natural, and well developed; and the best passage in the volume, is that in which he is described as watching in his master's grounds, to defend the nests and bramble-berries from the school-boys.

'In this speculative frame of mind I took my hat and stick next day, and walked saunteringly across the fields towards Auldbiggings, keeping a path which trended towards the house, at some distance from the high-road, in order that I might not be disturbed in my reveries by any accidental encounter with those sort of friends who are ever socially disposed to inflict their company upon you, especially when you most desire to walk alone.

'This path winded over the Whinny Knowes, an untenanted and unrentable portion of the Laird's domain, famed from time immemorial among the school-boys of the town for nests and brambleberries, and for which they, as regular as the equinoxial gales, waged a vernal and autumnal war with Jock the Laird's man. For his master, by some peculiar and squire-like interpretation of the spirit and principles of the game-laws, claimed and asserted a right of property over them, as sacred and lawful as that which he possessed to his own dove-cot, or the fruit of his garden. Accordingly, as soon as the gowans began to open the silvery lids of their golden eyes in the spring, Jock was posted among the blooming furze and broom, particularly on the Saturday's blessed afternoon, to herd the nests. And in like manner, and as periodically as the same play-hallowed day of the week returned, as soon as the celebrated ruddy apples began to blush on the boughs, he was again sent thither to defend the berries, nor were the oranges of the Hesperides guarded of old by a more indomitable griffon.

'It happened on the occasion of which I am speaking, that the warder had taken post for the first or second time for the season to watch the nests —I am not sure if the day, however, was a Saturday, but if it was not, the weather was so bland and bright that it ought to have been. Jock was sitting in a niche of golden broom, and inspirited by the influence of the birds and blossoms around him, was gaily whistling, it might be for the want of thought, or from the enjoyment of happiness, as he tapered a fishing-rod with an old table-knife of the true Margaret Nicholson edge and pattern. —pp.39—41.

Mr. Galt has introduced into his tale a description of an Indiaman burnt at sea, taken evidently from the catastrophe of that nature which happened to Sir Stamford Raffles. It is well written, but we see at once that it is brought in for effect, and that it might be dispensed with, without the slightest injury to the story.

The only other extract which we shall make from the 'Last of the Lairds,' is really amusing. It is the nuptial scene, which takes place over a cup of tea, and a bottle of wine at Mrs. Soorock's mansion. The reader must pre-suppose all differences between the parties to have been arranged in a satisfactory manner.

'The tea-urn having been brought in, Mrs. Soorocks said—

'"As ye're the young leddy, Miss Girzie, ye'll mak' the tea" and so saying, she rose from her chair at the tea-table, and then came and seated herself beside the Laird, while I drew my chair close to the left of Miss Girzie; her sister also moved in echelon upon her right.

'Miss Girzie having lifted one of the little silver tea-canisters, began to take out the orthodox quantity with a spoon, by one spoonful for the tea-pot, and one for each guest. During this process I heard the intended bride whisperingly say—"Girzie dinna be wasterfu', shake the spoon, and no heap every ane as if it were a cart o' hay."

'Tea being made, the task of handing it round was imposed upon the Laird, he being, as Mrs. Soorocks observed, the young man of the company, though this chronologically was not exactly the fact.

'During the time the entertainment was being served, our conversation was of a general and ordinary description. Bailie Waft talked political economy, and argued with the Laird against the corn laws; Mrs. Soorocks expatiated on the felicity of the married state; while I said agreeable things to Miss Girzie, interspersed with exhilarative allusions in parenthesis to her sister.

'So passed the time till tea was finished: and when the equipage was removed by Leezy, and the door shut, Mrs. Soorocks thus began the prologue to the matrimonial theme;—

'"I have long wished to see such a meeting as the present. Time wears out all things, and lairds and ladies are like the flowers that bloom, and plants that perish—creatures of the day, and butterflies o' the sunshine. It has often been a wonder to me how year after year should have passed away, and the affection so long nourished in secret atween—I'll no say wha—should never have come to an issue."

'The Laird hemmed sceptically, and Miss Shoosie looked for her pocket hole, that she might no doubt be ready with her handkerchief.

'"But," continued Mrs. Soorocks, "whatever is ordained will sooner or later come to pass; and seldom hae I had in my life a pleasanter reflection, than in seeing here twa young persons made for one another."

'The Laird looked with the tail of his eye towards Miss Shoosie, and seemed as if he smelt senna, or mandragora; while she drew her hand over her face bashfully, as if to conceal the depth of her emotions.

. . . . . .

'For some time after this, there was a visible embarrassment in the manner of all present. Mrs. Soorocks, however, was the ruling spirit of the hour, and she presided with undismayed equanimity.

'After taking off his first glass, the Laird was persuaded by his active hostess to a second, and to a third; but still matters looked, to use her own expression, "unco dowie."

. . . . . .

'The general jocularity was meanwhile on the increase, Mrs. Soorocks from time to time urging the gentlemen to use their freedom with her

bottles, and do a little for the good of the house; and, though tardy to relax, the Laird's features at length brightened up with congenial sympathy. The Bailie became garrulous, and hinted away from time to time to Miss Shoosie on the pleasures of housekeeping. Miss Girzie argued briskly with Mrs. Soorocks for and against the propriety of irregular and clandestine marriages, but with a tone of concession gradually softening into conciliation; while the Laird, continuing to wax still more cheerful and bold, boasted of his youthful sprees, and, as he snapped his thumbs, sang aloud a verse of the old ballad—

"The carl he came ower the craft
Wi' his beard new shaven."

"Na," cried Mrs. Soorocks, "if it's come to that wi' ye, Laird, it's time we should bring ye before a magistrate, and hae your vows honourably ratified.—Bailie Waft, I tell ye to put him to the question."

'Here the Bailie rose, and endeavouring to wipe the flush from his brow with his handkerchief, looked as grave as the occasion would let him, and said, "Mr. Mailings, is this lady," pointing to Miss Shoosie,—"your wife?"

"Ony lady's my wife," said the Laird, "that will condescend to tak me."

The Bailie then turned to Miss Shoosie,—"Do you, madam, acknowledge this gentleman for your husband?"

"Confess, confess," cried Mrs. Soorocks, "and dinna spoil our ploy."

'Miss Shoosie simpered, and said, "Sister I canna refuse ony langer."

'Here there was a general clapping of hands, and the health of Mr. and Mrs. Mailings was drank in bumpers by all but themselves. The bride acknowledged the courtesy with solemn propriety, and the Laird answered with a loud laugh; but there was a ring in its sound wild and sardonic. Another tumbler, however, soon restored the hilarity; and in a few minutes after, supper, which Mrs. Soorocks had prospectively prepared for the occasion, was announced.

'The fete passed over with all due humour and conviviality. The Laird warmed more and more towards his bride, and said many sweet things across the table, as much to the amazement as the amusement of the company. Bailie Waft waxed eloquent in Glasgow stories, and forgot himself at length so far as to lose the solemnity of his official situation in jocose song-singing.

At a late, or rather an early hour, the happy party arose from table, and under a moon

"Ploughing the azure depths, and looking down
With sanctified benignity on man,"

sallied forth for The Place, the bride hanging tenderly on the bridegroom's arm.'—pp. 291—293.

Considering the number of excellent volumes of fiction which Mr. Galt has produced within the last few years, it may perhaps be occasionally allowed him, as it is permitted to greater men, not only to sleep himself, but to set others sleeping round him. If so, 'The Last of the Lairds' may be put down to that indulgent side of the account. Indeed, we look upon this production as little short of a failure, though doubtless his own countrymen will eulogize it as a

work superior to the Odyssey. Even while it was in progress—and we think it has been in process of gestation nearly three years—it was trumpeted forth as a splendid creation, worthy of Sir Walter Scott; but the mountain being at length delivered, here we find all its ponderous promise to issue, as usual in all such cases, in the shape of a little *ridiculus mus*.

Art. V. *Kurze Geschichte und Charakteristik der Schöner Literatur der Deutschen.* Von Ehrenfried Stöber. 8vo. pp. 428. 10*s*. Paris and Strassburg. London. Treuttel and Wurtz. 1826.

M. Stöber, the author of this 'Brief History and Characteristics of the Belles Lettres of Germany,' is, we believe, not altogether unknown as a contributor to the periodical journals of his own country; and the work, which he has here produced, is calculated to repay him with some increase of reputation. For it displays a respectable share of national erudition and research; and, as a rapid yet comprehensive abridgment, it offers the best attempt which we have yet seen in the original language, to illustrate the rise, the early improvement, and the subsequent vicissitudes of German literature. M. Stöber is not, perhaps, a man of very brilliant or elegant mind; and it is his praise rather to have accumulated with industry the curious materials which were required for the execution of his design, than to have used and arranged them with felicitous judgment and accomplished taste. Thus, for instance, his volume, though teeming with the usual Teutonic passion for "psychological subtilties," does not abound in those enlarged and general reflections, which form the principal charm of such works as Warton's history of our English poetry, or Sismondi's literature of the South. For this defect, M. Stöber's narrow limits may be some excuse: but he seldom rises sufficiently above the details of his subject to embrace them in one lucid and collective survey; and the result of his labour is not so much a philosophical view of the progress of German letters, as a mere compilation of extracts from the writings of successive ages. Indeed, a great deal of the last half of the volume is nothing more than a catalogue raisonnée of minor authors, with the dates of their births and deaths, and the titles of some of their works.

But if he has not always enlivened his learning with the "grata protervitas" of spirited criticism, nor invested his inquiries with some of the highest attractions of which they were susceptible, M. Stöber has still sufficiently succeeded in producing a work of much value and utility. He may at least claim the merit—in itself not an inconsiderable one—of having diligently gleaned, and appropriately exhibited for his purpose, a great mass of very interesting specimens and facts; and the perusal of his volume will enable the general reader to acquire quite a sufficient insight into the

growth of German literature, and the characteristic features of those several epochs into which its history may readily be distinguished and divided.

Of these epochs, M. Stöber himself considers that there are SEVEN, which obviously present themselves to mark the natural limits and separation of his subject; and this opinion has accordingly decided the plan of his work. The volume is composed of seven periods or books: besides an introductory essay, of which we shall care to say little more, than that it is devoted to an inquiry into the universal principles and general theory of the beautiful. The subject is treated of course chiefly with reference to literary composition; and the author, splitting nice ideal distinctions, like a true German metaphysician, proceeds, with all the verbal accuracy that his national language is so peculiarly capable of bestowing, to define the different qualities of mind, by which the beautiful is discerned or created. He numbers, among the fine arts, the cultivated faculty or exercise of speech and literary composition: and this he declares is again divided into two other fine arts,—the art of prose and the art of poetry. Then he takes occasion to quote Buffon in support of the *novel* opinion that speech is the distinguishing characteristic of the human race; and he finally (pp. 7, 8) grows marvellously sentimental and pathetic, on the emotions excited by hearing the loved tones of one's native language on a foreign shore. All this preliminary treatise, in short, is sad stuff; and we hastily pass it, to arrive at some of the goodlier matter of M. Stöber's historical compilation. Without stopping to make formal reference to chapter and line for every word which we may gather from him, we shall glance through his pages for the purpose of offering, partly an abstract of the several divisions of his subject, and partly a running commentary upon the various materials of the volume.

M. Stöber has brought down his *first period* of German literary history, from the earliest times to the first half of the twelfth century,—or to the rise of the Minne-Singer, (literally love-minstrel). He commences with pithily remarking, that the ancient German tribes were the first to shake the power of the language, as well as the civil and military dominion of imperial Rome. The deep-seated policy of the mistress of the world, had taught her to reduce all nations into uniform provinces under the tyranny, not less of her language, than of her laws and political institutions; and the success of the attempt is one of the most extraordinary features in the establishment of her empire. But the barbarian invasions broke up the all pervading reign of the Latin tongue, when they overthrew the universal sceptre of the Cæsars. M. Stöber should have added, however, that the Teutonic hordes, who spread their victorious arms over the fairest southern provinces of the empire, succeeded as little in maintaining in their conquests the stern simplicity of their mother-tongues, as they did in preserving the

purity of their several races. Wherever the barbarian tribes invaded and settled, their blood became commingled with that of the subject population; and their scanty dialects were certainly melted down and almost lost in admixture with the superior abundance and richness of the Latin. That language is indisputably the copious source of the French, the Italian, and the Spanish; and in the speech of all these modern nations of barbarian origin, the torrents of the Teutonic dialects, instead of sweeping away the Latin, have merely flowed into it to disturb its purity, to vary its corruption, and to swell its volume.

The modern German language, however, was the primitive speech of the Teutonic hordes, in their native forests, and it has suffered little or no admixture with the Latin. 'In its origin,' says our author, 'it was as uncultured and as wild, as the woods in which it was cradled: it is still no flatterer to the ear, nor can it vie in softness with the southern languages that have been grafted on the polished Roman stock.' But he goes on to ascribe to it the natural excellences of freedom, strength, copiousness, and great pliability; and he insists that 'cultivation has imparted to it at once a pathos and an energy, which makes it a more powerful instrument of thought and feeling than perhaps any other language.' Some of the qualities in this partial estimate we must deny to the German. Strength, nervousness, exactitude, and sonorous intonation, are undoubtedly its characteristics; and in mere construction it is, perhaps, almost as perfect as the Greek, its grammatical affinity to which has often been remarked. But in pliability, freedom, pathos and mellowness, it surely is deficient; and its peculiarities always seem to us to realize the beautiful and poetical thought of Rousseau, that the southern languages were the daughters of pleasure, *the northern of necessity*. The German is like an instrument composed only for mere rough and indispensable use, with a total disregard of all considerations of ornament or melody. It never loses a certain air of formality and stiffness; and its very grammatical precision seems only to render it the more complex and difficult. This objection is increased by its partial simplicity to the classical tongues: it has all their inversions, without those striking terminations which, in the Latin and Greek, so clearly discover and identify the connecting words or links of the same sentence.

The earliest compositions in the German language, as in all others, were of course poetical; and M. Stöber is careful to adduce the testimony of Tacitus, that the Teutonic tribes were attended by bards, who inspired them in battle by singing the achievements of their ancestors. But this love of the war-song was not peculiar to those nations: it is more probably an universal passion of human nature in the barbarian state; and we have seen it ourselves exerting as powerful a spell upon the 'red children' of the American woods, as it could ever have held over

the followers of Odin in the dark forests of Scandinavia. The veneration in which the ancient Germans held their poets and their women, is more singular; and M. Stöber rightly considers this characteristic of their respect for the softer sex as very remarkable: not only for the contrast which it affords to the unvaried picture of female degradation in the ancient world, but (he might have added) as containing the probable germ of the chivalry and romantic literature of Europe.

The German people being originally of various stocks, there was necessarily, in the earliest part of the middle ages, a corresponding variety in their language. The most prevailing of their dialects, were the Franconian, the Swabian, and the Saxon: but all of these were gradually and variously intermingled, modified, and blended with each other, and severally in their turn had the precedence. The Franconian dialect, however, became the basis of the literature of the whole German people. Little remains of the national poetry under the Carlovingian dynasty; but this period of the wildest state of barbarousness in German annals, seems to have been already rich in oral or traditional poetry. There are many existing proofs that, during the reigns of Charlemagne and his immediate successors, the German poetry and language were much cultivated. That well-meaning, poor prince, Louis the Pious, in the simplicity of his heart, reproached himself with his over fondness for profane minstrelsy; and we are told that it was found necessary to forbid the nuns from indulging in these same *wine-lieder* (from *wine*, an old word signifying friend, husband, wife, and *lieder* songs), as well as in the *minne-lieder* (love songs) of a later æra. Thus, also, the Saxons, after their conversion to Christianity, were prohibited by the clergy from using certain songs, which they chaunted over the graves of their departed friends: these were called *teufels-lieder*, or devils' songs (*carmina diabolica*), and were forbidden probably from their connection with the Scandinavian mythology.

These songs were of course only traditional and oral, and never committed to writing. The first written poetical attempts were chiefly on the subject of religion. The crusades, M. Stöber thinks, had a beneficial effect upon the German muse, by introducing the style and romance of the Provençal songs. But the most remarkable, or rather, perhaps, the only extant, literary production of an earlier epoch, is a harmony of the four Gospels by Ottfried, a Benedictine monk, belonging to a cloister at Weissenburg, in Alsace, who died in 870. It is in rhyme, and is a monument of industry, rather than of genius. The following couplet exhibits a curious proof of the prevalence of knightly gallantry, even in those remote times; and it might have suggested to M. Stöber a native origin for the later romantic poetry of Germany, without having recourse to the foreign influence of the crusaders and troubadours. It describes the Annunciation of the Virgin; and the

couplet, which we give for the benefit of such of our s as are admirers of German black letter, runs thus:

> ' Ho sprach er erlicho überal
> So man zu Frowen scal.'—p. 15.

h we may render in corresponding doggerel, (*loquitur* the to Mary)

> Then spake he with all the rev'rence
> Due from man in woman's presence.

e *second period* in German literature, which our author ap- iately terms 'the age of romantic and knightly poetry (de ntischen Ritter poesie) or the age of the Minne-singer,' ex- from the middle of the twelfth to that of the fourteenth cen- In this epoch, the Franconian dialect—not simply the dia- f that province, but the language of the imperial court under Franconian lines, A. D. 1024—1105—was obliged to yield to nore Teutonic and native dialect of Swabia. Knightly love, y, and romance, became indigenous to the soil; and the of these two dialects expelled the harsh and formal barba- of the monkish latinity. A more cultivated spirit began to in Germany from the æra, at which Conrad III. of the Swa- house of Hohenstaufen, resolved upon a national crusade of ermans to the Holy Land. In the east, the followers of Con- ecame acquainted with the awful and spirit-stirring scenes r redemption; the sphere of their intellectual knowledge was ly increased by their sojourn in Venice, Genoa, Pisa, and antinople; and their religious and martial enthusiasm broke in songs of love, of war, and of devotion.

the early part of the thirteenth century, the minstrelsy of any was rendered as famous by the MINNE-SINGER, as was of Provence by the Troubadours. The reign of the emperor ric II., (1214—1250), has often been characterised as the len age of the Minne-singers;" but M. Stöber should have ked, that its splendour was little promoted by that accom- d prince, whose zealous patronage of song, like his residence, bestowed exclusively on a more southern and genial clime. early Sicilian poetry, not the lay of the northern minstrels, armed by the fostering protection of the munificent monarch; he young Italian muse, which afterwards gave inspiration to e and Petrarch, was perhaps reared and nurtured in his intel- l court.

e favourite theme of the poesy of the Minne-singers, is ex- d by their title: the word is compound of *minne*, love, and r; for they were the minstrels of the tender and chivalrous nent, the professors of the gay and amorous science. We give our German readers a single specimen of their style; we shall be pardoned by English ears, for rendering only a metrical version of ideas so trivial and commonplace, and

tones, so uncouth and inharmonious. There is, in truth, very lit to recommend in any of these fragments: though M. Stöber h been profuse of his extracts from them. We shall take a few lin from one of the most famous of the minstrels, Meister Gottfrie of Strasburg; and its mediocrity will at least serve as a sample all the rest.

'Der sumer si so guot,
Das er die schöne in siner wunne
Lasse wunnekliche leben.
Swas wol den ougen tuot
Und sich den liuten lieben kunne,
Das muesse ir diu selde (Glück) geben.
Swas grünes uf der erden ge
Oder touwes (thauigt, wie der Thau) oben an nider risen muos,
Loub, gras, bluomen und kle.
Der vogel dönen
Geb der schönen
Wunneklichen gruos.'—p. 23.

So rich the summer round my fair one glows,
She lives in all the raptures sense bestows:
Benignant fortune, here thy blessings roll,
To charm her vision, and delight her soul!
Earth, heap thy verdant treasures in her way,
The dew-steeped moss, soft blade, and leafy spray.
From flowers and fields the grateful fragrance bear,
And pour, ye warbling birds, glad greeting to the fair.

However rude in versification, and poor in sentiment, this bri example of the poetry of the 'love-minstrels' may appear, it h as much merit as any extract that we could find; and referring t reader to M. Stöber's volume itself, for proof of the justice of o assertion, we proceed to speak of a far more remarkable poem this age, than any which can be traced to the professed fraterni of Minne-singers. The author of the Nibelungen, or Niflungen, not known. The Nibelungen is the name of a fabulous people the north, whose attributes afterwards came to be transferred the Burgundians, or Franks. With the latter, the northern co queror, Siegfried, and many other heroes of fiction, were suppos to have united themselves.

The Nibelungen-lied is not like most poems of its age, merely collection of unconnected songs; but it has unity of design to r commend it. It recounts the mighty deeds of Siegfried, his assa sination by a Burgundian king, and the vengeance inflicted up the royal murderer by the followers of the departed chief, in t camp of Attila. Instead of proffering in direct language so simp an abridgment and explanation of the 'argument' of this epic, Stöber is contented to mysticize and sublimate the nature the poem, in the genuine spirit of a cloud-compelling Germa critic. The story, he observes, may be resolved into these element

'The offended pride of a woman brings destruction upon a noble knight; and her passion changes into a spirit of revenge, which rises to such a height, as to induce her to immolate the innocent and guilty to the memory of her murdered lover. Herein consists the unity of thought in the poem. Siegfried, the hero of the north, engrosses the principal interest of the piece, even after his death; and the appeasing the spirit of the deceased chieftain concludes the whole.' The versification of the piece is, however, curious, being composed of somewhat irregular stanzas of four lines. The first of these serves for something like a brief poem.

'Uns ist in alten mären wunders viel geseit
Von helden lobebären (lobwerthen), von grosser arebeit.
Von fröden und hochgeziten, von weinen und von chlagen,
Von chuoner rechen striten muget ihr nu wunder hören singen.'
p. 31.

Here the subject matter of the poem is generally developed in the two last lines, which may be translated, in rhythm as uncouth:

So pray you hear, of festive boards the wonders we're reciting;
Of nuptial feasts, of daring strife, of weeping, and of fighting.

A celebrated writer has attributed to the Nibelungen some pleasing characteristics, as exhibiting "the heroism and fidelity which distinguished the men of those times, where all was as true, strong, and determinate as the primitive colours of nature." Few unprejudiced German scholars will feel the justice of this eulogy, on the state of manners depicted in the Nibelungen. The wild epic itself is a composition of the true Scandinavian gloom: it is as full of blood and carnage as the chronicle of the Cid, without offering to the imagination in any degree, the relief of that brilliant colouring of romantic achievement, which we always involuntary associate with the christian chivalry of Spain.

There is a collection of poems, called the Heldenbuch, much older than the Nibelungen-lied. A part of them is attributed to Wolfram von Eschenbach, a well known Minne-singer. Of this age, also, was Ulrich von Lichtenstein, an ancestor of the princely German house which still exists under that title. And belonging to the same epoch, was Boner, (or Bonerius, as his name was Latinized), who translated the fables of Æsop, from the Latin version of Avienus, into his native tongue. But it would be useless to offer a specimen of this production: for the prose of the period before us was very rude, and even far less developed than the poetry.

The list of German Minne-singers is closed with Conrad von Würzburg, who lived towards the end of the thirteenth century. He deplores the increase of barbarism among his countrymen, through the prevalence of the feudal and civil wars: and especially in a poem which he calls the contest of Mars and Venus.

'Her Mars der rihset (verheeret) in dem lande.
Der hat den werden (werthen) got Amur
Verheert mit roube und ouch mit brande;
Des sint die minne worden sur,
Die man hievor vil süsse erkande,
Do Rivalis und Blantschiflur
Vil kumbers litten von ir bande (ihren Banden der Liebe)
Nu wil der her und der gebur. (Bauer)
Roub und brant vil gerner üben, u. s. w.'—p. 36.

Of which, in rhymes as rude, we may thus attempt to render the sense:

War through the land doth raging go,
And desolates with force and flame
Love's worthier god. Our manners show
Ferocious bearing now, and shame
The days when gentle rivalry
In lady's grace we sought to prove,
And poured our sorrow's tender plea,
The fettered prisoners of love.
Now lord and vassal blend their toil
In deeds of cruelty and spoil.

Conrad also wrote what *he* called the history of the War of Troy:—in a style, certes, differing somewhat from that of Homer. But, after this period, the songs of chivalry and war, and in general the romantic love poetry of the Germans, rapidly declined; and never again, says our author, pathetically, rose in such purity and youthful vigour. 'So rein-naiv, so frisch und jugendlich erscheinet sie nicht wieder,' is the language in which he pours forth his lament over the untimely extinction of the young muse of Germany, of whose inspiration we have given such precious examples.

Our author's *third period* covers the long lapse of three hundred years. It extends from the rise of the MEISTER-SANGER, in the fourteenth century, to the appearance of Martin Opitz and the formation of the first Silesian school (die erste schlesische Dichterschule), in the seventeenth century. Of the curious institution of the German Meistergesang, we shall give an account, in the words, or at least the sense, of our author:

'The German Meistergesang is remarkable as being constituted in a manner peculiar to itself. For if artizans were not the persons with whom it originated, they deserve at least the full credit of fostering and upholding it. Nowhere do we find another instance among nations, of such a union of tradespeople for the support of national poetry. The degree of intelligence and mental cultivation, to which, during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, the shoemakers, tailors, smiths, and weavers, of such towns as Mayence, Strasburg, and Nuremburg, had obtained, was hardly in those times to be found in any other European

country. Morally and politically considered, therefore, the institution of the Meistergesang must always command our respect. When we learn, however, that the Meistersänger, in their music schools, laboured for the perfection of German poetry, and that they, with this object constantly in view, placed the very summit of the art in a formal scholastic regularity of rhythms, and excessive verbal accuracy, their labours and efforts cannot be otherwise than extremely offensive to good taste. The law that governed with absolute sway in their schools, was called the *tablature*. The complete construction of a regular Meistergesang, was called a *bar*. The several metres or structures, (gebäude), as they were termed in the tablature, were partly left to the option of the poet or rhymer, and partly formed upon certain models which were considered as classical. The increase of these received metres, by the introduction of fresh ones, formed upon the rules of the Meistergesang, and accepted by the school, was the highest fame that a Meistersänger could attain. The metre, with its melody, was then called a new tune (Ton). Of these tunes, in later times, there were more than two hundred. They were divided into classes, according to the number of the rhythms; and each of them perpetuated the name of the inventor in the school. For instance, der kùrze Ton Bartel Regenbogens; that is, the short tune of Bartel Regenbogen; die Rosmarinweise Hans Findeisens, the rosemary-air of Hans Findeisens; the black-ink tune of master Ambrosius Metzger; the amorous and the long tune of Heinrich Frauenlob; the lively tune of Hans Vogel, and the blooming Paradise-air of Joseph Schmierer.

'The institution of Meistersänger flourished particularly at Mayence, Strasburg, Colmar, and Nuremburg. The earliest accounts which we have of this society in Strasburg, reach as far back as the year 1490. The fraternity of Meistersänger was still in existence, until within a few years of the French revolution.'—pp. 39, 40.

The chief of these, Meistersänger, as Herder justly observes, was Hans Sachs, the son of a tailor, born at Nuremburg, November 5th, 1494. His father sent him whilst a boy to the town-school, where he was taught Latin, grammar, and music; from all which education he neither seems to have reaped profit nor amusement. For he says, in his quaint way,

'Solches Alles ist mir vergessen seit.'
Such stuff as this I've long forgotten.

He began his apprenticeship to the *last* and the Meistergesäng at the same time. At seventeen he commenced travelling, and wandered over all Germany. His love of nature and his native talents were thus developed: he felt with truth, and knew how to express his feelings. His first song was in praise of God, the Gloria Patri. Our author says of him—

'Hans Sachs completed the apprenticeship which entitled him to become a member of the company of shoemakers, married, begot children, honestly pursued his trade, and attained a good old age, being always busy, either at the last or the pen.'

Every reader of German will recollect Goethe's quaint and lively description of him:

> Sunday morn our master sees,
> Stationed in his shop at ease;
> Dirty apron cast away,
> Not to mar his spruce array;
> Thread and hammer in his chest,
> Lodged with awl and pincer's rest.
> This the Sabbath of repose
> From his week-day tugs and blows.*

We shall now take our leave of Master Hans Sachs, and the corps of Meistersänger. Our limits forbid us to dwell any longer among these sons of harmony and industry; but we cannot close our notice of the epoch in which they flourished, without reminding our readers, that the same period produced Martin Luther. Regarded merely as a scholar, he deserves to be characterised as the man who first fixed the construction, and determined the general style of the language, by eradicating its barbarisms and peculiarities of dialect. This was effected by that giant production of a giant's mind, his translation of the Bible, which is eminent for great dignity, strength, and purity of style.

For the commencement of his *fourth period*, M. Stöber reverts again to the close of the sixteenth century; and he carries down this epoch to the middle of the eighteenth century, or the time of Haller and Hagedorn. He more briefly characterises all this epoch as the age of Opitz, (Opitzischen Zeitraum), from the influence acquired by that writer and his school.

The beginning of this period was remarkable for the introduction of the scholastic formality of the clsssics, with none of their beauty or spirit. All native feeling and good taste declined during the thirty year's war, (1618—1648). The pacification of Westphalia, though it protected Germany from a new series of encounters and sufferings, could not so easily heal the wounds already inflicted; so that when public peace was restored, national spirit had become almost extinct. Monarchs and princes eagerly imitated the profligacy and the tastes of the French court of Louis XIV. All was French: the creed of every man was infidelity, and his pursuit

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* Göthe's lines, of which we have here hastily given a rough English version, are as follows:

> "In seiner Verhstatt Sonntags früh
> Steht unser theurer Meister hie:
> Sein schmussig Schurzfell abgelegt:
> Einen saubern Feierwamms er trägt;
> Läst Pechdraht, Hammer und Kneipe rasten;
> Die Ahl stedt an dem Arbeitshasten.
> Er ruht nun auch, am sieb 'ten Tag,
> Bon manchem Zug und manchem Schlag."

pleasure. The literature of Germany was not less corrupted than its morals. We shall give the following couplet of that age, to shew how nearly the German, in its disorganized confusion, and in the absurd introduction of exotic French words, had been assimilated to the language of Babel:

'Reverirte Dame,	Dame whom I revere,
Phœnix meiner ame,	My soul's Phœnix, hear,
Gebt mir audientz:	Let my plea prevail.
Eurer gunst meriten	Your favour to obtain,
Machen zum failliten	Or, meriting in vain,
Meine patientz.'—p. 82.	Patience needs must fail.

Of Opitz, whom M. Stöber justly characterises as the restorer of German poetry, and the first of the Silesian school, we shall copy his own brief account.

'Martin Opitz was born at Banzlau, in Silesia, in the year 1597. When he was a student in the Gymnasium, at Breslau, he published some latin verses. He was then intended for the profession of the law. His enthusiasm for the German muse was first declared in a latin dissertation, entitled Aristarchus, which appeared exactly at the time when the thirty years' war broke out. Opitz, then twenty-one years old, was so engaged in poetical and other liberal studies, that he gave up the law. He went from Frankfort on the Oder, where he had first pursued his studies, to Heidelburg. He had hardly remained there a year, before he went on to Strasburg; from whence he again returned to Heidelburg, and in the same year travelled into the Netherlands. There he formed an acquaintance with Daniel Heinsius, the great Dutch philologist, who, contrary to the custom of the learned in his day, prized his mother-tongue sufficiently to compose verse in it as well as in Latin and Greek. Opitz selected him in particular as a model.'—pp. 88, 89.

Opitz subsequently received the laureat crown from Ferdinand II. He became the friend of Hugo Grotius. He died of the plague, at Danzig, in 1639, in the forty-second year of his life, and in the full vigour of mind and body. No German poet ever attained so great a reputation among his contemporaries as Opitz. Ten editions of his poems were published before the expiration of the seventeenth century. He was long considered the greatest poet of his nation; and when he ceased to be so, he never lost the admiration and respect of the critic. As scholars of Opitz, we may mention Paul Flemming, Andreas Gryphius, and Fred. von. Logau: this last was a Silesian by birth, and wrote many pretty songs and fugitive pieces.

The FIFTH PERIOD in German literary history, according to our author, may occupy only thirty years, from 1740 to 1770:—that is, from the revival of the national poetry and style, by the union of the Saxon and Swiss schools, until the rise of the strictly modern literature of Germany.

The difficulties with which German letters had always had to

contend until this epoch, and the result of the perpetual wars which had for centuries devastated the country are, strange to say, described in the most animated colours by the very man, whose thirst of conquest and passion for martial glory had renewed the evils which he so energetically deplores. The following passage has much truth, and is exceedingly curious, as proceeding from no less an authority than that compound of vulgar ambition and philosophical aspirations—the Great Frederic of Prussia.

"Look back to the revival of letters, and compare the situation in which Italy, France, and Germany, were respectively placed at the epoch of the revolution which was then working upon the human mind. Italy became the cradle of this new birth: the house of Este, the Medici, and Pope Leo. X. contributed to its growth, by their fostering protection. While Italy was brightening in civilization, Germany was agitated by theologians, and separated into two factions, each of which signalized itself only by its hatred for the other, its enthusiasm and its fanaticism. At the same epoch, Francis I. strove to share with Italy the glory of having contributed to the restoration of letters: he toiled with vain efforts to transplant them into his own country's soil: his labours were fruitless. The monarchy, exhausted by the payment to Spain of the king's ransom, was in a state of languor. The wars of the league, which arose after the death of Francis, distracted the attention of the people from the fine arts. It was not until towards the close of the reign of Louis XIII., after the wounds of the civil wars had been healed by the administration of cardinal Richelieu, that at a period which favoured the attempt, the project of Francis I. was revived. The court patronized men of learning and wit: an universal emulation was provoked; and soon after, under the reign of Louis XIV., Paris yielded neither to Florence nor to Rome.

"But what was passing meanwhile in Germany? Precisely at the moment when Richelieu was covering himself with glory by civilizing his country, the war of thirty years was raging at its height. Germany was ravaged and pillaged by twenty different armies, which, whether victorious or routed, were equally sure to bring desolation in their track. The country was devastated; the fields were left uncultivated; the towns were almost deserted. After the peace of Westphalia, Germany had scarcely time to breathe, before she was called upon to oppose, at one moment the forces of the Ottoman empire, then very formidable, at another the armies of France, which were precipitated upon her to extend the empire of the Gauls. Was it to be expected, when the Turks were besieging Vienna, or while Melac was sacking the Palatinate, when cities and habitations were in flames, and the asylums even of the dead violated by the unbridled license of the soldiers, who tore the remains of the electors from their tombs for the sake of their poor spoils:—was it to be expected in such moments, when wretched mothers were flying from the ruins of their country with infants dying of inanition in their arms, that sonnets and epigrams could be the occupations of Vienna or Manheim? The muses have need of the asylum of tranquillity: they shun the alarms of war, and flee from scenes where all is confusion and uproar. It was not until after the war of the succession, that we could begin among us to repair all that so many successive calamities had conspired to destroy. It is neither to the spirit

or the genius of the nation, that the little progress which we have made hould be attributed; but we may with more reason ascribe it to a train of atal contingencies—to a long series of wars, which have ruined us, and mpoverished us in men and in money."—Œuvres de Frederic II. tom. 3.

The repose which followed the war of the succession, favoured an extraordinary development of the German mind. Until the commencement of the memorable epoch of intellectual transition, which M. Stöber has justly placed between the years 1740--1770, the pernicious desire of foreign imitation had nearly stifled all originality in the national mind; and the dull canons of the French *classical* taste still exercised their leaden influence upon the great mass of German productions. A single writer is entitled to the distinction, of having taught his countrymen by his example to shake off these servile foreign trammels. This was Albrecht von Haller, whom the learned of Germany have, therefore, with sufficient reason, or at least with laudable gratitude, characterised as "the great Haller." He was a native of Berne: and hence the style of literature which rose under his auspices, has been termed the German-Swiss school. It was at first founded on an imitation of English writers; and Haller endeavoured to shew, that our literature was more congenial with the German genius than that of France. He thus argued with reason; for certainly it was the study of English models which first invigorated the national mind, after its long weak submission to the tyranny of the critical dogmas of the French. Thus strengthened and resuscitated, German intellect, through this second and happier course of foreign study, at length recovered a tone of originality and native imagination; and whatever may be thought of the aberrations from good taste into which many of the modern dramatists, poets, and novelists of Germany have fallen, it at least cannot be denied that their faults are not those of vapid and spiritless imitation.

Among the earliest writers to catch the example of Haller, was the pious and enthusiastic poet of the Messiah, perhaps the most eminent man of all, who belonged strictly to the Anglo-German or Swiss-German school. But a few comments on the peculiar genius of Klopstock, we have given on another occasion.* Nor have we space to enumerate the merits of various other bright names, which adorn this truly brilliant age of German literature. It boasts of Bodner, of Gessner, of Zimmerman, and above all, of Lessing and Winkelmann. Lessing was the first who trod the path, on which Winkelmann afterwards cast the full radiance of his fine genius and admirable taste.

The revolution in German literature, which the example of Haller, Klopstock, and other writers suceeeded in producing, was not effected, however, without considerable opposition. Gottsched, a man of deep learning, but himself utterly destitute of genius or

* See Art. VI., p. 493, in the Appendix, published with this number.

taste, violently struggled against the introduction and growth o their improved manner of composition; and the authority of th pedant had for some time sufficient weight to divide the literary public of Germany into two hostile factions, the English and th French schools: until some ardent spirits—as Lessing, Winkel mann, Göthe—struck out a new path for themselves, and becam the founders of an original and true German literature. Of th French-German school of the eighteenth century, Wieland wa the first and the last: the only man of real genius who ever be longed to it. Later writers among his countrymen, in thei anxiety to exclude all foreign influence from their national letters have not always been just to Wieland; but M. Stöber, we are glad to perceive, is animated with a more impartial and candid spirit He has characterised the intellect of Gottsched with the contemp which it deserves: but this has not prevented him from paying warm and merited tribute to the charming excellences of Wieland Among his estimates of the minor spirits of this same period, w may point to his character of Blumauer as extremely judicious The Æneas of that writer, is full of originality and broad humour but we have ourselves had occasion to find its pleasantry too coars for English ears.

M. Stöber's *sixth period* embraces only twenty years, fro 1770 to 1790: and his *seventh* and last, conducts him to our ow times. The former of these epochs is rendered illustrious b such names as Schiller, Göthe, Herder, Kant, the master o the "transcendental philosophy," Schröder, Matthisson, the ani mated painter of scenery and nature, Iffland, and Kotzebue, th playful and feeling delineator of domestic life. Of some of thes stars in the galaxy of his country's literature, our patriotic autho displays sufficient admiration: Schiller and Göthe, however, ar tolerably well criticised, though the latter is a little too muc flattered. But to Kotzebue and Iffland, it appears to us that M Stöber has scarcely been just. Whether Kotzebue, as a citizen was false to his country, we shall not here stop to inquire though we believe his treason was conceived principally in th heated imagination of a few political fanatics. But assuredly guilty or innocent, his public conduct had nothing to do with hi literary character; and yet it is evident that M. Stöber has bee led to depreciate his really great talents, much less in the spirit o candid criticism, than under the influence of personal rancour. decided bias in politics towards the popular opinions of Germany though far more creditably displayed than in this instance, is in deed apparent throughout our author's whole volume.

With respect to Iffland, we cannot agree with M. Stöber tha the public have already passed judgment against the dramas o that pleasing writer. Some of Iffland's pieces were never intende for posterity; but others, we suspect, will outlive the production of the French-classic, and the German-satanic schools. We a

very much mistaken, if the supremacy of "ghosts and hobgoblins" be not already on the wane, even in Germany itself: and the dramas of Iffland will rise in estimation, as the improved taste of the nation shall banish the monstrous and the unnatural from their stage, and cultivate the probabilities of real action for the subjects of representation.

We have grouped together M. Stöber's two last periods: for we cannot conceive any reason why he should have divided the last fifty years through which they extend. The German literature of the present day, as that of a school, does not differ from the literature of 1790; and Göthe, who is made to belong to the former epoch, survives still to be remembered among the living writers of these days. But, however arrayed, there would be little to attract our observation, in the last part of M. Stöber's compendium. The modern writers, and the current literature of Germany, are too familiar to every general scholar, to need or to derive illustration from an abridgment of this kind; and we finally sum up the merits of M. Stöber's volume with sufficient commendation, when we declare, that there are few of our readers of German who may not derive both curious instruction and amusement, from the attentive perusal of the first two hundred pages.

Art. VI. *The Golden Violet, with its Tales of Romance and Chivalry; and other Poems.* By L. E. L., author of "The Improvisatrice," "The Troubadour," &c. 8vo. pp. 310. 10*s.* 6*d.* London. Longman and Co. 1826.

We have more than once had occasion to speak in the language of praise of Miss Landon's productions. Though not prepared to concur in the sentiments of some of our contemporaries, who would elevate her to a place among the most distinguished poets of our day, yet we have thought that, considering her sex and youth, she ought to be encouraged by every possible indulgence, until her mind should arrive at its maturity, in order that we might be able to determine whether it really possessed a portion of the "divine fire." Besides, it was consonant in every respect to gentlemanly and proper feeling, to pass over the errors and defects, and even to listen to the pretensions, of a young lady, who professed at least a strong impulse towards the muses, and solicited the applause of the public in numbers by no means destitute of grace, and overflowing with tenderness.

But there is a point at which indulgence must hesitate. The sound literature of the country requires that praise—if it must be given—should be measured out with some appearance of justice. Besides, if the time should come when Miss Landon's poetry might happen to repose in deep oblivion, the wits of the period who should consult our pages, would, we fear, be malicious

enough to sneer over eulogies, which could have little to recommend them beyond the well-meant kindness, and perhaps gallantry, of the writer. On the other hand, we are aware how easy it is for the friends of Miss Landon to defend her by an *argumentum ad fœminam*. "How unmanly, they might exclaim, to attack a mere girl, who is so full of genius, and confides so much in the good opinion of the world, as to think that the expression of the warm feelings of her heart will gain its approbation!" The appeal would most probably be successful, and the critic would assuredly be set down as a stoic, upon whose cold judgment neither beauty nor talents can operate the slightest charm.

Now, as we have no intention whatever of attacking Miss Landon, or any other lady-poet—as indeed we hold all the sex in the most unaffected respect—we trust that if we speak of her 'Golden Violet' as it seems to us to deserve, we shall be considered as simply performing a duty, and performing it with the most unqualified good faith. By what motives can we indeed be actuated, save those of justice to all parties—the author—the publisher—and though last, not least, the public?

The idea of 'The Golden Violet' is said to be taken from Warton. Wherever it was found, the name betrays that propensity to tinsel, which abounds in all Miss Landon's poetry, but especially in the work before us. The title however is a mere pretext, under which the author collects together bards from different nations, who meet at the castle of a certain Countess in Provence, and contend with each other for the 'Golden Violet' which decorates her hair. She of course presides over the poetical festival, and hears the contending strains of the different candidates. The trial lasts for two days, and at the close the Countess awards the prize to—nobody!—for Miss Landon steps in, in her own proper person, and with some *naiveté* asks—

'Could I choose where it might belong,
'Mid phantoms but of mine own song?'

We answer, *no*—for even according to the rules of poetical justice, not one of them deserved it. A set of bards blessed with more indifferent skill were never brought together before; and though we have them from all countries, from Italy, Spain, Germany, France, England, Scotland and Ireland, there is not even an attempt made to infuse into their compositions one sentiment that breathes of their respective nations. The verses of the Highland poet might be given without the slightest inconsistency to the Minnesinger of Germany; and he of Italy or Spain, might with equal propriety be supposed to have owed his birth to England or Ireland. Why, therefore, the fair writer imagined such a congress of poetical representatives, when she might have accomplished her purpose more consistently by taking all her candidates from Provence; and why she should appoint them to contend for a prize, which she never, even in fancy, meant to bestow, it is for her to

The poetical license is comprehensive enough, but we have heard that it proceeded to the extremes of absurdity.

it passing over the groundwork of the poem, we are ready dmit that the inconsistencies and feebleness of the plot might worthy of notice, if the poetry had been of a triumphant . We are glad to afford an inspired writer any pretext, that d serve as a circlet in which he might set his gems. The r, we fear, however, will find that, with the exception of t one hundred lines, and those of no very brilliant character, ompositions here presented to us are not only inferior to those e Improvisatrice and the Troubadour, but to any that could have expected from, what we may now call, the practised pen of Landon. There is scarely a periodical publication of the which her initials, L. E. L., do not shine among the leading ctions. We suppose that no lady of her age has written—or st published—so much within so short a period. We are in tuation to estimate the quantum of alteration and correction, ich her effusions are subjected, when they pass through the s of other editors than herself, but it is certain that her con- tions to "The Souvenir," and "The Forget-me-not," have more melody in their structure, than any thing which is or sung in her Golden Violet. For example, who will con- that the following lines, taken almost at random, from 'The of the second Provençal bard,' ascend above the level of very ble prose?

> 'And thus the babe was left without a name,
> Child of the Sea, without a kindred claim:
> He never felt the want; that gentle queen
> Nurtured his infancy, *as though he had been*
> The brother of her own sweet ISABELLE;
> But as he grew *she thought it need to tell*
> *His history, and gave the cloak whose fold*
> *Was heavy with rich work and broider'd gold;*
> And also gave his mother's carkanet,
> With precious stones in regal order set.
> *In truth he was well worthy of her care;*
> None of the court might match his princely air,
> And those who boasted of their bearing high
> Quail'd at the flashing of his falcon eye.
> Young as he was, none better ruled the speed
> Or curb'd the mettle of the wayward steed,
> None better knew the hunter's gentle craft,
> *None could wing from the bow a truer shaft;*
> *And noble was his courtesy and bland,*
> *Graceful his bearing in the saraband.*'—pp. 66, 67.

truth it would appear that Miss Landon's practice in writing, it has increased her facility in giving expression to her ideas, ade her regardless of the music of her verse, or the beauty

of her diction. Agitated by vague feelings, all arising from the same source, and having reference to the same end, she gratifies them by pouring them forth and embodying them in language, but whether that language be measured or not, is a matter that never gives her the least trouble, provided only that the terminations of her lines sound in rhyme. We have never seen one of her brouillons, but we suspect that her emendations are very limited. Her ideas are perpetually moving in one orbit, round one passion, which seems to be the god of her idolatry. It is this that gives so much fluency to her versification, and it is this also that fills her compositions with a sameness, a monotony of sighs and lamentations, which has become perfectly irksome. It is no exaggeration to say, that the syllable *love* is to be met at least in every second page of her work—in several pages it is found three or four times, and as if not satisfied with this, she has absolutely on one occasion (page 227) made *love* rhyme to *love*. Here are the lines:—

> 'Yet lingers that tale of sorrow and love,
> Of the Christian maid and her Moslem love.'

We shall not, however, pursue these remarks farther. They may appear severe, but they are not unjust, nor made with any desire to wound the sensitive feelings of the author. Indeed, after the appeal that she has made towards the close of her poem, it is impossible not to understand that the duties of a journal like this, are in some peculiar cases excessively unpleasant, though in a general point of view the proper discharge of them must be salutary. We shall extract the lines here alluded to, as whatever may be her merits as a poet, the fair author estimates them with much more truth and modesty, than those who think that by their panegyrics they can raise her to a celebrity which she cannot sustain.

> 'For me, in sooth, not mine the lute
> On its own powers to rely;
> But its chords with all wills to suit,
> It were an easier task to try
> To blend in one, each varying tone
> The midnight wind hath ever known.
> One saith that tale of battle brand
> Is all too rude for my weak hand;
> Another, too much sorrow flings
> Its pining cadence o'er my strings.
> So much to win, so much to lose,
> No marvel if I fear to choose.
> How can I tell of battle field,
> I never listed brand to wield;
> Or dark ambition's pathway try,
> In truth I never look'd so high;
> Or stern revenge, or hatred fell:
> Of what I know not, can I tell?

I soar not on such lofty wings,
My lute has not so many strings;
Its dower is but a humble dower,
And I who call upon its aid,
My power is but a woman's power,
Of softness and of sadness made.
In all its changes my own heart
Must give the colour, have its part.
If that I know myself what keys
Yield to my hand their sympathies,
I should say it is those whose tone
Is woman's love and sorrow's own;
Such notes as float upon the gale,
When twilight, tender nurse and pale,
Brings soothing airs and silver dew
The panting roses to renew;
Feelings whose truth is all their worth,
Thoughts which have had their pensive birth
When lilies hang their heads and die;
Eve's lesson of mortality.
Such lute, and with such humble wreath
As suits frail string and trembling breath,
Such, gentle reader, woos thee now.
Oh! o'er it bend with yielding brow:
Read thou it when some soften'd mood
Is on thy hour of solitude;
And tender memory, sadden'd thought,
On the world's harsher cares have wrought.
Bethink thee, kindly look and word
Will fall like sunshine o'er each chord;
That, light as is such boon to thee,
'Tis more than summer's noon to me;
That, if such meed my suit hath won,
I shall not mourn my task is done.'—pp. 236—239.

must observe that we have not selected these lines for their ex-
ence, but only on account of the gentle and affecting tone in
ch they are framed. We leave them to make their own im-
ssion on the reader, and shall now proceed to point out two or
e passages, which, when compared with the mass of verses in
volume, seem scarcely to belong to it. The first passage is the
oduction to the poem. The lines are so lively and buoyant that
y almost dance upon the ear. The idea of 'hope when ful-
d turning to memory,' perhaps borders on a *concetto*, and the
gery by which it is illustrated is confused, or rather imper-
ly developed. But notwithstanding this blemish, the lines are
lithe as the morning they describe.

'To-morrow, to-morrow, thou loveliest May,
To-morrow will rise up thy first-born day;
Bride of the summer, child of the spring,
To-morrow the year will its favourite bring:

The roses will know thee, and fling back their vest,
While the nightingale sings him to sleep on their breast;
The blossoms, in welcomes, will open to meet
On the light boughs thy breath, in the soft grass thy feet.
To-morrow the dew will have virtue to shed
O'er the cheek of the maiden * its loveliest red;
To-morrow a glory will brighten the earth
While the spirit of beauty rejoicing has birth.
Farewell to thee, April, a gentle farewell,
Thou hast saved the young rose in its emerald cell;
Sweet nurse, thou hast mingled thy sunshine and showers,
Like kisses and tears, on thy children the flowers.
As a hope, when fulfill'd, to sweet memory turns,
We shall think of thy clouds as the odorous urns,
Whence colour and freshness, and fragrance were wept;
We shall think of thy rainbows, their promise is kept.
There is not a cloud on the morning's blue way,
And the day-light is breaking, the first of the May.'—pp. 1, 2

Further on Miss Landon varies the thought expressed in tl second stanza, to which we have already alluded, but her image is much more felicitous.

'On fair CLEMENZA went, her mood
Deepening with the deep solitude;
That gentle sadness which is wrought
With more of tenderness than thought,
When memory like the moonlight flings
A softness o'er its wanderings,—
When hope a holiday to keep
Folds up its rainbow wings for sleep,
And the heart, like a bark at rest,
Scarce heaves within the tranquil breast,—
When thoughts and dreams that moment's birth
Take hues which are not of the earth.'—p. 9.

But the best stanzas in the volume are unquestionably tho which compose 'The Pilgrim's Tale.' They move with a music and firm step, and are, besides, pregnant with a deeper spirit philosophy, than we were prepared to expect from so young a author.

'I have gone east, I have gone west,
To seek for what I cannot find;
A heart at peace with its own thoughts,
A quiet and contented mind.
I have sought high, I have sought low,
Alike my search has been in vain;
The same lip mix'd the smile and sigh,
The same hour mingled joy and pain.

* Gathering the May-dew.

And first I sought, 'mid scept'red kings;
Power was, so peace might be with them:
They cast a look of weariness
Upon the care-lined diadem.
I ask'd the soldier; and he spoke
Of a dear quiet home afar,
And whisper'd of the vanity,
The ruin, and the wrong of war.
I saw the merchant, 'mid his wealth;
Peace surely would with plenty be:
But no! his thoughts were all abroad
With their frail ventures on the sea.
I heard a lute's soft music float
In summer sweetness on the air;
But the poet's brow was worn and wan,—
I saw peace was not written there.
And then I number'd o'er the ills,
That wait upon our mortal scene;
No marvel peace was not with them,
The marvel were if it had been.
First, childhood comes, with all to learn,
And, even more than all, to bear
Restraint, reproof, and punishment,
And pleasures seen but not to share.
Youth, like the Scripture's madman, next,
Scattering around the burning coal;
With hasty deeds and misused gifts,
That leave their ashes on the soul.
Then manhood, wearied, wasted, worn,
With hopes destroy'd and feelings dead;
And worldly caution, worldly wants,
Coldness, and carelessness instead.
Then age at last, dark, sullen, drear,
The breaking of a worn-out wave;
Letting us know that life has been
But the rough passage to the grave.
Thus we go on; hopes change to fears,
Like fairy gold that turns to clay,
And pleasure darkens into pain,
And time is measured by decay.'—pp. 125—128.

Before we quit the 'Golden Violet,' we must refer the poetical ader to two lines, which will be sufficient to guard him from that ious crime against taste, unmeaning alliterations.

'Lofty thought, in counsel sage,
Seek them in the poet's page;
Laurel, *laud*, and *love* belong
To thee, thou *spirit sweet* of *song*.'

The minor poems at the end of the volume are perhaps the best ngs in it. Miss Landon has exhibited considerable power in

Erinna, a tale in blank verse, descriptive of the enthusiasm o young poetess, who gives up all her soul to minstrelsy. It is ma fest that she has painted in it much of what she feels, or has f in her own person. We would scarcely dare to say as much ' Love's last Lesson.' There is in several of the lines of this po an energy of despair, which in so young a lady not a little s prised us.

' Teach it me, if you can,—forgetfulness!
I surely shall forget, if you can bid me;
I who have worshipp'd thee, my god on earth,
I who have bow'd me at thy lightest word.
Your last command, " Forget me," will it not
Sink deeply down within my inmost soul?
Forget thee!—ay, forgetfulness will be
A mercy to me. By the many nights
When I have wept for that I dared not sleep,—
A dream had made me live my woes again,
Acting my wretchedness, without the hope
My foolish heart still clings to, though that hope
Is like the opiate which may lull awhile,
Then wake to double torture; by the days
Pass'd in lone watching and in anxious fears,
When a breath sent the crimson to my cheek,
Like the red gushing of a sudden wound;
By all the careless looks and careless words
Which have to me been like the scorpion's stinging;
By happiness blighted, and by thee, for ever;
By thy eternal work of wretchedness;
By all my wither'd feelings, ruin'd health,
Crush'd hopes, and rifled heart, I will forget thee!
Alas! my words are vanity. Forget thee!
Thy work of wasting is too surely done.
The April shower may pass and be forgotten,
The rose fall and one fresh spring in its place,
And thus it may be with light summer love.
It was not thus with mine: it did not spring,
Like the bright colour on an evening cloud,
Into a moment's life, brief, beautiful;
Not amid lighted halls, when flatteries
Steal on the ear like dew upon the rose,
As soft, as soon dispersed, as quickly pass'd;
But you first call'd my woman's feelings forth,
And taught me love ere I had dream'd love's name.
I lov'd unconsciously: your name was all
That seem'd in language, and to me the world
Was only made for you: in solitude,
When passions hold their interchange together,
Your image was the shadow of my thought;
Never did slave, before his eastern lord,
Tremble as I did when I met your eye,
And yet each look was counted as a prize;

I laid your words up in my heart like pearls
Hid in the ocean's treasure-cave. At last
I learn'd my heart's deep secret: for I hoped,
I dream'd you loved me; wonder, fear, delight,
Swept my heart like a storm: my soul, my life,
Seem'd all too little for your happiness;
Had I been Mistress of the starry worlds
That light the midnight, they had all been yours,
And I had deem'd such boon but poverty.
As it was, I gave all I could—my love,
My deep, my true, my fervent, faithful love:
And now you bid me learn forgetfulness:
It is a lesson that I soon shall learn.
There is a home of quiet for the wretched,
A somewhat dark, and cold, and silent rest,
But still it is rest,—for it is the grave.'—pp. 298—301.

is not to be doubted that in this, as well as in several other ages in her works, Miss Landon displays an intensity of feel- which requires only to be properly cultivated and directed, in r that it may be rendered subservient to her poetical talents. t she is the mistress of such talents, it would be unjust to deny. if she continue to write verses only to afford a vehicle to her ngs, without paying any regard to the rythm of her lines, the ity of her imagery, or the compression of her thoughts; she perhaps gratify herself, but her name will perish in the public em, much more rapidly than it rose.

. VII.—*Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons, interspersed with Anecdotes of uthors and Actors.* By James Boaden, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* ondon. Colburn. 1826.

Mr. Boaden had transposed his title, and placed that part t foremost which stands last, he would have truly informed his lers, of the nature of his work. In point of fact, it consists of ecdotes of authors and actors, *interspersed* with memoirs of s. Siddons'. But a name is every thing with writers of Mr. den's stamp. Many readers will be tempted to look into e volumes, as their title now stands, whereas they might have ained "a dead weight" in the publisher's lumber-rooms, had mass of their real contents been properly indicated by the hor.

he name, we confess, "took us in," although we ought to have n sufficiently warned by Mr. Boaden's memoirs of John ble. For in that work, as well as in the present, the author, f from a constitutional infirmity, that never permits him to ll long on any one subject, indulged himself, and wearied out patience of his readers, by recollections de omnibus rebus et

multis aliis. It seems that the disease grows upon him; for if we grant that upon the whole, about half of one of the two volumes is occupied with the theatrical career of Mrs. Siddons, we make a liberal allowance indeed. The remaining three parts seem to have been expressly reserved for whatever came uppermost in Mr. Boaden's memory at the time of writing, no matter whether remotely, or immediately, or not at all connected with his principal subject, or with any other subject of whatever nature, with which he has thought proper to replenish his pages. We have often laughed, and we fear it was the only amusement we derived from this medley, on observing the courageous facility, with which the author introduced into consecutive paragraphs, topics the most heterogeneous. On some occasions, when he fears the transition to be monstrous, he modestly separates his paragraphs by a line, in order to make still wider the horizon of his lucubrations.

Now if Mr. Boaden had been blessed with the gift of telling a bad anecdote well, or a good one any way at all, we dare say his readers would have easily forgiven him for his total want of order. But we must say that, although he has remembered many years, during which it was difficult for any ordinary observer to escape getting into contact with a great variety of interesting characters, and hearing a thousand anecdotes concerning them, which the common records of the time have failed to transmit to us; yet Mr. Boaden has contrived, with much fruitless industry, to put together a vast quantity of materials, most of which might be found in, or at least suggested by, the numerous theatrical biographers that have lately overwhelmed our press. Of the anecdotes which he may claim as of his own preservation, there are few that, to use a culinary phrase, have not "spoiled in the keeping." They are unseasoned by a particle of wit or humour; and as we open jar after jar, (to continue the metaphor), we are disappointed and vexed, to find so many of them musty.

As to that small portion of his volumes which is really given to Mrs. Siddons, it is scarcely a proper description of its character to say that it is composed of 'Memoirs.' Nothing, absolutely nothing, is related of her private life, which had not been made public before; and indeed the author avows that, from that amiable and highly-gifted woman, he has received no sort of assistance. He does not seem either to have derived the smallest aid for his work from any member of her family, and we doubt much whether Mrs. Siddons, or any one of the Kembles, has even in any manner sanctioned this publication, although the author has suffered none of them to escape the infliction of his adulation.

The truth of the matter seems to be this. Mr. Boaden, from his early youth, has been a theatrical amateur. From the second or third bench in the pit, he watched the performances of Mrs. Siddons, from the commencement of her career to its conclusion; he took notes of her "hits," and of her dresses, and sometimes wrote

criticisms upon her in the periodical journals. These notes and these criticisms he now reproduces, and expands them as much as he can, by introducing passages from the different tragedies in which she shone. Not satisfied with this, Mr. Boaden analyzes plays in which Mrs. Siddons never appeared at all; and amuses his fancy, at the expense of his readers, in conjecturing how she *would* electrify her auditors in this part, and how in that she would melt them into tears! To these criticisms, Mr. Boaden has added some scraps of letters, and a few stinted disjointed anecdotes, which had already appeared in various publications of the time; and though, as we have already observed, these topics occupy scarcely half of one of the two volumes, he has the coolness to entitle them, 'Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons.'

"But at least, Mr. Boaden is entitled to some praise for his criticisms?" So far as they are historical; that is to say, so far as they describe the mode in which Mrs. Siddons dressed, or the triumphs which she achieved, in particular characters, and the manner in which she achieved them, Mr. Boaden may undoubtedly claim the merit of fidelity. But his comments are ambitious of a higher eulogy: as he is credulous enough to believe, that his Life of Kemble has been placed by the public voice, *next* to 'the delightful "Apology" of Colley Cibber,' he would hardly be contented, if his critical labours were not ranged, at least, next to those of Addison. We have no objection to the arrangement, provided the *distance* between the two shall be adjusted, with a reference to the pithy maxim which declares, that "there is only *one* step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

As, however, we have no wish to prevent the author from pleading his own cause, we shall extract his own opinion of his work from the introduction.

'The period between the first season of Mrs. Siddons at Drury-lane Theatre, and her return, in 1782, I have reviewed with some care; because I would have it possess its portion of entertainment, and I know not where any tolerable record of it is to be found. The absence of Mrs. Siddons for six years from the capital, may perhaps remind the reader of the retirement of Achilles from the field before Troy, when insulted by Agamemnon. But the FATHER of POETRY was able to compensate the absence even of Achilles; and the very *catalogue* of the Grecian commanders, and their ships, is relieved or invigorated by so many sparkling touches of genius, that in no part of the divine Iliad does he more decidedly demonstrate his immense superiority over his imitators.

'"Such bliss to one alone,
Of all the sons of soul was known,
And Heaven and Fancy, kindred powers,
Have now o'erturn'd th' inspiring bowers,
Or curtain'd close such scene from every future view."

'My work is of a nature to rest entirely upon the accuracy and ability of the author. I could receive but little aid, if I had sought any: my love

for the subject has never wearied in the task; and I presume to say, that a more faithful record will not easily be found.'—vol. i., pp. xvii, xviii.

The reader will not have failed to remark, the comparison which the author has modestly insinuated in this passage, as capable of being drawn between himself and Homer. Achilles absented himself for a while from the camp of the Greeks, but the poet filled up the period of that absence with the inexhaustible resources of his genius. Mrs. Siddons, after her first season, staid away from the capital six years. That period, which otherwise must have been a blank in dramatic history, our author has 'reviewed with some care.' He 'would have it possess its portion of entertainment,' and for this purpose he must draw from his own stores, as he 'knows not where (besides) any tolerable record is to be found.' This 'work is of a nature to rest entirely upon the accuracy and ability of the author.' *Therefore*, we are desired to infer, that no part of these divine Memoirs is relieved or invigorated by so many sparkling touches of genius, as that which compensates for the six years exile of Mrs. Siddons; in no part does the author more decidedly demonstrate his immense superiority over his rivals. The conclusion is irresistible in every way—in its logic and its drollery. It is intended, besides, as an apology for the first volume, and a great part of the second; for after some notice of the family of this female Achilles, and her first appearance on the field of her glory, the author deems himself licensed to give not only a catalogue of all the plays that were acted during her absence, and of the actors who appeared in them; but to go into all other matters whatsoever, until his heroine resumes the sceptre.

After much pompous circumlocution, in which the author relates Mr. Gibbon's solicitude about his pedigree; and after fancying all the honours of which, 'for aught he knows,' the Kemble family may have to boast, he at length comes to the plain fact, of which Mrs. Siddons need not be ashamed, that her father, Roger Kemble, was the manager of an itinerant company of players, and a catholic. His wife was a protestant, the daughter of an actor; and upon their marriage it was arranged, that the sons should follow the religion of the father, and the daughters that of their mother. Two years before her brother, John Kemble, Mrs. Siddons was born at Brecknock, in South Wales, in the year 1755, and was named Sarah, after her mother. From the latter she is said to have derived that exact and deliberate articulation, which constituted one of the principal charms of her delivery. She was at an early age the *prima donna* of her father's company. 'As early as in her thirteenth year, she sustained the heroines of our English operas, and sang any incidental music, that either the play itself, or the copious attraction of the play-*bill* in those days demanded.' Having given us this scanty information concerning the early years of Mrs. Siddons, the mere mention of a play-bill puts the author upon his metal, and off he scampers to a discussion upon play-bills a

general, and in particular those most used by provincial companies. One of these, which he copies, is in fact, curious enough. We agree with him, that the mixt appeal of vanity and poverty, has been seldom better displayed, than in the following invitation to a performance of Theodosius :

' " At the old theatre in East Grinstead, on Saturday, May 1758, will be represented (by particular desire, and for the benefit of Mrs. P.) the deep and affecting tragedy of *Theodosius*, or the *Force of Love*, with magnificent scenes, dresses, &c.

' " *Varanes*, by Mr. P.; who will strive, as far as possible, to support the character of this fiery Persian Prince, in which he was so much admired and applauded at Hastings, Arundel, Petworth, Midworth, Lewes, &c.

' " *Theodosius*, by a young gentleman from the University of Oxford, who never appeared on any stage.

' " *Athenais*, by Mrs. P. Though her present condition will not permit her to wait on gentlemen and ladies out of the town with tickets, she hopes, as on former occasions, for their liberality and support.

' " Nothing in Italy can exceed the altar in the first scene of the play. Nevertheless, should any of the Nobility or Gentry wish to see it ornamented with flowers, the bearer will *bring away* as many as they choose to favour him with.

' " As the coronation of Athenais, to be introduced in the fifth act, contains a number of personages, more than sufficient to fill all the dressing rooms, &c., it is hoped no gentlemen and ladies will be offended, at being refused admission behind the scenes.

' " N.B. The great yard-dog, that made so much noise on Thursday night, during the last act of *King Richard the Third*, will be sent to a neighbour's over the way; and on account of the prodigious demand for places, part of the *stable* will be laid into the boxes on one side, and the *granary* open for the same purpose, on the other.

' " *Vivat Rex.*" '—vol. i., pp. 15, 16.

We hope the reader has not been so profane, so hard-hearted as to laugh at the N. B. concerning the dog! 'Alas!' says our Heraclitus, 'Alas! and human hearts have beat high with hope from temptations such as this; and a mother has thus uneasily struggled to obtain future comfort for the ripened fruit of her womb! The smile on such occasions *hurries to the eye;* but *finds* that *tender observer of life* already admonished, and—*in tears!*' This, we presume, must be set down among the 'many sparkling touches of genius,' by which this 'divine' work is 'relieved or invigorated!'

Fortunately for the author, one of Miss Kemble's early characters was the Princess Elizabeth, in Havard's play of Charles the First. We say fortunately, because this fact furnishes him with an excuse, for going into a dissertation upon that unfortunate monarch; for shewing his loyalty, by relating the adventures of the royal children; and quoting in French, and translating into English, that very little known character of Cromwell, which Bossuet uttered in one of his orations. 'After doing all this, we will now,' says Mr. Boaden, 'return to the youthful actress, whose performance

of the young princess *led* us to the history of the times;' as if there was the slightest connection between that history, and the representation of a character, which he does no more than name!

Upon the report of an old and respected friend of the family, we are informed that Miss Kemble, in her fifteenth year, bestowed her affections on Mr. Siddons, then a handsome, sedate, graceful young man, who could do any thing from Hamlet to harlequin. Her parents, however, disapproved at first of the meditated union, and sent the young lady into retirement for two years; the natural effect of which was, that the young lovers became only more determined in their course; and Miss Kemble, hoping to be the mistress of her own fortunes, applied to Garrick for an engagement. In all the charms of her youth, she recited some of the speeches of Jane Shore before him. He 'seemed highly pleased with her utterance and deportment; wondered how she had got rid of the old song, the provincial ti-tum-ti; told her how his engagements stood with the established heroines, Yates and Younge; admitted her merits, regretted that he could do nothing for her, and wished her a good morning.' This commencement was inauspicious enough. But instead of immediately informing us as to its result upon the mind of Miss Kemble, Mr. Boaden, delighted at the opportunity, hurries away into the 'initiatory receptions' of other actors, and among them, includes that of his friend Jack Bannister. He assures us that he had it from Jack's own mouth.

'"I was," says the admirable comedian, "a student of painting in the Royal Academy, when I was introduced to Mr. Garrick—under whose superior genius the British stage then flourished beyond all former example.

'"One morning I was shewn into his dressing-room, when he was before the glass preparing to shave—a white night-cap covered his forehead—his chin and cheeks were enveloped in soap-suds—a razor-cloth was placed upon his left shoulder, and he turned and smoothed the shining blade with so much dexterity, that I longed for a beard, to imitate his incomparable method of handling a razor.

'"Eh! well—what young man—so—eh? You are still for the stage! Well, now, what character do you, should you like to—eh?"

'"I should like to attempt Hamlet, Sir."

'"Eh! what Hamlet the Dane? Zounds! that's a bold—a—Have you studied the part?" "I have, Sir." "Well, don't mind my shaving. Speak your speech, the speech to the Ghost—I can hear you. Come, let's have a roll and a tumble." (A phrase of his, often used to express a probationary specimen).

"'After a few hums and haws, and a disposing of my hair, so that it might stand on end, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," I supposed my father's ghost before me, "arm'd *cap à pièe*," and off I started.

'"Angels and ministers of grace defend us! (*He wiped the razor.*)
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd! (*He strapped it.*)
Bring with thee airs from heav'n or blasts from hell! (*He shaved on.*)

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet!
King, Father, Royal Dane!—O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance." (*He lathered again.*)

I concluded with the usual

"Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?"

but still continued in my attitude, expecting the praise due to an exhibition, which I was booby enough to fancy was only to be equalled by *himself*. But, to my eternal mortification, he turned quick upon me, brandished the razor in his hand, and thrusting his half-shaved face close up to mine, he made such *horrible mouths* at me, that I thought he was seized with insanity, and I shewed more natural symptoms of being frightened at *him*, than at my father's ghost. "Angels and ministers! yaw! whaw! maw!" However, I soon perceived my vanity by his ridicule. He finished shaving, put on his wig, and, with a smile of good-nature, he took me by the hand. "Come," said he, "young gentleman,—eh, let us see now what we can do." He spoke the speech—*how* he spoke it, those who have heard him never can forget. "There," said he, "young gentleman; and when you try that speech again, give it more *passion*, and less *mouth*." '—vol. i., pp. 23—25.

To return to Miss Kemble. It appears that Garrick's indifference decided her upon two points—'that she *would* be an actress, and that she would *marry* Mr. Siddons.' A journey to Scotland was determined on, and only averted by the old people capitulating to the lovers; and Mr. Kemble gave his daughter's hand to Mr. Siddons, before she had completed heir eighteenth year. The young pair had now their fortunes to seek. Mrs. Siddons established herself for a while at Cheltenham, where the patronage of Lord Bruce, and other fashionable persons, procured her dawning talents so much notice, that Garrick commissioned the late well-known Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley to go down to that place, to witness her performances, and to report to him upon their merits. The consequence was, that she came to town, and made her first appearance in *Portia*, on the 29th of December, 1775. She was announced as 'a young lady' merely. She was received with great applause, repeated the character a few nights after, and after repaying Bate Dudley's services, by performing a trifling part in his long forgotten opera, *The Blackamore Washed White*, she remained without any considerable employment till the close of Garrick's career, when (23d May, 1776) she played *Mrs. Strictland* to his *Ranger*. On this occasion, records our author, 'her *type* was enlarged in the bill.' The selection of so young a lady for the part, did honour to Garrick, and proves that, on some occasions, at least, he could divest himself of that selfishness, which is the vice of his profession.

'The mention of this play,' (*The Suspicious Husband*), says Mr. Boaden, 'reminds me of a *critical* debt to the memory of the

author.' 'It is known,' he adds, 'I hope to but few persons, that with the authoritative and slashing decision of youth, I once ventured to write criticisms upon the masters of dramatic composition.' He then proceeds to say, that he is ashamed of the style in which he formerly spoke of this comedy, and recants all his errors concerning it, in order to appease the manes of Hoadley!

After relieving his conscience of this burthen, Mr. Boaden is pleased to resume the thread of his narrative. The next appearance of Mrs. Siddons was, as Lady Anne, in Richard III. which Garrick revived, after a discontinuance of five years. But it does not appear that she produced—as indeed who could produce?—any decided effect in that character; and upon Garrick's retirement from the stage, a few days after, she was left without any engagement. Here then commences that exile of his heroine from the metropolis for six years, which the author has reviewed with so much care, and upon which he has bestowed 'so many sparkling touches of his genius.' He thus formally takes leave of his principal subject.

'Having thus attended Mrs. Siddons through her first season in London, it may be proper to review the stage itself, during one rendered important by many concurring events, besides that most important one that could ever happen—the retirement of Mr. Garrick himself.'—vol. i., p. 49.

From this page 49, to page 286, of the first volume, where Mrs. Siddons's return to town is recorded, we have no more than two or three slight notices of her provincial performances. The intervening chapters are filled with all sorts of topics, the bare enumeration of which would occupy more space than we are willing to bestow upon it. Not satisfied with criticising all the actors, managers, and authors, who flourished in that period, he enters also into dissertations upon the elder bards of the stage, and doing all this, he has the modesty to say—

'I hope that I do not *digress* at all, (not in the least, Sir, as we must always reply to an indomitable gossip), when I thus unfold the beauties of our great authors. I will not repeat the criticisms of others; but if my own reading and taste suggest what may lead to the cultivation of sound criticism, I will avow at once that I never intended to write a mere chronicle of events, or a cold catalogue of even good qualities among the professors of the stage. The skill of an actor operates upon the *primary* skill of the author. The mental excellencies of the poet must be displayed, or we talk in vain of those powers of adaptation, by which the stage artist turns them into shape, and bids them live, and move before us in embodied force, and truth, and beauty.'—vol. i., p. 225.

If Mr. Boaden will look back to his grammar, he will find that the plural of 'excellence' is—'excellences,' and not 'excellencies.' We say nothing of the turgid inanity of the whole passage, particularly 'of the embodied force, *and* truth, *and* beauty,' of the closing period. But we shall present the reader, by and by, with some more of Mr. Boaden's rhetorical flowers.

Before Mrs. Siddons' return to town, in 1782, she had presented her husband with three children, whom she produced on the stage at Bath, on taking leave of her friends in that city, as her *three* reasons for quitting them. Arrived at Drury Lane, she made her first appearance in Southerne's Isabella, on the 10th of October, 1782. Our author's criticism on this performance is too prolix for our use. We believe, however, that he by no means exaggerates its effect, when he states, that 'it was perfectly clear to those who had seen this great woman at Bath, that she came to London, as Garrick's enemy, Quin, expressed himself, to found a new religion; and she came with the full inspiration of the muse.' After enlarging upon her success, and the number of requisites by which she was distinguished, our author thus proceeds.

'There is often a singular coincidence in the production of excellence. Minds of peculiar power appear in clusters—the eloquence of the state was now as greatly distinguished as that of the stage. At the time that Mrs. Siddons quitted Cheltenham, *her* summer circuit, to delight the metropolis with her talents, WILLIAM PITT quitted the circuit, the law courts and his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, to become at three-and-twenty His Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer; and to amaze, by the splendour of his eloquence, a senate already possessing Fox and Burke.'—vol. i., p. 302.

This is no digression at all—no such thing! Nor is there any irrelevancy or deviation from the author's subject in the disquisition, into which he then enters, concerning the characters and conduct of those three great statesmen! Nay, more, it seems that Mr. Pitt was a *vulgar debater*, until Mrs. Siddons returned to town; and that if he did not learn a more solemn rhetoric from the fair tragedian, at least he *might have* done so, and that amounts to the same thing in Mr. Boaden's imagination.

'As to Mr. Pitt, it may be scarcely fanciful to suppose that, in addition to the weighty subject of his deliberation, some sober and dignified impression had sunk into his mind, from the recent efforts of our transcendent actress—that, in such a disposition, the severer muse aided the youthful debater, and thus led to the correction of a *vulgar ribaldry*, equally unbecoming the place, the occasion, and the exalted talents of the orator. Mr. Pitt was one of the earliest and most sincere admirers of Mrs. Siddons.'—vol. i., p. 307.

The characters in which Mrs. Siddons next appeared were Euphrasia, in The Grecian Daughter, Jane Shore, Calista, Belvidera, and Zara; but we hasten to those in which all the splendour of her genius broke out. We pass over Constance, Lady Randolph, Sigismunda, and some other secondary parts, in order to find room for our author's account of the appearance of Mrs. Siddons in the noblest of all her great exertions, Lady Macbeth. The passage will at the same time serve as a favourable specimen of Mr. Boaden's critical powers.

'The first scene of Lady Macbeth is decisive of the whole character. She lets out in a few lines the daring steadiness of her mind, which could

be disturbed by no scruple, intimidated by no danger. The oc does not change the *nature* here, as it does in her husband. There struggle after any virtue to be resigned. She is as thoroughly prepa one moment, as if visions of greatness had long informed her slun and she had awaked to meditate upon every means, however dre that could secure her object.

'When Mrs. Siddons came on with the letter from Macbeth, (th time we saw her), such was the impression from her form, her fac deportment—the distinction of sex was only external—" her spirit formed their tenement with the apathy of a demon. The commenc of this letter is left to the reader's imagination. "They met me day of success," shews that he had previously mentioned the w: Her first novelty was a little suspension of the voice, "they made selves—*air;*" that is, less astonished at it as a miracle of nature, th tentive to it as a manifestation of the reliance to be built upon th surances. She read the whole letter with the greatest skill, and, af instant of reflection, exclaimed—

'" Glamis thou art, and Cawdor—and SHALT BE
What thou art *promised.*"

'The amazing burst of energy upon the words *shalt be*, pe electrified the house. The determination seemed as uncontrollable itself. The searching analysis of Macbeth, which she makes, was meaning—the eye and the hand confirmed the logic. Ambition soul of her very phrase:—

'" Thou'dst have, *great* Glamis."

Great Glamis! this of her *husband!* metaphysical speculation, lated estimate—as if it had regarded Cæsar or Pompey. He is the means before me—how is such a nature to be worked up to su *holy* objects?

'" Hie thee hither," says the impatience, which longs to begin its with the antagonist, virtue—" Hie thee hither,

'" That I may pour MY spirits in thine *ear*,
And chastise with the *valour* of my tongue," &c.

'But a different style of beauty was called forth by the hasty en of a servant, to announce the coming of the king that night in very meshes she is about to spread for his destruction. Shakspeare perhaps, would have written the daring compromise of all dec which bursts from the exulting savage upon this intelligence:—

'" Thou'rt MAD to say it."

'Aware of the inference to be drawn from an earnestness so m he immediately cloaks the passion with a *reason* why the intelligence not seem true. The actress, fully understanding the process, aft violence of the exclamation, recovered herself with slight alarm, an *lowered* tone proposed a question suited to the new feeling:—

'" *Is not* thy master *with* him? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation."

'The murmured mysteriousness of the address, to the spirits "that tend on mortal thoughts," became stronger as she proceeded:—

'"Come to my WOMAN'S BREASTS,
And take my *milk* for GALL, you murd'ring ministers."

'A beautiful thought, be it observed; as if these sources of infant nourishment could not even *consent* to mature destruction, without some loathsome change in the very stream itself which flowed from them.

'When the actress, invoking the destroying ministers, came to the passage—

'"Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief,"

the elevation of her *brows*, the full *orbs* of sight, the raised shoulders, and the hollowed hands, seemed all to endeavour to explore what yet were pronounced no possible objects of vision. Till then, I am quite sure, a figure so terrible had never bent over the pit of a theatre; that night crowded with intelligence and beauty, in its seven front rows.

'The greater beauties of Mrs. Siddons's manner were to be found, I think, in the—

'"Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of CUSTOM: *'tis no other*;
Only it spoils the *pleasure* of the time."

'And the rapidly cutting down the question from Rosse—"What sights, my lord?"

'"*Lady M.*—*I pray you speak not;* he grows *worse* and *worse*;
Question enrages him: *at once* good night:
Stand not upon the *order* of your going,
But go at *once*."

'The address displayed here drew down a thunder of applause.

'The task of Lady Macbeth is here finished; as the great tempter she has done her office, and her husband must now defend by military skill and bravery, the crown which his crimes have acquired and hazarded. But Shakspeare has one more terrible lesson to give; namely, to shew that, when the force of volition is withdrawn, the fancy becomes a dreadful victim to the images of past guilt; and she who waking can dispel her husband's terrors and her own, in sleep beholds her bleeding victims for ever present, and the circumstances of their fate passing continually in their original order.

'In the performance of this scene, Mrs. Siddons differed essentially from every other actress. I will explain myself. The actresses previous to herself, seemed to consider such a perturbation as not possessing *full* power upon the frame; they, therefore, rather *glided* than walked; and every other action had a *feebler* character than is exhibited by one awake. Their figure, too, was kept perpendicularly *erect*, and the eye, though open, studiously avoided motion.

'But the theory of somnabulism is somewhat at variance with the stage exhibition; and if the doctor of physic, who attends upon Lady Macbeth, had been very *profound in his* art, he would have considered the *eyes being open as the most extraordinary* part of the scene before him. *The cases quoted in our books all state* the sleep-walker to have his eyes closed. *It is only when any object of his* fancy has been removed from

its expected place, that the eyes are feebly unclosed, as if to find the position of it, and are immediately shut, to leave the fancy to control entirely its own operations. It has been observed that the iris on such occasions appears fixed, and the eye *dim*.

Mrs. Siddons seemed to conceive the fancy as having equal power over the whole frame, and all her actions had the wakeful vigour; she laded the water from the imaginary ewer over her hands– bent her body to listen to the sounds presented by her fancy, and hurried to resume the taper where she had left it, that she might with all speed drag her pallid husband to their chamber. The excellent Dugald Stewart, thinks that "in the *somnambuli*, the mind retains its power over the limbs, but possesses scarcely any over the body, excepting those particular members of it which are employed in walking." A larger reign must be allowed to the fancy, however, if the actions of gathering and eating grapes, or climbing trees, or composing exercises for the school, can be performed, "yet all this while in a most fast sleep."—vol. ii., pp. 142—5.

Before Mrs. Siddons attempted the Queen Katherine, an incident occurred in her life, which marks out the singular discretion by which she was generally guided in her conduct. From the commencement of her career, she had been liberally patronised by the king and the royal family. In the early part of the summer of 1788, shortly before his Majesty's alarming indisposition had assumed a decisive appearance, it appears that Mrs. Siddons, who had been frequently invited to Buckingham-House and Windsor, was one of the first persons who discovered his infirmity.

'His majesty's conversation always expressed the gracious feeling of his mind, and his wish to promote the interests of herself and her family. However, on one occasion, the king put into her hands a sheet of paper, merely subscribed with his *name*, intended, it may be presumed, to afford the opportunity to Mrs. Siddons of pledging the royal signature to any provision of a pecuniary nature, which might be most agreeable to the actress herself. This paper, with the discretion that was suited to the circumstance itself, and which was so characteristic of Mrs. Siddons, she, I was assured, delivered into the hand of the Queen; upon whom conduct so delicate and dignified was not likely to be lost.'—vol. ii., p. 260.

In the November of the same year, the historical play of Henry the Eighth was revived with unusual splendour by Mr. Kemble. Upon his sister's representation of Katherine, it is unnecessary to expatiate. It was perhaps the most dignified piece of acting that was ever exhibited on any stage. Those who have once seen it, (and we are happy to say that we are of that number), never can forget it. Those who have not been so fortunate, may yet see a perfect representation of it in the celebrated family picture of the Kembles, which has been multiplied by the art of the engraver with astonishing fidelity.

Juliet, it may be remarked, never became one of Mrs. Siddons's current parts. Upon reflection, we are not at all surprised at her inefficiency in this character; for notwithstanding all the praises that have been bestowed upon the tragedy, we own we are inclined to agree in the critical heresy, which condemns it as one of the

worst productions of Shakspeare. We have frequently witnessed its representation, when Juliet was represented by one of the most lovely women that ever trod the stage—Miss O'Neill—and yet we have no deep or delightful association connected with it. It is certainly true, as Mr. Boaden observes, that 'the passion of Romeo and Juliet is entirely without dignity: it springs up like a mushroom in a night, and its flavour is earthy. There is no *mind* in it,' though unquestionably it is illumined by prodigious splendour of imagination.

We are strongly tempted to quote Mr. Boaden's account of a little play of his own, which seems to have been lost beyond all redemption on the first night of its representation, and lost as it would now seem, with the author's full consent.

'I have omitted a few pieces of the serious kind, in which Mrs. Siddons acted at Drury-Lane Theatre, in order to bring together the two German plays, which alone still live upon our stage, and of which alone Mr. Sheridan was the avowed reformer or adapter, for he translated neither of them. I therefore, here notice, in the first place, a play of my own, called Aurelio and Miranda, produced on the 29th of December, 1798. It was remarkable for the utter failure of the fourth and fifth acts—the three first being rather powerful in the interest. With the experience of twenty years more, since the subject first struck me, I wonder how I could consent to the feeble arrangement of the plot, which is its vital defect. The passion of love, to be treated in the dress of a monastic order, is a frightful anomaly. Mrs. Siddons, to appearance, was a young monk, passionately enamoured of the superior, Aurelio. The whole piece partook strongly indeed of the nature of the Spanish romantic drama, and was drawn from the impure source of the novel entitled, The Monk, by Mr. Lewis. This was the only occasion on which I was ever honoured with the professional *aid* of Mrs. Siddons.'—vol. ii., pp. 328—9.

The two German plays here alluded to are, "The Stranger," and "Pizarro." In the former, Mrs. Siddons added little to her fame as Mrs. Haller, and still less in the latter, as Elvira. It is worthy of remark, that ever since the time Pizarro was first produced on our stage, legitimate tragedy and comedy appear to have progressively declined. Their decay was, perhaps, accelerated by the depravity of taste, which yielded such an abundance of applause to young Betty; and it is but too apparent, that there is little hope at present, of our theatres being redeemed from the miserable plight, into which they have gradually and inevitably fallen.

Mrs. Siddons, it is well known, quitted the stage in 1812. She has on some few extraordinary occasions, appeared in her favourite characters since that period, and has also indulged her admirers by readings from Shakspeare and Milton, which were much admired. The latter years of her life have been spent in honourable privacy, and we are happy to learn, in the enjoyment of uninterrupted health.

In the examples which we have given of the author's style, the intelligent reader must have observed a strong propensity to pom-

pous verbosity. We submit the following sentence, as simply unintelligible.

'This gentleman, (Mr. Kemble, the father), in the year 1746, seeing that the monument of Shakspeare, in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon, by the silent operation of one hundred and twenty years, had suffered considerably, took upon himself to make love of pleasure do the work of gratitude.'—vol. i., p. 12.

We are unable to understand the phrase, 'making love of pleasure,' &c. The author properly enough, as we think, recommends the speedy publication of authentic copies of new plays, and justly argues that the nightly sale of such publications, shews the demand and the necessity for them. But not contented with leaving the matter here, he follows it up with what he supposes to be a dignified rebuke, though in truth, it is mere bombast.

'To delay it, is to gratify the first thirst of curiosity with an impure draught; and when the genuine fountain of the muse is permitted to play, it is unregarded by the many, and runs to waste, or into the reservoirs only of the collector.'—vol. i., p. 53.

The circle of English literature, hardly supplies an example of more utter nonsense, than the following intended tribute to the excellence of Edwin. The author had just classically told us, that we ought to mark with a stone of brilliant whiteness, the day on which that eminent actor made his first appearance in Foote's Cozeners. He then goes on to say, that

'He succeeded Weston in Toby, and displayed all the graces of the *Aircastle* family. O, that inimitable tree of collateral relation, branching out into endless ramification, and losing himself in his own luxuriance!'—vol. i., p. 60.

And, as if proceeding in a mood of dreaming ecstasy, he quotes a speech uttered by *Aircastle*, and rapturously exclaims,

'Surely this is really to revive the *Quicklys* and the *Pompeys*; or rather, to read a page of NATURE with that piercing eye, that our too exclusive admiration places only in the head of Shakspeare.'—vol. i., p. 61.

We shall add only one specimen more. Mr. Boaden, among the myriads of persons whom he honours with his notice, mentions also Mr. Edward Capell, 'who, he observes, claims a notice in this place, as the efficient licenser of the stage, and, perhaps, one still more *distended*, as an editor of Shakspeare.' (p. 231, vol. i). *Distended!* If so, there is no writer that we have ever encountered, more adequate to the task than Mr. Boaden. For his great delight seems to be, to take small atoms from the dust, and to swell them beyond their natural dimensions, by all the means which artifice *and quackery can* supply.

ART. VIII. *Remarks on the Principal Features of the Foreign and Domestic Policy of Great Britain, since the year* 1793; *in the course of which are interspersed occasional Discussions on the leading Political Topics of the Day.* By the Rev. Law Moyes, Minister of Forglen, Aberdeenshire. 8vo. pp. 132. London. Longman and Co. 1826.

THOUGH we disagree on one important question of our domestic policy with the reverend writer before us, yet we must in justice say, that his pamphlet does him great honour. It is written in a free and energetic style; and the view which it takes of the foreign relations, and the leading internal interests of this country, is, with the exception we have noticed, masterly and remarkably sound. It is hardly necessary after this to add, that Mr. Moyes does not belong to "that small and contemptible faction," which, for the sake only of contradiction and notoriety, has made repeated, but ineffectual attempts to raise its puny voice against the recent measures of the government. A clergyman of the Scottish church, he has, like most of the best men of his religion and order, espoused that generous and manly policy, which becomes every day more and more identified with the general wishes and the best interests of our empire; and if upon the Catholic Question alone he has still to combat his early prejudices, yet even in his errors he has exhibited himself as an antagonist worthy of being reasoned with, and of being subdued with the weapons of truth.

Upon this part of his pamphlet, however, and, indeed, upon all that portion of it which relates to our domestic policy, we shall at present abstain from offering any remark. The Corn Laws, the Currency Question, and the measures adopted for the establishment of Free Trade, have been so recently discussed in this journal, and our opinions upon those topics are so much in unison with those of the legislature, and the public at large, that we have nothing further to say concerning them. Upon the Catholic Question we shall offer some observations in some future number, when we shall undertake to answer the objections of Mr. Moyes in detail. There is another subject also which he has passed over, that of emigration—a subject of infinite importance to this country, to which, perhaps, we shall also invite the consideration of our readers. But for the present we shall confine ourselves to that divison of his pamphlet, which treats of the foreign policy of Great Britain, as there is a question connected with it, that claims our earliest attention—the invasion of Portugal by Spain.

It is justly remarked by Mr. Moyes, that 'ever since the ratification of Magna Charta, the constitutional principle, which had an embryo existence even before that time, has been gradually unfolding itself, and assuming a more defined and systematic form.'

'*At no period has it been more fully* understood, or more powerfully *acted upon, than since the accession of* his late Majesty; and more espe-

cially since the peace with America, in 1782. About, and a little after that time, the political machine seems to have attained a greater degree of exactness and energy in its operations. The Three Estates seem to have arrived at a just sense of their respective rights and limits; and the strength of the nation rose in proportion as the constitutional principle approached to its proper level, and maintained its due rank. Thus, in full constitutional vigour, Great Britain felt conscious of her own strength, and of that weight which she ought to maintain in the scale of European politics. An opportunity soon occurred of developing her energies, by occupying a prominent place in that combined resistance, which was made to the alarming progress of the French arms and principles, in 1793.

'Continental, hereditary connections had, on many occasions brought her forward to take an active part in continental disputes; and at times to bear the chief burthen in expensive and protracted warfare, in pursuit of some object in which she was not immediately or principally concerned;—thus mingling her interests still more closely with those of other states. But her interference in 1793, was more an act of public spirit, more the prompt result of public feeling, than of any thing connected with political speculation. Formerly, the fate of Hanover, or some cold calculation about the balance of power, or a remote contingency, brought us upon the field. But here the appeal was made, as it were, to the heart, and to the common feelings of men. The remorseless cruelties inflicted by the leaders of the revolutionary factions—the murder of the king, followed up by other crimes of equal atrocity—the threatened subversion of religion and government—the fatal and irresistible attraction to the awful vortex—altogether exhibited a scene which was beheld by the great body of the people, with pity, indignation and terror.'—pp. 1—3.

The arduous and protracted contest to which the French revolution gave rise, and the conquest which at last was effected over its principles and creatures, produced a reaction throughout Europe in favour of legitimacy, which was the foundation of the Holy Alliance. To the main object of that confederacy, the preservation of peace on the continent, England could not be inimical, after the quantity of blood and treasure which she had expended in order to attain it. But at the same time, it was impossible for a British minister, considering the developement of constitutional principles which had taken place in this country, to be a party to a compact, which insisted upon the passive obedience of the people, and permitted the supposition of no case, under any circumstances, when the resistance of subjects against the acts of their sovereign might be justifiable and lawful. The revolution in 1688, the independence of America, and the avowed and recognised rights of our people, prescribed to our statesmen a different principle; and however willing Lord Castlereagh might personally have been to postpone that integral maxim of our constitution, to what he called "the monarchical principle," yet he dared not venture so far as to sign the treaty, which gave existence to the Holy Alliance.

We have seen the first result of this compact reduced to action *at Naples, by Austria*. The same compact forced France to rescue

king of Spain from the dominion of the Cortes, and
igh upon both those occasions the opinion of the govern-
and people of this country was strongly expressed against
aggressions, yet we did not think it necessary to resist them
rce of arms. To fit out a British expedition for the defence
ples against Austria, was indeed a vision that never entered
he heads of our wildest politicians. There were, however,
persons, who thought very differently of the interference of
e, in the affairs of Spain, and contended that it was the duty
gland to have prevented it. Thus we would have been called
not merely to protest against the *principles* of the Holy
ce, but to draw the sword against them, and to transfer all
guments from the mouths of our ministers to those of our
n.

those who wished that we should go to war for the civil
of Spain, never considered that a principle, analogous to
hich saved our sovereign from being a party to the Holy
ce, would prevent him also from interposing in the domestic
of that, or of any other independent state. If he could not,
it violating the law, oppose the principle of popular resist-
neither could he in common justice assist it. It would little
rt with the dignity of his crown, that he should become the
errant of the continent, and throw up his cap in every town
the mob might be in rebellion against their sovereign. He
is government, and his subjects, might, as we believe they
st earnestly desire to see every part of Europe in the enjoy-
f free institutions; but if they attempted to carry that wish
xecution by embarking in a crusade for the purpose, they
be the most odious of all tyrants—*the tyrants of opinion.*
bstaining from an armed interference in the internal con-
of Spain, our government has therefore acted not only in
conformity with our constitution, but has shewn by its for-
ce the true path which the foreign policy of England should
through the new era which has arisen on the continent.
olicy is to leave the sovereign and the people of each state
nge their own institutions among themselves, and to take no
at least no armed part—in the intestine contentions which
ring up between them.

rder to demonstrate the wisdom of this policy, we may ask,
would be the situation of Spain at this moment, had we
ut troops to defend the Cortes when it was attacked by
? It is possible that not a French soldier would have
the Pyrenees, and in that case we must have identified
es with the Cortes, and supported all its measures. If we
to do so, they would have voted our departure forthwith,
claimed against us as the dictators of Spain. If we coin-
with them, we would have had to oppose a decided majority
people, *whom they had inflamed* against them by their open

extensive, and precipitate spoliation of the church property and the monasteries. We would be parties to their measures for extinguishing the aristocracy, and to a constitution which allowed nothing more than the shadow of a king. Either the Cortes should rule our councils, or we should rule theirs, for the government of the Peninsula. Thus we should have no medium—we must either be the slavish instruments, or the stern tyrants, of a popular assembly, composed now of one set of men, and now of another. Embarrassment, degradation, and disgrace, would be our portion in either way; our troops would be recalled with more ardour than they would have been sent out, and the battle of the constitution would remain to be fought over again.

If, in the second place, we came to blows with the French, not to speak of any other consequences than those affecting the Peninsula, what would have been the result? Either they or we should be the conquerors. If we had expelled them back to France, we should still have been in the situation already described, with respect to the Cortes. If the French were the victors, their condition would not have been in any degree better than it has been during the last three years. It is true that they have formed a Bourbon army, but what have they gained besides? Have they suppressed for ever the voice of liberty in Spain? They have only taught the sound and enlightened part of the community its value; and as soon as they quit the Peninsula, the constitution will be re-established. Have they given strength to Spain to recover her colonies? They have only hastened the recognition by England of the independence of those colonies, and thus secured it beyond all chance of failure. Have they augmented the commerce of the country which they garrison? They have plunged it in deeper distress than it ever before experienced. Have they acquired any real influence over the councils of Ferdinand? Let the violation of the dauphin's amnesty and the invasion of Portugal answer that question.

But although we may readily believe that the French government was no party to that perfidious invasion, yet we can also suppose that the suppression of the constitution in Portugal would be highly acceptable, not to France alone, but to all the other states of the continent. To Spain it would be peculiarly so, as it is in the nature of things, that liberty cannot long exist in one part of the Peninsula, without finding its way into the other. It was not, however, this motive alone, which induced Ferdinand to risk the experiment which has been made. It has been, for a long time, a secret policy with Spain, to regain that section of territory, which was severed from it by the house of Braganza. Under the rule of the Cortes, as well as of the absolute Ferdinand, this object, though never openly pursued, has been a favourite national speculation. The bare contemplation of the thing, argues the excess of *folly to which nations*, as well as individuals, can sometimes pro-

ceed; but those who are at all acquainted with the feelings of the Spaniards, know that what we state, is nevertheless perfectly true. It was thought that the abdication of Don Pedro, the promulgation of a constitution, the appointment of a regency, and the absence of Don Miguel, were so many circumstances favourable to the views of Spain: and in order to precipitate and embarrass things as much as possible, the Portuguese princess, de Beira, who has been living with her son, in the attics of Ferdinand's palace at Madrid, for the last ten or twelve years, has been employed as the principal instrument of intrigue, aided, no doubt, by that arch-enemy of liberty, the queen dowager, who resides at Queluz. It is more than probable, that neither the princess, nor the queen dowager, knows the ultimate object to which their proceedings were intended to lead. Their view would, we presume, be limited to the investiture of Don Miguel with the functions of absolute power; but although that would of itself be also an acceptable event to Ferdinand, yet he was glad, under any circumstances, to try the chances which the destinies had in store for him, and if he succeeded, there is no doubt that the French government would have exulted in this aggrandizement of the Bourbons.

Nor can it appear strange that, during the dark and sinister operations which have recently come to light, Ferdinand's camarilla imagined that England would—or rather *could*, offer no impediment to their manœuvres. The resources of England were so exhausted, her national debt so tremendous, her taxes so onerous, her trade reduced to such a state of ruin, her merchants producing so many bankrupts, her artizans declining into so many paupers, that, however prodigal she might be of diplomatic threats, she would not venture to fire a single gun in defence of her ancient ally. Since language like this has been used by some of our patriots at home, it is little wonder if it was held in Spain by those who wished it to be true; and if, moreover, it was generally believed there, that the first announcement of a resolution to assist Portugal, would be the trumpet of rebellion throughout this country, and an empty boast, an impracticable tender, of relief which it was not in our power to realize.

But our government well knew what they were about. They knew that the existence of Portugal, as an independent state, was in jeopardy; and without compromising their principles, without seeking to meddle in the internal affairs of that country, they resolved, upon a fair case being laid before them, to maintain inviolate the faith of treaties, and to preserve Portugal from the grasp of the Bourbons. It is not their object to uphold the constitution, if a majority of the people of that country do not approve of it. The authorities established by that constitution are, indeed, those only which our government acknowledges; but should the sovereign *choose to give* them another form of government, it *is no part of the business* of England to dispute it. The

country is invaded by a force which, whether Portuguese or not, was armed, provisioned, and sanctioned in Spain, and that fact is of itself enough to bring that clause of the treaty into operation, which binds us to defend the territory of Portugal now, as we did against Buonaparte.

And are the resources of England, indeed, unequal to the strife? It is a question that never was even thought of, except by a few puny, narrow-minded calculators. The pride of the country was touched; and we unaffectedly believe, that if means were wanted to fit out the armament, there is not a man of property in the three kingdoms, who would not have come forward with his contribution to assist the Government. Such was the feeling excited; such the unanimity on this subject, that if the Government had ever any doubt of their strength, that doubt must have been turned into admiration of this noble people whom they have the glory to serve; and who are ready, at an hour's notice, to make every sacrifice that is necessary, for the support of their national honour.

The reader can hardly have forgotten that fine prophetic image which escaped from the lips of Mr. Canning, three years ago, at a dinner given to him by the Corporation of Plymouth. "Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity, in which I have seen those mighty masses (the ships in ordinary) that float in the waters above your town, is a proof that they are devoid of strength, and incapable of being fitted for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness; how soon, upon any call of patriotism, or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion; how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage;—how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder." To this passage let the reader add the following as a commentary. It may, perhaps, be cited as the finest climax that exists in any language. "On Friday night, precise information arrived: on Saturday, the decision of his Majesty's government was sought and taken: on Sunday that decision was sanctioned by his Majesty: on Monday it was communicated to parliament: and at the hour in which I have the honour of addressing the House, *the troops are on their march!*"—(Mr. Canning's Speech, Tuesday 12th December).

We have said, that the object of our Government, in dispatching an armament to Portugal, is to defend the territory of our ally from invasion, and not to support the Constitution. It is right that we should keep this principle steadily in view; for if, hereafter, it should be found that the constitution does not work well: if Don Miguel, upon coming to the throne, should modify and altogether abolish it: however we might feel upon the subject; however indifferent we might be in disavowing his conduct, still

must remember, that it is an affair between himself and his jects. If they should not be willing or able to defend their hts; or if in contending for them, they should be defeated, honour of England will still remain uncompromised, so long we adhere to the faith of treaties, and the principles which have hitherto pursued, of not meddling with the internal con- s of independent states.

t the same time it is obvious, that as between England and the r powers of the Continent, our defence of Portugal looks ex- ely like a defence of her new constitution, and carries with it he real consequences of such a measure. It is well understood, all the sympathies of Englishmen are in favour of liberty, and there is not one amongst us who does not rejoice in the hope, the preservation of that constitution is likely to be the result he presence of British bayonets at Lisbon and Oporto. Let us then how we stand with the holy alliance. We began by g them that we approved of the principle of the confederacy, that for constitutional reasons we could be no party to it. n one member of that alliance marched against the constitu- of Naples, we told him that his proceedings were impolitic, s a friend we advised him to desist. He marched on, and paid ttention to our advice. When a second member of the alliance tened to march against the constitution of Spain, we began to armed for our own liberties; we offered our mediation to the es, and to France; both rejected it. We then exerted all our macy to avert the impending blow; but in vain—the Spanish itution was assailed by the French bayonets, and overthrown. aggression wounded our feelings pretty deeply; we would ver have risked the peace of Europe by interfering, and we ined at home. But Mr. Canning nobly compensated this in- to our pride, by "summoning the new world to repair the errors e old," and the states of Spanish America rose at his call. lliance trembled to its centre, and England went on firmly in wn course. Last came the homiunculus of the alliance, the mptible Ferdinand, who, following the rule laid down, thought lf competent to superintend the affairs of the state conti- s to his own, and to subvert its constitution. But this was uch for us to bear, and we have decided on crushing his hed instruments to atoms. Thus, then, having first refused a party to the holy alliance, we next advised against its tious, we next protested against them, and now we stand in to resist them. To borrow a phrase from the vocabulary of leon, we may therefore say, that "the holy alliance have ceased gn." Their sun is set—their influence is melted into the air. rejoice in this victory of liberty over that crowned alliance of ny, not only for the sake of Portugal, but also for that of Spain, f all Europe. Freedom, which had been put to flight for a while the Continent, has at length found we trust, a firm footing in

one part of it, and will gradually make her way through the whole of its extent, as surely as the dawn brightens into perfect day. We rejoice particularly for the sake of our own country, as without reproach we may, in the prompt and decisive measures of our government; as we feel that it must exonerate our foreign diplomacy from a world of embarrassments and precautions, of measured phrases, and feeble remonstrances, in short, from a vacillating, compromising tone. We can now speak openly to the continental powers, and tell them that if they wish to preserve the peace of the world, not we, but they, are its only disturbers. They, with their secret tribunals, their hostility to the press, their horror of liberty, their dread of the progress of education and intelligence—they are the true peace-breakers, who set themselves up against the amelioration of mankind—against an instinct which nature has planted in the human breast. If they be wise, they will yield in time, and interweave the links of their governments with the interests and affections of their people. But if they still adhere to their blind career, they will infallibly find that the "popular principle," after the reinforcement which it has lately received, and will continue to receive in augmented strength, from *the men of the seas*, must of necessity come into direct collision with the "monarchical principle," and remain committed with it, until either shall be destroyed. Then will come the "war of opinion," in which the old Continent will have to combat against the new Continent—the two Americas, with England in their front. The elements of this tremendous contest are already flying towards each other, like the vapours that hasten from all parts of the sky, to form the thunder cloud; they are taking their station, in obedience to an irresistible attraction, and as soon as the whole horizon is over-cast, we may expect a tempest, such as never before visited our sphere.

ART. IX. *Friendship's Offering; a Literary Album.* Edited by Thomas K. Hervey. 12mo. pp. 348. 12*s*. London. Relfe. For 1827.

MANY of our readers, no doubt, are already acquainted with the merits of this little volume. We regret that it reached our hands too late, to enable us to give it a place amongst its rivals; but as we have so fully noticed *these*, we should be guilty of an act of injustice, were we to omit all mention of 'Friendship's Offering.' Circumstances, arising, we understand, from the indisposition of its former editor, Mr. Hervey, delayed its publication; and it is candidly stated, in the preface, that to the same cause we are to attribute a certain air of negligence which pervades the greater portion of the work. Notwithstanding this inauspicious plea for indulgence, we must admit that the volume is an exceedingly interesting one, and contains, perhaps, a larger proportion of well *written matter, than* any other recent publication of the kind. We

ought, perhaps, to make an exception as to the poetry; for after three or four pieces from the pens of Miss Landon, Mrs. Hemans, the Rev. Mr. Dale, and Mr. Hervey, we find nothing in the shape of verse, that rises above mediocrity. But the prose matter is, upon the whole, the best that we have seen in any of these annual volumes. It is animated, striking, and replete with ability. Among the contributions to this department, two or three are by the author of "The Subaltern," one by Miss Mitford, one by Miss E. Roberts, two, we think, by the author of "Gilbert Earle," one by Mr. W. H. Harrison, and one by the author of "The Chronicles of London Bridge." If we leave out the tale of 'The Precipice,' by the author of "Gilbert Earle," we should say that there is not one of the papers here alluded to, which may not be read with pleasure. In style, they are unexceptionable; each produces an effect upon the mind, and there is a degree of boldness in their outlines, which adds not a little to their combined, as well as their respective charms.

With respect to the plates, we must observe, that though the subjects are well chosen, and appropriate to such a work, they admit of no comparison with those in The Literary Souvenir. Comparisons may be disagreeable, but they are after all the readiest test, by which the value of similar productions may be ascertained. For instance, we have only to look at the engravings of Alexander and Diogenes in both these volumes, the editors of both having fixed by chance on the same painting, and we shall see in a moment the inferiority of the one to the other. Strange to say, the *name* of the same engraver, Mr. E. Finden, is subscribed to both plates; but it is evident that one is the work of the master--the other of some of his pupils. 'The Bower scene,' and 'The Coquette,' by C. Heath; 'The Brigand Chief and his Wife,' and 'The Contadina,' by W. Humphreys; and 'The View of the Castle of Monaco,' by E. Finden, are merely respectable as works of art. The real charms of the volume are to be found in its literature; and that, as we have already said, is, at least in its prose department, without a rival.

There is a great deal of beauty and imagination in Miss Landon's verses, entitled 'The Spirit and the Angel of Death.' But as we have already in the present number given the reader several specimens of her poetry, we shall pass to Mr. Hervey's Address to Floranthe. It is impassioned, and fraught with melancholy associations, that seem to spring from the heart. There is also a classic colouring spread over this composition, which raises it much in our esteem; but at the same time it does not appear to us to be very original.

'Dost thou recal it?—'*twas* a glorious eve!
By heaven! I hear the waving of its woods,
Kissed into sighing; and its few faint stars
Look, yet, upon me, through the mist of years,
As, *then*, they looked, to listen to our vows!

The air was precious with the breath of flowers,
That had been weeping,—and the harps of eve
Played vespers to the stars!—and, in the blue,
The deep-blue sky, (how beautiful she looked!)
Stood the young moon;—her cheek was *very* pale,
As thine is now Floranthe! or as her's,
The night she sought her shepherd, on the hill,
And could not lift his eyelid with her kiss!
Beautiful mourner!—Oh! they wrong her truth,
Who call her changeful!—many a live-long night,
She sits, alone, upon the hill-top, still,
To look for him who comes not,—unlike thee,
Oh, fair Floranthe!—save that both are sad,
And widowed, now—the false one and the true!

'And thou, bright dreamer! thou to whom the stars
Of night were ministers, and whom their queen
Lulled, with immortal kisses, to thy rest;
Thou, whose young visions gathered into *one*,
One dream of love and loveliness and light;
Thou, to whose soul a brighter thought was given,
Than *his*, for whom Egeria sat alone,
By the cool gushing fount;—Endymion!
Oh! not for thee—no *not* for thee alone,
Have been such visitings!—Floranthe, hear!
(But weep not!)—thou dost know how many years,
How long and well my soul has worshipped thee,
Till my mind made itself a solitude,
For only thee to dwell in,—and thou wert
The spirit of all fountains in my breast!

'—We will not speak of that: but oh! that eve,
Amid the pines—our fondest and our last!
(Ere it had cross'd my heart—or thine—to think,
That *we could* part,—and *one* could change so soon,)
How it has haunted me, with all the sounds
That made it silent,—and the starry eyes,
And flitting shapes that made it solitude!
Did I *not* love thee!—oh! for but one throb,
One pulse of all the pulses beating then;
One feeling—though the feeling were a pang!
One passion—though the passion spoke in tears!
Perhaps, we lov'd *too* well:—the burning thoughts,
That should have fed the heart for many years,
Methinks, were wasted in a single night!
(Young spirits are *so* prodigal of joy!)
I deemed thy love was boundless:—oh! the queen,
The eastern queen, who melted down her pearl,
And drank the treasure in a single draught,
Was wiser far than hearts that love too well,
If love be finite!—in that last adieu,

Our young and passionate spirits burnt away,
And flung their *ashes* on the winds of heaven!
Our love has perished like the sound that dies,
And *leaves no echo*,—like the eastern day
That *has no twilight*,—like the lonely flower
Flung forth to wither on the wind, that wastes
Even its perfume:—dead, Floranthe! dead,
With all the precious thoughts, on which it fed,
And all the hopes which made it beautiful,—
Sound, light, and perfume gone—and gone for ever.

'And art thou come again!—it may not be!
—Oh, beautiful thou art!—but on thy brow
Sits the dim, shadowy *thing* which only haunts
Where hearts are wasted; and thine eye is sad
As moonlight, when it sleeps upon a grave;
And thy soft bosom—where my head has lain,
And dreamt youth's dream,—heaves with unquiet motion!
And thou art weeping,—(there are those who weep
In joy,—but then they never look as thou dost!)
Why *hast* thou come so late!—I waited long,
How very long;—and thou wert by my side,
Sometimes *in dreams!* (how sad it is to dream,
And play with shadows—flung, perhaps, from graves!
Why come by night, who may not come by day!
Why mock for moments, who were true for years!)
—How long and heavily, from day to day,
I hung upon the hope that grows from fear!
But thou hast come at last!—it is too late;
I cannot love again!—thou, still, art young,
And fair—but as a vestal! and the *vow*,
My pale Floranthe! is upon thy heart!
Thou can'st not love again!—*'tis all too late!*'—pp. 16—19.

The lines,

'Our young and passionate spirits burnt away,
And flung their *ashes* on the winds of heaven!'

evidently a plagiarism from the following sentence in the tale 'Agatha,' which precedes this poem, and which Mr. Hervey ust have had an opportunity, of course, of reading in the manuipt—'My heart burnt itself out in that feeling,—there is nothing *alere flammam*; the fire is not only decayed, but the very es are scattered to the four winds of heaven!'—(p. 11.) There other plagiarisms in the poem, which it is not worth our while perify, as they must be obvious to every literary person. Still, sidering the taste and depth of feeling which Mr. Hervey ally exhibits in his poety, we regret that so few of his contribuns embellish the present volume.

The tale of 'Agatha,' which we have just mentioned, is written the author of "Gilbert Earle." It is a masterly composition,

full of enthusiasm, mingled with a degree of pathos that reaches and agitates the soul. The incidents of the story are few, simple and domestic; but they derive great force and interest from the manner in which the author identifies his own feelings with them.

Mr. Harrison's name is new to us, but if we may judge from his sketch, called 'The Last of the Family,' his assistance must be a valuable acquisition to such a work as 'Friendship's Offering.' His style is unaffected and graceful; and his subject, as well as his mode of treating it, remind us of that most bewitching of all village annalists, Miss Mitford. We shall extract the introduction to his tale, as a confirmation of our favourable opinion.

'It was on a fine cloudless morning, in the summer, that I had strolled to the extremity of a little enclosed copse, when I observed a girl, with a small basket lined with vine-leaves, collecting the wild strawberries that grew, in great plenty and luxuriance, upon the bank which formed the outer base of the enclosure. She was the daughter of a yeoman in the neighbourhood, who, dying in impoverished circumstances, had left his widow with so slender a provision for herself and her child, that she was obliged to increase her scanty income, by letting part of her cottage to some of the many who resorted to that part of the country, for the benefit of its peculiarly salubrious air. Her dwelling had the advantage of being at some distance from the village, and in one of the most delightfully retired situations which can be imagined.

'I had frequently seen Mary Wildling at our village church, where the punctuality of her attendance, and the singular devotion and propriety with which she conducted herself, within its sacred walls, first engaged my attention. She had had some advantages, in point of education, not usually possessed by young persons in her rank of life; and nature, who makes not all her beauties for Almack's or the Opera, had dispensed her favours to her with no sparing hand. I know not to what order of forms she belonged, for, it would seem that there are orders in clay as well as in stone, but she was surpassingly beautiful; and, at the period of which I am now writing, she had scarcely attained her eighteenth year, when the freshness and airiness of youth were delightfully blended with the ripe graces and more perfect symmetry of the woman. It is true, the roses were not lavishly strewn upon her cheeks; but their blush, slight as it was, was thrown into relief by the unsullied fairness of one of the most polished and beautiful foreheads in the world. The eyes of a beauty, it hath been settled, should be one of two colours:—her's were neither;—nay, start not, gentle reader,—they were grey: but many a fair proprietress of black or blue eyes might envy the expression in which those of the unpretending Mary were arrayed. Had her eyebrows been submitted to the hyper-critic in beauty, he might, probably, with his pencil, have given them a more mathematical curve, but he could not have imparted to them a deeper shade; and would have utterly marred the delicacy with which those beautiful lines were traced by the hand of nature. The raven's wing was many shades darker than her hair, but it was not more glossy; and though her curls were not arranged with the taste, nor decorated with the expense, which distinguish the ball-room, nature had compensated for the neglect of art, by making them perpetual, and imparting to them the

clustering luxuriance of the grape, in the vintage time. Her ancle was not clothed in silk, nor was her foot compressed in satin; such adornments could not have added to the symmetry which the cotton-hose, and somewhat homely shoe, were unable to conceal; and her fingers, as they plucked the strawberries from their green bank, were of the fairness and delicacy of the lily.

'There was nothing uncommon in the circumstance of a village girl gathering the wild strawberry; and, but for its frequent recurrence, it would not have excited my particular attention. Observing her, however, at the same spot, and at the same employment, for many successive days, I ventured, upon one occasion, to inquire her motive for an occupation whence she could derive little profit, and which must, necessarily, interfere with her domestic duties. She replied, with some hesitation, that she gathered them for a sick person, who could scarcely relish any thing else; adding, that she feared she should collect but few more, as she had nearly exhausted the crop which grew upon the bank. I told her, that she would find abundance within the enclosure; and, presenting her with the key of a little wicket, which opened into the copse, I bade her avail herself of the supply it afforded, whenever she had occasion. She received the permission, (which, although not the proprietor, I was authorised to grant), with expressions of gratitude altogether disproportionate to the favour conferred, for it would have been readily conceded to any well-ordered person, who had chosen to solicit it. I, frequently, observed her availing herself of the opportunity thus afforded to her: on some occasions, I could perceive her countenance lit up by the indications of hope and confidence; while, at other times, it was pale, anxious, and dejected: but, whatever were her feelings, she did not relax in the diligence with which her charitable occupation was diurnally resumed.'—pp. 23—26.

These strawberries were collected it appears for an invalid young gentleman, who occupied part of her mother's cottage, and the tale proceeds to describe the usual effect, which the affectionate assiduities of the beautiful girl produced on her own heart. But her patient declined every day, until his feeble lamp expired: and in the moral, we see the pious resignation of the maid, who was unconscious of her feelings, until the object of them was no more. We would strongly recommend Mr. Harrison to persevere in this department of composition, and to study Miss Mitford strenuously, not for the purpose of imitating her unrivalled sketches of rustic life, but of acquiring the principles of taste, by which she has been enabled to describe the humblest occupations, the meanest objects, in all their native truth and homeliness, and at the same time to invest them with all that profusion of charms, which beguile us in the pictures of Teniers or Wilkie.

Is not 'The Rosicrucian' borrowed from the German? If we mistake not, it is nothing more than a translation, or at least a free imitation, of a tale published some time ago in that language. Of this, however, we must say, that we are not quite certain, and as we do not happen to have the story to which we allude within reach, we beg to be understood as only asking for information. W

it be original, it speaks well for the author of that very promising romance—Sir John Chiverton. It is mysterious, as every tale whose scene is laid in Germany, should be, and at the same time a little extravagant in its plot, as perhaps we may also expect in all such cases. Another sketch, which we also suspect to have been borrowed from the German, is that entitled 'The painter of Munich.' It is anonymous, but if it be not an original composition, the real source from whence it has been derived, ought in candour to have been stated.

Had we not lately been so much indebted to Miss Mitford's talents for the embellishment of many of our pages, we should have been strongly tempted to transfer to them her 'Hay Carrying.' It is a picture of village love, such as everybody may have witnessed in his time, touched in her happiest style. Her genius seems perfectly inexhaustible in the production of these sketches. No one of them resembles another, and yet they are all the very mirror of nature.

'Winter Quarters,' by the author of "The Subaltern," is an affecting tale of the late war. It is written with that minuteness of local description, and that ready susceptibility for every charm of nature that mingles with the scene, which so eminently characterize all this agreeable writer's productions. The story here is of a Scotch officer, who, during the war in the Peninsula, had occasion to quarter himself for the winter with a Spanish family, in a retired village, that had, by some good fortune, escaped the ravages of the soldiery. The family consisted of Don Fernando Navarette, and his three daughters. To one of these the Scotchman made himself agreeable, but at the moment their tale of love was wound up to its highest interest, an attack was made on the village by the French, and the Scotch officer perishes in defence of the chateau that contained his mistress. Of course she survives him only a few hours, and the lovers are united in the same grave. We shall detach from the tale, a description of the hero, as we think it exhibits the picture of all that a British officer ought to be.

'Norman was an only son; indeed, an only child; yet he went with his mother's hearty benediction, at the early age of fifteen, to join the army. Gifted, by nature, with a constitution capable of enduring the severest hardships, and accustomed, even from the nurse's arms, to be abroad, in all weathers, and at all hours,—privations, under which others sank, were to him as nothing. He would wrap himself in his cloak, in the coldest night, and sleep as soundly, upon the frozen earth, and under the canopy of heaven, as if he rested upon a bed of down, and within the walls of a palace. If provisions were scanty, no one appeared to suffer less their scantiness, or digested, in better humour, his insufficient meal. On the longest march, Norman was never known to knock-up, or fall into the rear: indeed, it was his ordinary custom, to lighten, by turns, such of the soldiers as exhibited most manifest symptoms of weakness, by carrying their arms, and, occasionally, even their knapsacks; and then, when it came to

the final issue, when man was opposed to man, and all the pomp and circumstance of war were abroad, Norman was in his element. Cool and undaunted, whilst he cheered others forward, he himself never forgot the real duties of an officer; his senses were under no circumstances confounded; nor did he ever suffer the enthusiasm of the moment so far to gain the ascendancy, as to cause a neglect, on his part, of a single precaution which the circumstances of the case seemed to require.

'Such was the general character of Norman M'Leod, as far as military qualities are concerned in forming a character. He was a complete soldier, or, as the dispatches express themselves, "an officer of great promise, respected by the profession in general, and an ornament to his Majesty's service." But Norman was something more than a soldier. Endowed with principles of the strictest and most unbending honour, Norman was likewise generous, frank, liberal, and open-hearted. His brother officers loved, as well as looked up to him; the private soldiers adored him. There was not a man in his corps, who would have refused to follow, when he led, or who would not have cheerfully put his own life in the most imminent hazard, in order to insure Norman's safety. And Norman well deserved all this. His manners were, at once, manly and gentle: he never employed a harsh expression to attain an object, where a mild expression would avail; and he found, as those who act upon his theory will always find, that he was much more readily attended to, and much more faithfully obeyed, than others who thought fit to follow a different course.

'It can hardly be expected that Norman was either a professed scholar, or a very accomplished gentleman. He had entered the army at an age too early to permit his attaining to the first of these characters; and he had embarked upon active service, too soon afterwards, to give leisure for his acquiring the last. But Norman was neither ignorant nor unpolished. His natural abilities were of a high order; and what he once read, he never forgot. Nature had, moreover, gifted him with a turn for music and drawing: both of these arts he sedulously cultivated, as often as circumstances would allow; and, in both, he accordingly made considerable progress. With the French language he was familiarly acquainted, from his childhood; and he had good sense enough to apply himself, as soon as he reached the Peninsula, to the study of the Portuguese and the Spanish. For the practical branch of mathematics, again, that branch which was connected with the science of his profession, he entertained an extreme fondness. He never passed through a strange country, without examining it with an officer's eye, and taking sketches of such districts as appeared to him adapted for the prosecution of military operations: of every fortified place, near which he chanced to be stationed, he failed not to provide himself with an accurate plan; whilst, during the inactive season of winter, it proved one of his favourite amusements, to construct redoubts, after the fashion of Uncle Toby, in the sand; to open trenches before them, and to go through the whole process of a siege. But a soldier, who is so far master of three foreign languages, as to speak them with ease and fluency; who is well versed in the mathematics; not unacquainted with the history of Europe, and a tolerable proficient in music and landscape-painting, is not, as men go, to be accounted an ignorant person.'—pp. 186—189.

The best thing which we have yet seen, from the pen of Miss E. Roberts, is 'The White Wolf, a Guard Room tale of the

"Black Brunswickers."' It is scarcely necessary to add, that the scene is in Germany: but although there is somewhat of darkness and terror in the tale, yet it is free from the charge of exaggerated horrors. We have still another German story in 'Der Kugelspieler, or the Emperor's Skittle-Ground,' and certainly not an unamusing one, though we suspect that the fastidious reader might be better pleased if there had not been so many coincidences between different writers as to the place where, to use a forensic phrase, they have laid their *venue*. We may remark, also, a sameness of subject, though with a difference as to the catastrophe, in a prose tale by the author of "The Subaltern," and a poetic 'Sketch from Life,' by the Rev. Mr. Dale, both bearing the same title, 'The Broken Heart.' They are both, however, excellent, particularly the prose composition, which is capable of touching the rudest heart.

ART. X. *Transalpine Memoirs: or, Anecdotes and Observations, shewing the actual state of Italy, and the Italians.* By an English Catholic. 12mo. 2 vols. 15*s*. Bath. Cruttwell. London. Longman and Co. 1826.

ON opening these volumes, and glancing at the motto with which this 'English Catholic,' has thought fit to usher them in,

> "A curious sight,
> And very much unlike what people write,"

we were at first disposed to imagine, that his principal object was to vindicate his religion, as it is exercised in Italy, from the aspersions which several foreign travellers have flung upon it. But after the perusal of a few pages we found, that as to religion, the author, though a Catholic, has given the subject very slight attention, and that what he does say of it, partakes of that contradictory and discontented tone which presides, like an ill-omened bird, over all his various lucubrations. Proceeding by Leghorn to Rome, and from Rome to Naples, he appears to have made many discoveries which no former traveller had been so fortunate as to light upon; these discoveries he communicates to a 'Dear Friend,' in the shape of letters, and in giving them to the world, he no doubt conceived that he was conferring an inestimable benefit upon all those, who are already conversant, or wish to be acquainted, with 'Italy, and the Italians.'

The principal discovery which our author has made, is, that every thing that Eustace and others have said of the grandeur of the "eternal city," and the luxuriant beauty of the "garden of the world," is mere fiction—a series of poetical vagaries, which have no foundation whatever in truth. Ruins which we have hitherto been taught to venerate, are, if we may believe the present author, crumbling masses of stone, kept together in some instances

by new buttresses and bars of iron, and deserve only to be laughed at. Scenery, which all preceding travellers have conspired to praise, as the most enchanting in nature, is nothing more than a collection of parched fields and stunted shrubs, and miserable rills, not worth looking at. Cathedrals, which have attracted the admiration of the first men of taste in every age, since they were constructed, (not excepting even that embodying of the genius of Michael Angelo, the church of St. Peter's, at Rome), are so full of faults, so intolerable on account of one inconvenience or another, and altogether so contemptible in the estimation of this accomplished traveller, that we are henceforth to reverse all the ideas that we have conceived of them, and to dissipate for ever all the fine associations to which they gave rise. Even the vintage—that season of gratitude and gladness—with which we have been accustomed to connect, whatever notions we have of happiness in gathering the most precious and beauteous fruits of the earth, has no charms for this author's mind. If he happen to see peasants who are employed in the vineyard, throwing in their mirth clusters of the grape at each other, it only reminds him of the farmer's boys in England, making a similar use of—*bunches of turnips!* And if the youth and beauty of the village be occupied in treading out the purple heaps for the wine press, they do it—*only to save their feet from chilblains!*

A gentleman who could have set out upon his Italian travels with such a perverted taste as this, was little likely to derive much pleasure or benefit from them. Accordingly there is scarcely an object which he sees, that he does not find some fault with; his mind seems to be uniformly labouring under a mass of ennui and dissatisfaction, which no change of scenery, no succession of interesting objects, can dispel or relieve. The following description of a villa, which he occupied for the bathing season, at Leghorn, affords striking evidence of his disposition to avenge his native sulkiness upon every thing that he saw.

'In this villa we experienced all the inconveniences attendant on an Italian country-house, placed, as those at Leghorn generally are, in the centre of a kitchen garden. Adjoining was the small cabin for the numerous family of the gardener: these rose at day-break, and made, with no little degree of noise, their preparations for appearing at the market of the town. Once or twice a week, but always on the hottest days, they opened a certain subterraneous cavern near the house, and carried to the cabbages under our window the manure it afforded. On Sundays and festivals they collected their friends, and either played at bowls on the even spot round the house, or, on more particular occasions, procured half a dozen geese, which they supended by their legs to the transverse beam of the gateway in front of our door; then, armed with a rusty old sword, each one in succession endeavoured to give a successful cut at the neck of the tortured bird, which, its head being once severed, belonged to him who had the skill to perform the feat; another goose was then fastened upon its place,

and *ainsi de suite.* Add to these nuisances, the incessant hum-drum tune chaunted by the voices—not the most melodious—of the gardening girls, who, while at work, improvised to it verses, generally on the subject to them the most interesting—that of a courtship with a sailor. In the chorus, the sailor is supposed to answer,

"Lavora bella, fatti la dote;
Se Dio vuole, ti sposero."*

Such are the pleasures of Leghorn villas; yet how much might I make you envy my garden, geese, and subterranean perfumes, by giving you the usual description of these Italian peasant girls improvising a romance, as they sung, in sweet chorus, the tune to which the words were adapted.'—pp. 19, 20.

'Nevertheless,' he says, immediately after, 'the summer passed more agreeably than you can imagine.' We dare say it did, and only wonder that he could have acknowledged as much, although it is well known that Leghorn is really, as he confesses in another place, 'the gayest summer residence in Italy.'

We were much amused with his ill-humoured description of the public walk at Leghorn. It is in the true style of an English cockney figuring on the Continent. 'In the evening,' he says, 'I sometimes drove to the Ardenza, a field of *burnt grass and weeds*, which, stretching along the broken, muddy shore, is the only public walk in the neighbourhood.' After this, we are not at all surprised at the effect that Rome and its mighty ruins produce upon his mind. As if to harmonize with his unlucky character, there was 'a drizzling rain, the first morning after his arrival, which made the streets still more *tristes* than they really were.' The first object that attracts his attention, is the church of S. Maria Maggiore, in which he proves that a vast number of architectural errors have been committed, and that it is a great deal too large! He next passed '*au hazard* through a number of *dirty streets*,' in order to reach the Forum Romanum. Well, here surely he found something to sooth his phlegm! Let us hear:

'I needs must say, that *here* disappointment was the prominent feeling: and *what* a disappointment! Though well acquainted with every monument I was to meet with, I walked over the ground, astonished at finding them so much ruined. Columns falling from the ravages of time, but braced up with modern iron work;† walls tottering for want of this very iron work, torn away by the ancestors of those who now replace it; one half of a building destroyed to construct palaces for those whose successors now prop up the remaining half with the greatest care and attention; one race of men building altars in veneration of the victims slain for the amusement of a former race; the triumphal monuments of one age destroyed to adorn those of another—too barbarous to suffice itself to itself,—while other arches, raised to record other victories, are mutilated by the shabby and parsimonious attempts made at this moment to preserve

* *Work hard, gain* your dower; if it please God, I will marry you.
† *Temple of Jupiter* Stator.

; in short, "admire, exult, despise, laugh, weep, for here there
h matter for all feeling." The best description of the Roman forum
ntained in that simple, historical, and at the same time, prophetic
—

————" passimque armenta videbant
Romanoque Foro, et lautis mugire carinis."

o than this can be told you by a guide-book only. The Forum,
gh still used as an ox market, has in a great measure lost the denomi-
n of Campo Vaccino.
I returned along the Via Sacra, and went out at what is now the
hern end of the Foro Romano. How much I had lost, but how much
I had acquired, during the short hour I had passed within its limits!
my "sixth form notions," all my enthusiasm, all my dreams, were
en in upon and vanished. I had entered it, exalted by the very
ght of *where* I was; I had passed between the trees as if intruding on
ound sacred to classical recollections; I had hurried, with a feverish
tience, from one ruin to another; and I left it, myself, and every thing
lowered in my own opinion; discontented with myself for having
eived such high notions of the place; discontented with the place,
not having equalled the ideas I had been taught to form of it; re-
ing that I had come to Rome, since the knowledge of the reality had
ved me of my enthusiastic and more pleasing suppositions, yet
ed with being bereaved of them, and with being *now* unable to give
to others on the future; for the Roman Forum was the death-stroke
ny curiosity, but gave a just level to my expectations.—vol. i.,
37—40.

o much for the classics! In this engaging disposition, our
eller walks on, and catches sight, with some difficulty, of the
e of the Pantheon. Indeed, if we are to credit his account of
matter, he encountered no trifling danger in exploring the way
. It stands in 'a hole', and is scarcely to be discerned amid
small shabby houses which were built against it.' 'Of two
ow, filthy streets, I chose that on my right; and now reaching
edge of a short, but rapid descent, I found myself nearly on a
l with the *capital* of the corner pillar of the portico: at the
of this pillar, lay a *large reeking dunghill!*' It was this
nps which gave our author an opportunity of elevating himself
level with the 'capital of the corner pillar.' It was fortunate
he did not mistake the dunghill for the *dome!*
y the aid of many inquiries, and after going astray through
he rambling lanes of Rome, our author at length found out St.
r's. Examining it in his usual judicious and critical manner,
inally asks himself—'Why can I not give to this edifice the
ounded admiration it is *almost* entitled to claim? Why must
this church, blame what in *other* buildings might have my
at praise?' Now these are precisely the questions which we
ld have put to this learned traveller, though what satisfactory
ver he could give to them, *it is* beyond the utmost stretch of our
gination *to conceive.*

Spirit of Rome! rise and hear how the noblest structure in the world is libelled!

'The façade of the church I can only compare to a new-built *hôtel de ville*, town-hall, or some other public building; not to a church,—that is the last thing to which it can be assimilated. Pillars and pilasters placed one on the other; the intermediate space occupied by arched and oblong gateways, by square and long windows,—some with, some without balconies,—and by mezzonini, sometimes open, sometimes blocked up with bass-reliefs, *as if to save window tax*; a small pediment rising over one-third only of the extent of façade; this pediment, and the rest of the entablature at each end of it, surmounted by a high wall, ornamented with pilasters and square windows, and supporting a stone balustrade, above the two ends of which arise two clocks, with *pink-coloured* faces, which themselves support a tiara and two keys; three domes, partly concealed by this wall and balustrade, even from the distant point from which I then viewed them, but which, as I approached nearer, entirely sunk behind this vile screen—such is the façade of S. Peter's.

'Passing through one of the gateways already mentioned, I then entered the long ante-room, called a *portico*; the *use* or *beauty* of this I could never discover. In it I sought for the two *fountains*, mentioned by Eustace, and found, with difficulty, *two meagre squirts* issuing from the wall.'—vol. i., pp. 46, 47.

Our ingenious traveller's criticisms on the interior of St. Peter's are of a piece with these admirable remarks. It is worth mentioning, as a decisive proof of the calibre of his mind, that he avenges on the majesty of that splendid pile, an offence offered to his personal dignity by his own awkwardness. It appears that after lifting up the screen that closes over the doors of the church, he let it fall again before he got inside, and mark the result!—'it struck against my hat, (a new one, no doubt), which I *disembarrassed* from it with *no small* difficulty.' 'This *event*,' adds the critic, 'would have been sufficient to put to flight all *expectant enthusiasm*, if such had oppressed me.' We have no doubt of it. It is exactly the sort of incident that would have discomposed a waddling John for a whole month. It is no wonder, after his new hat was put out of shape, that our traveller could furnish out nothing from the chambers of his brain, to which he could compare Michael Angelo's dome, save 'the *cover of a pepper-box standing on stilts*.' The best of his discoveries however is this, that the dome is of no use! 'The conviction of its utter inutility pervades the mind, at the same time that the strained eyes, and distorted neck, give sensible proofs of the inconvenience of its situation.' 'That, therefore, which is unnecessary and useless, is devoid of its greatest claim to admiration!' Excellent reasoning, no doubt. It is much to be regretted, that Michael Angelo did not place the dome upon the ground, that our traveller might examine it without straining his valuable neck; still more is it to be lamented, that the architect did not convert his airy creation into a tailor's shop *in order that such* a critic might be convinced of its utility.

To our author's opinions upon the ruins of Rome, we have already slightly alluded. We shall here only add, that from these fragments of antiquity, he 'turns away discontented with every object that successively strikes him, as inferior to the pictures of his imagination, as unworthy of the city of which it is a relic!' No wonder. Imagination is very much a child of circumstances. We happen to know a man who would rather sell a pennyworth of whip-cord, than look at the finest painting that ever breathed from the touch of Raphael. His pleasures, however, were still natural enough—they grew out of his education and condition. But assuredly he was as competent to judge of Raphael's divine works, as our author is to criticise the wonders of ancient or of modern Rome.

It is well known to any body, who has ever looked into books of Italian travels, that writers of every form of faith have united in admiring the solemn services which are performed at St. Peter's during the holy week. Mr. Bell, in his "Observations on Italy," a work which we cannot too often, or too earnestly recommend to readers of discernment and taste, says, particularly of the *Miserere*, —"The effect produced by this music is finer and greater than that of any admired art; no painting, statue, or poem, no imagination of man can equal its wonderful power over the mind. The soft, and almost imperceptible accumulation of sound, swelling in mournful tones of rich harmony, into powerful effect, and then receding as if in the distant sky, like the lamenting song of angels and spirits, conveys, beyond all conception, to those who have heard it, the idea of darkness, of desolation, and of the dreary solitude of the tomb."—(pp. 342—343). Let us now hear our 'English Catholic.' 'The candles were indeed put out as is usual at the Tenebræ; so far there was nothing extraordinary. Darkness came on, and, I must own it, made me rather *drowsy!*' 'At length the *Misere* began; the musicians were in an enclosed balcony above me: the singing at first appeared *fine*, but I soon found it *monotonous!*'

Then the grand finale—the illumination of St. Peter's—what does the reader imagine our traveller thought of it? 'It was composed, he informs us, of *smoking lamps*, which, placed in every part of the building, hid, and seemed to alter the form of it, and shewed merely *a large mass*, of *no distinct shape*, covered with *red blazes*, and *canopied* with *smoke!!*' The drowsy hum-drum—does he not know that the effect of light is to exhibit every part of the building, and not to conceal it? But let his evidence be compared again with that of Mr. Bell—who, it is well known, was a member of the Scotch church.

"When night approaches, and the dome of this magnificent temple is hung with lights, all the grandeur of its architecture is displayed. Each frieze and cornice, arch, and gate, and pillar, is enriched with lines of splendid fires, *and every steeple*, tower, and bulky dome, glittering with

light, seems to hang in a firmament of its own, high in the clear dark
The long sweeping colonnade forms, as it were, a golden circle, encl
the dark mass of people below, filling the spacious basin of the court,
the waters of the superb fountains, sparkling in the partical glea
light, are heard dashing amid the hum and murmur of the busy thr
when suddenly, in an instant, the form is changed, the red distinct
are involved in one blaze of splendid flame, as if the vast machine
turned by the hand of some master-spirit." *Observations on Italy.*
346, 347.

This was a traveller indeed, worthy of visiting Rome, an
temple. After consulting his eloquent pages, we feel it a prof
tion to return to the paltry volumes before us. This 'En
Catholic,' instead of being inspired by the majesty of a templ
which his religion—if indeed we are justified in supposing tha
has any religion at all—appears in all its pomp and dignity, s
to think that it is a fit subject upon which he can discharg
most polluted masses of his ribaldry. But if it be true, as he
serves, that in Rome, 'the common people, the beasts of bur
even the dogs, have a peculiar appearance of melancholy
ennui,' the snarling tone which pervades his remarks on tha
cred city, need not surprise us. It is only an additional instan
the irresistible effects of *sympathy*.

As to this author's style, it would be an endless task to point
his violations of the most common rules of grammar, and his
merous mistakes of one word for another. From any observat
on these points, he has sheltered himself, by pleading his leng
residence abroad, and it is not worth while to dispute his tit
write bad English. Before we conclude, however, we ca
avoid recommending his very respectable London publisher
cancel (in page 18, vol. i.) for the sake of their own character,
offensive and indecent sentence *Une maison de campagne*, &c.
say "cancel," because we have too favourable an opinion of
public taste, to apprehend that so flagitious a misrepresentatio
'Italy and the Italians,' as this work is, can have the slig
chance of reaching a second edition.

ART. XI. *Almack's, a Novel.* 3 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* Lo
Saunders and Otley. 1826.

IT is said that this novel is the production of Lady Westmorel
For the truth of the *on dit*, we of course do not vouch, thoug
have no reason to disbelieve it. Every page of the work s
that it must, at all events, have been written by a lady, and tha
has derived her knowledge of all the "fashionable" scenes
follies which she describes, from actual experience. Without
attempting to be brilliant, or even witty, she has contrived in
three volumes, to exhibit the most ample, the most animated,

we suspect, the most accurate picture of what is called "High Life," in this country, which has ever yet met the public eye. There is no ambition to produce effect, no artificial mixture of the tragic with the comic—it seems to have been the sole object of the writer to give a natural representation of the manners, the conversation, and in short, the every-day employments of the aristocratic circles; and she has succeeded to the fullest extent. We look upon 'Almack's,' as one of the most delightful novels in our language.

It is impossible not to perceive, that the author has painted all her various and striking portraits from the life. She has very properly disclaimed the idea of satirizing any particular individuals, except the lady patronesses of 'Almack's, and these she certainly attacks with all the weapons which she can command—in their *public* characters, as 'avowed agents for various places of public amusement.' These, however, though the objects against which her most pointed shafts are directed, occupy by no means the most prominent stations in her gallery. She has laid open the whole interior of fashionable and exclusive society, from the rank of the duke down to the cadet, and though her characters are all masqued under heterogeneous names, yet we feel that they have all of them figured, and perhaps still figure, in the very scenes where she employs them.

The value of a work of this kind is inestimable. Inasmuch as it exposes to the public gaze the puerile and inconsequential usages, the numerous follies and mean intrigues, which form the whole business of the "Exclusives," it may perhaps assist to reform and improve that order. To those classes of society which are immediately below the "Exclusives," this work will afford an inexhaustible fund of consolation, and even of instruction. Living as they very generally do in domestic habits, employing their leisure hours in circles equally removed from dissipation and ennui, accustomed to intellectual intercourse, and to look upon the affairs of life with a calm and discerning eye, they will conclude, from a perusal of this work, that their condition is, perhaps of all others that society can present, really the most enviable.

The production before us may be said to present masterly representations of the leading features of fashionable existence—the country and its amusements; the routes, dinners, and the opera in town, and the balls at Almack's. In order to connect them, the author has contrived to interest the attention of her readers in a story —a love story, of course—which with the usual number of episodes, all tending to the same finale of marriage, must in such compositions make up the outline that is to include all the other characters. Her principal heroine is the fair, amiable, and highly accomplished daughter of a *nouveau riche*—Barbara Birmingham. Her mother is a perfect example of the arrogance and bustle of wealth, joined to vulgar manners. The father, Sir Benjamin, is a

good natured cypher. With this family group, the author has admirably contrasted that of the Norbury family, their neighbours—consisting of my Lord, a diplomat, cold and aristocratic, without a spark of feeling for any human being, except his lady, and their elegant daughter, Lady Anne, an 'exclusive' of the first water. Next to these in point of prominence, stands the Mildmay family, consisting of the father, a maiden sister, and two daughters, exhibiting in their circle all the attractions, that are still we hope to be found beneath the roof of an English gentleman. The work opens with the approach of Colonel Montague, one of the heroes of the tale, to Bishop's-Court, the residence of the Mildmays, where he had promised to spend some days. His own family had formerly held high rank in their neighbourhood, but the improvidence of his elder brother, had brought incumbrances upon his property, which obliged him to emigrate for a season, and to let Atherford Abbey, the family mansion, to Sir Benjamin Birmingham. The upshot of the tale is, that he is smitten with Barbara, marries her in the end, and restores his family to their former wealth and dignity. We have not room for many extracts; we must begin with Bishop's-Court, and its inhabitants.

'After a walk of about three miles, Colonel Montague reached Bishop's-Court, the venerable mansion of Reginald Mildmay, Esq. In Catholic times, this place had been a lesser religious house to Atherford Abbey, and, having frequently been the residence of the priors of Merton, it had been in those days commonly denominated the Priory Court; but in the reign of Henry VIII., it became part of the grant to the Montagues, who were much favoured by that monarch, and one of the family afterwards rose to be bishop of it. He beautified and enlarged this ancient edifice, and changed its name to Bishop's-Court. The Mildmays, a family of considerable importance in the County of H——, and of a very ancient race, had purchased this property from the Montagues, soon after the revolution, at which period Sir Walter's ancestor had considerably impoverished himself, by the supplies he from time to time transmitted to the abdicated monarch. Bishop's-Court was a very curious gable-ended house, built of a sort of grey stone, and very richly ornamented. It had gothic windows, and an ancient porch of entrance, which led into a quadrangular court, arched round. Under the porch were niches, in which, in Catholic times, there had been figures.

'The house was surrounded with Scotch firs; it stood low, closed in on every side by steep round hills, which gave it a very singular appearance. The river Ather meandered at the foot of these green hills, and the banks above, on the opposite side, were steep and picturesque.

'Montague was again completely at home, for here he had been accustomed, when a boy, to spend part of his holidays every year, and fishing in the river had then been one of his favourite amusements.

'The hall was a low, irregular room, decorated with deer's antlers, and *stuffed birds and beasts* of various kinds. A fine American blood-hound *lay upon a thick rug* before the fire: Lionel remembered his sister's *writing him word of its being* sent from America by a younger son of Mr.

Mildmay, who had afterwards been killed at the attack upon New Orleans. Cæsar started up to welcome the stranger, and frolicked before him into the drawing-room.

'Like the hall, this was also a low, spacious room, but had a most comfortable appearance. Thick scarlet cloth curtains relieved the sombre hue of oak wainscoting; two very handsome japan cabinets were the chief ornaments; but at one end hung a magnificent picture, a hunting piece by Sneiders. The favourite pursuits of the master of the house might be easily guessed, for the passages were covered with prints relating to field sports, interspersed with here and there a picture of a favourite dog.

'Musical instruments, and ladies' work, seemed to indicate that female inhabitants were not wanting at Bishop's-Court; and Lionel seated himself at a table covered with newspapers, reviews, and French novels. He was revolving in his mind how many years had passed away since he had occupied the same old-fashioned high-backed arm-chair, and listened to the good squire's fox-hunting anecdotes.

'He was roused from his reverie by the entrance of Mr. Mildmay, a fine-looking, hale man of sixty, a complete country gentleman of the old school, whose manners were polished, yet without fashion, and his taste simple, though without rudeness. He was attended by a fine spaniel, who seemed to be a privileged favourite.

'"Ha! Lionel, my boy, is it you? how rejoiced I am to see you!" and the kind old gentleman almost shook his hand off. "A hearty welcome to you to Bishop's-Court. Now let's look at you:—God bless me! is it possible you can be the curly-pated boy I have carried so often on my back? Let's see, how long is it since I have seen you?—ten years, I declare, next month, since you first put on your red coat! What a change, to be sure; what a stout, fine man you are grown,---and a lieutenant-colonel already, and not yet seven and twenty; there's luck for you! or rather merit, I should say.'---pp. 23" '---27.

After answering all the old gentleman's inquiries, the colonel is introduced to his two daughters, Julia and Louisa. The former is a sensible, quiet, engaging girl; Louisa is a Frenchified coquette, deeply smitten with a Lord George Fitzallan, whom she had met on the Continent, and who is connected with the Norbury family. The character of this lordling, by the way, is admirably maintained throughout the whole of the novel. While Colonel Montague remains at Bishop's-Court, he becomes acquainted with all the neighbours. This gives the author an opportunity of delineating a series of portraits, all differing from one another, and all true to the life. We can, however, only afford room for those of the Norbury family.

'It had been often said of Lord Norbury, that any one following him up St. James's Street, and observing his manner of returning the bows of his acquaintance, might safely pronounce on their respective ranks, so nicely did he attend to the minutiæ *des biensèances*. He was a little-minded man, with much experience of the world, and not one grain of heart in his whole composition; he had risen to high rank by the talent of bending men to his purpose, and, as this was the qualification he had found most

useful himself, so it was the only one he esteemed in others. He loved himself alone; and he wished well to his family, as belonging to himself, not for their own individual merits.

'The Countess was a very different person; the rock on which she split was pride---pride of blood, pride of situation. The world with her was divided into two classes—patricians and plebeians; she knew of no shades, no go-betweens—people whom every body knows, or people whom nobody knows; and to belong to the latter class was certainly, in her opinion, one of the severest visitations of Heaven: it seemed to her as if it was *hors de noblesse point de salut.* Lady Norbury's good qualities were all clouded by these violent, ultra aristocratic notions; for she was in reality a kind-hearted woman, with a well-cultivated mind; and, when she chose to unbend, she could be very agreeable; but this was rarely the case, for she was fastidious in no common degree, and it was difficult to meet with any person less generally liked than the haughty Countess of Norbury.

'Lady Anne, her daughter, was extremely beautiful, fascinating, and accomplished, but her character had been ruined by excessive flattery. She was haughty, selfish, and unfeeling, with a power of concealing these defects from a common observer, by her wit and vivacity. The power of pleasing she considered as an art reducible to rules, of which she had made herself mistress; her pride was not, like her mother's, pride of rank, but pride of talent. She loved flattery, though she despised the flatterers. She laughed at every body, and every thing, for frolic was her passion; fools of all kinds she thought fair game; indeed no foibles could escape her; her father's manœuvres, her mother's *hauteur*, were equally amusing to her. All religious principle had been forgotten in her education; she had never in her life paused for a moment to reflect, and it was her favourite maxim, that

"Le Monde est plein de foux,
Et qui n'en veut pas voir,
Doit se nicher dans un trou,
Et casser son miroir."—vol. i., pp. 144—146.

During the recess of the season, Lord Norbury entertains a succession of visiters at his splendid seat; and to these and their occupations for killing time, the author has devoted a considerable portion of her work. Indeed, she does not transfer her dramatis personæ to town until she reaches near the conclusion of her second volume — a delay in accomplishing her professed object, with which, however, the intelligent reader, will find no fault. The exhibition which it allows him the opportunity to witness, of the mode in which "fashionable life" sustains itself in the country, is piquante in the extreme.

We suppose that the system upon which Almack's has been hitherto conducted, will fall to pieces after the exposure which is here given of it. Some of our readers may remember, that for the last few years, rumours have been in circulation of the civil war which has been raging in high life, amongst the lady patronesses, *and their different followers.* No ancient or modern republic has *been the theatre of so many*, and such dire convulsions, as those *which have agitated the sphere* of Almack's, and which, we believe,

ave not yet wholly subsided. The most ambitious personage of this male directory, is characterized by our author, under the name of ady Hauton. The portrait is a bold one.

'To describe this lady so as to do her justice, will not be easy, but I ust endeavour. Lady Hauton, for indeed it was no other than Lady lauton herself, was neither young nor handsome, nor lively nor amusing; ut she rouged well, and dressed better than most people. She talked a reat deal, she knew more than any person I ever met with, and both very thing and every body; she could quiz and she could flatter; and she understood how to manage all sorts of tempers and dispositions, as well as how to make use of all her acquaintances in some way or other. If she could not persuade, she could bully, which was often the easiest of the two. In short, Lady Hauton was the fashion, and, moreover, the leader of the ladies patronesses, the bold spirit who was foremost both in council and in action. She had eloquence at will to defend herself when attacked, and she had spirit enough to carry all her projects by a *coup de main*. Such a person might, of course, do anything; and as she laughed at all the world, so she was sure to have all the world at her feet. "Treat people like fools," she would often say, "and they will worship you:—stop to make up to them, and they will directly tread you under foot." A well-bred, no! I should say a high-bred lady of the nineteenth century in London, is certainly a sort of nondescript; a contradiction to all rules and rights. Lady Hauton made a point to set all ceremonials at defiance, though she could be the very slave of *étiquette* whenever it suited her convenience. She never did the honours of her house to any body: she was often decidedly rude. She would take a person up and let them down, without any sort of reason; it was her whim and pleasure. She was unpunctual to the greatest degree, always kept every one waiting, and never arrived at a dinner till the fish and soup were sent away. If other people were smart, she would be a figure; and then she would appear a blaze of diamonds where she thought it might astonish or annoy. She would talk the greatest nonsense to make people stare; and then ridicule her own absurdities to put them still more out of countenance; yet every body said Lady Hauton was charming,—so full of wit and talent,—perhaps rather original, but then she was the queen of fashion, and certainly might do any thing.

'Lady Hauton was quite a privileged person. She could flirt farther than any body, and yet keep her character; she could say and do the most ridiculous things imaginable, and yet be considered sensible. Then in what did her power lay? Was it talent? Was it wit?

'No! it might be all comprised in one little, simple word—"Impudence,"—which was what her ladyship termed, the power which strong minds have over weak onees.'—vol. ii., pp. 307—310.

As the public have rarely been admitted to the secrets of her ladyship's conclave, we shall give the rules by which its patronage is guided, and then one of its conferences.

'"No lady patroness can give a subscription, or a ticket, to a lady she does not visit, or to a gentleman who is not introduced to her by a lady who is on her visiting list.

'"No more than three ladies of a family are to be upon the ladies' lists.

"No lady's or gentleman's name can continue on the list of the same lady patroness for more than two sets of balls; but ladies are not to consider themselves entitled to the second set of balls, unless it is stipulated on their subscribing to the first; and no lady or gentleman can have more than six tickets from the same lady, during the season.

"No application from ladies to procure tickets for other ladies, or from gentlemen, for ladies' or gentlemen's tickets, can be attended to.

"No gentleman's tickets can be transferred. Ladies' tickets are only to be transferred from mother to daughter, or between unmarried sisters.

"Subscribers who are prevented from coming, are requested to give notice to the ladies patronesses, the day of the ball, by two o'clock, directed to Willis's rooms, that the ladies may fill up the vacancies.

"The ladies patronesses request that applications for subscriptions and tickets may be sent to Willis's Rooms, and not to their houses, in consequence of the confusion that arises from notes being lost and mislaid.

"In consequence of the numerous applications from families whom the ladies patronesses cannot accommodate with tickets, they are obliged to make a positive rule, that not more than three ladies in a family can be admitted to any ball.

"The subscribers are most respectfully informed, that the rooms will be lighted up by ten o'clock, and, by orders from the ladies patronesses, no person can possibly be admitted after half-past-eleven o'clock; except Members of both houses of Parliament, who may be detained *at the House* on business.

"Applications for new subscribers must be submitted for the concurrence of all the ladies patronesses.

"*King Street, April* 6, 182—.

"Signed.—Marcia Stavordale,
Emily Plinlimmon,
Charlotte Bellamont,
Georgiana Hauton,
Arabella Rochefort,
Caroline de Wallestein."'
Vol. iii., pp. 103, 104.

We must now suppose the committee *en seance*, at Willis's rooms, and a number of fair petitioners for subscriptions awaiting their doom.

"Well, then, to the point at once," said Lady Hauton. "Are the accomplished Miss Ramsays to be invited? Madame de Wallestein, you must give your opinion."

"Oh! then, pray let us have these musical Misses."

"Miss Geraldine de Montmorenci comes next. What a sweet pretty novelist name! who is she?"

"A beautiful Irish girl, who was often with me at Paris," said the Baroness.

"Oh dear!" said Lady Hauton, "what a falling off. I hoped she had been of the family *du premier baron Chrétien;* what Madame de Staël calls *'une des grandes familles historiques* de l' Europe.'"

"*Elle est bien belle,*" said Madame de Wallestein; "quite a wild Irish girl."

"Oh, how delightful! the very thing to take. Pray set her name down," said Lady Hauton. "Then we have next the Lady Margaret Carlton, and the two Misses Carltons."

"So they have left off applying to me," said Lady Plinlimmon, "which I am rather glad of, for I do not admire any of the race. Such proud, stiff, disagreeable people! Lady Margaret has all the Clanalpin pride about her. Shall we have them?"

"What say you, Lady Bellamont?" said the Duchess of Stavordale.

"Oh! for one subscription, I think we may admit them."

"Mr. Adolphus Frederick Carlton is on my list," said Lady Rochefort; "he is a tall spindle-shanks of a youth, but he is a *protégé* of one of the royal dukes, and an inimitable waltzer."

"Then he will do," said the Duchess; "for good dancers, I am sure, are always acceptable."

"Colonel, Mrs., and Miss Smythe," said Lady Hauton. "Who on earth can they be, I wonder?"

"That broad name of Smith covers such a multitude of sins," said the still broader Duchess of Stavordale.

"Oh! but these people are distinguished by a *y*, and a final *e* to their name. They are Lincolnshire people, and applied to me last year, but they were too late," said Lady Rochefort.

"There is no need to have Colonel Smythe, at least," said Lady Hauton, "even if we agree to the wife and daughter, for papas are of no use. What is the girl like?"

"Well-looking and well-dressed," said Lady Rochefort.

"About what age?"

"Oh! under twenty, certainly; has been brought up abroad."

"Has she much *tournure?*"

"Quite Parisian."

"Dances well?"

"In perfection: I can assure your ladyship she is a *distinguée.*"

"And nothing disgraceful-looking about the mother?"

"Quite the contrary; a very fashionable looking chaperon *d'un certain age*, with a Frenchified cap, and a large Indian shawl."

"Oh! very well! then we will have them."---vol. iii., pp. 114---117.

The next important discussion is upon the admission of the Birminghams to Almack's. Their names, together with those of the Mildmay's, are proposed by the Baroness de Wallestein.

"The Miss Mildmays I know nothing about," said the Duchess; "but I am sure the Birminghams are not desirable. My friend Lady Norbury was hoping only yesterday that they might be excluded; because if money was once to get people into Almack's, there would be an end directly to all hope of its continuing good company."

"Lady Birmingham is very vulgar, *assurément*," said the Baroness: "but her daughter is a charming person, and *du meilleur ton.*"

"Her pedigree must, however, be always a great objection," said Lady Rochefort; "and to you, Madame de Wallestein, who have always frequented the best society on the Continent---"

"Are any of the Birminghams city people?" inquired Lady Bellamont.

'The Viscountess coloured, and looked very angry.

"This is too absurd, really!" said Lady Hauton, with her usual air of superiority. "What useless nicety! with the fortune Miss Birmingham will inherit, there is no rank in the peerage to which she may not aspire; methinks it would be wiser to make up to her."

"Make up to a Birmingham! good Heavens! what degradation!" exclaimed the incensed matrons, in chorus.

"*Je suis fachée, on ne peut plus, d'être la cause de cette petite discussion, mais j'ai promise à mes amies, et il faut, ou que j'acquitte ma parole, ou que je cède ma place.*"

"Impossible, my dear Madame de Wallestein; such a thing must not even be thought of. Lady and Miss Birmingham *shall* be admitted," said Lady Hauton.

"Then, if they are to have vouchers, I must insist on my friends the Tooleys being accepted also," said Lady Bellamont.

"Oh, keep them for the next subscription; don't let us monopolize all the lions for the same set. And really the Tooleys ought not to be named with the Birminghams; they are very common-place humdrums, while the others are certainly, though secondary stars, yet of great brilliancy. Rich gilding will always attract. We shall all live to see Lady Birmingham, and her house, and her parties, decided *ton;* for what will not gold buy in these days?—rank, power, fashion, nay, even consideration. In this mercantile age, Birmingham is likely to become the emporium of trade.

Money gives influence, and wins the prize
Of taste and wit, while all contend
To win her smiles whom all commend.

I shall prove a true prophetess, you will see; *qu'en dites-vous, ma chère amie?*" turning to the Baroness.

"Indeed, I think Miss Birmingham will be admired for herself alone. She hardly wants the gilding you talk of."

"If we are to yield," said Lady Plinlimmon, "perhaps the less we say the better."

"Mercantile influence then, it seems, is to carry all before it," said the Duchess, "in fashion as well as in politics, and under aristocratic patronage too!"

"*C'est la marche du siècle,*" said Lady Hauton. "So then it is decided, Madame de Wallestein: the Birminghams are to have vouchers."

"I will not give up," said Lady Bellamont, angrily, "I beg to observe, that I do not agree to their admission."

"Unluckily, your ladyship's single vote against five will not do much; I fear the ayes have it," said Lady Hauton, with a smile. "Suppose you enter a dissentient protest in the journal of our proceedings; it would prove to after-ages the incorruptibility of the house of Hare—proof against gold in any shape;—though a little, it is well known, might be very acceptable," whispered her ladyship to her friend Lady Rochefort.'"—vol. iii., pp. 121—125.

This is all the language of life. We hear the parties actually discussing *the momentous* questions submitted to their adjudication. *There are many other* scenes equally striking—many views of fash-

ouable life, which we have no space to notice, but which we recommend to the attention of our readers of every class. They cannot fail to be amused with a work so full of variety, and of elegant satire, controlled throughout by sound good sense, and informed by a spirit that is peculiarly remarkable for its acuteness of observation.

If we have any fault to find with this delightful novel, it is that the author has introduced too great a number of persons, whose characters she merely describes, but who take no part in the principal scenes of the tale. Such a number of portraits, which have little to recommend them beyond the face and aptitude of the colouring the fair author has given them, tends to confuse the memory, and lead to expectations of seeing them again, which are not often realized. It might also be objected, that many of the conversations are prolix and tiresome to an extreme degree; but we own, nevertheless, that we should not like to see these curtailed, as they appear to be accurate specimens of the colloquial intercourse that takes place in "high life."

ART. XII. *Colleccion de los Viages y Descubrimientos quehicieron por mar los Espanoles desde fines del Siglo XV. con varios documentos ineditos, concernientes a la marina Castellana, y a los establecimientos Espanoles en Indias.* Por Don Manuel Fernandez Navarrete. Madrid, 1825—26. Vols. I and 2, pp. 1061. Salvâ, Regent-street, London.

THIS is a work of general interest, containing some useful information published at Madrid by a learned Spaniard, and at the *command* and *expense* of King Ferdinand VII.! We look upon it, therefore, as a real curiosity, a *rara avis*, and we have hailed the appearance of something from the presses of that country, which bears the mark of intellect. The Spaniards were till now without a collection of the voyages and discoveries of their navigators: the work before us will give all the discoveries made by them from the latter end of the fifteenth century, with interesting documents hitherto unpublished, concerning the establishment of the Spaniards in the New World. The author has had access to the king's libraries and archives, and is possessed, therefore, of the best means of information. Two volumes have already appeared, the first of which contains a well written introduction of 151 pages, and afterwards the journal of the first voyage of Columbus, and the account of his other three voyages. The second volume consists of all the diplomatic correspondence of the same admiral, the whole accompanied by two fine maps of the North Atlantic Ocean, and the coast of Tierra Firme, from the Oronoco to Zucatan, and of the Antilles and Lucayas Islands, with the route of Columbus' ships.

Mr. Navarrete, in his introduction, gives a short account of the naval history of Spain, in which, among other things, we find the use of steam, for the purpose of navigation, to have been known and tried by a Spaniard nearly three centuries ago. Blasco de Garay, captain of a ship, proposed, in the year 1543, to the Emperor Charles V. the experiment "of an engine fit to move large vessels in calm weather without the use of oars or sails."

After several difficulties, the emperor agreed to try this invention, and the trial took place at Barcelona, on the 17th of June of the same year. Garay did not communicate his secret, but it was observed at the time that he employed a large boiler filled with water, and two wheels placed on the outside of the vessel. The trial was made on a vessel of 200 tons, called La Trinidad, Captain Pedro de Scarza, that had come from Colibre to Barcelona, laden with corn. The machine having been placed in the vessel, the latter set off in the sight of an immense crowd of people. The king's treasurer, however, who was commissioned to give his opinion on the new project, being hostile to it, roported that it was not worth adopting, as the vessel did not go more than eight miles in two hours, besides which, the boiler was liable to burst. The emperor being then on the point of departing from Spain, laid aside the affair, after having, however, bestowed on the inventor forty thousand maravedis, besides paying all his expenses, and Garay seeing no further prospect of its adoption, destroyed the engine.

Navarrete, in his introduction endeavours to justify the Spanish nation, with respect to the cruelties imputed to the conquerors of America. It appears that Columbus, on his taking possession of the island of Hispaniola, ordered part of the inhabitants to be distributed among the Spaniards, to work for the service of the latter. Some of these Indians were carried to Spain, which being made known to Queen Isabella, she ordered them to be restored to their own country, forbidding under pain of death any future attempts against their personal liberty, and directing the Indians, whom she used to call *her children*, to be treated with the greatest kindness, and to be placed on the same footing with her Spanish subjects. She ordered land to be distributed between them, and houses to be built, and directed that persuasion, or at the utmost, gentle coercion should be employed to make them live like civilized people. She continued to advocate their cause to the end of her life, and in her will recommended them to her husband. However, the local authorities supported the abuse of forcing the natives to work for the Spaniards; and on the question of the rights of the Indians being discussed in Spain, the Dominican missionaries took warmly the defence of those unfortunate people, and loudly proclaimed them to be entitled to all the rights of men, reprobating at the same time the abuses introduced by the colonists. The latter, however, had also their advocates at court, and there was a divine who asserted that the Indians were slaves, *de natura*. Ferdinand V. assembled a council for the purpose, and it was decided that the Indians could be forced to work for the Spaniards,—the king approved consequently of their distribution, and forbade the missionaries to interfere. The latter, however, continued their reclamations, which were at length listened to by Charles V., who prohibited the forced labour of the Indians, and appointed the Dominican Las Casas to be their protector. Since then the Indians were placed under the special tutelage of the Spanish government. Navarrete however does not deny that cruelties were committed by the soldiers in the various conquests, but this he considers as the guilt of a few individuals, which cannot be charged to the Spanish government, or the Spanish nation. We observe here that Navarrete has fallen into the old error of attributing to the Philanthrophic Las Casas, the first proposal of introducing negro slaves to work the mines of America, instead of the Indians. The truth

, that long before Las Casas' mission, the colonists used to purchase icenses to introduce negroes from Africa, in the same manner as it was ractised in the East Indian Colonies; these licenses allowed the purhasers to introduce an indefinite number of slaves, and father Las Casas nly proposed, that every colonist in future might be allowed to have two egroes for his service; so that Las Casas' proposition, instead of encouaging the abuse was intended to repress it. That virtuous ecclesiastic ould not abolish at the same time both Indian and negro slavery, and of wo evils he chose the lesser. The celebrated Herrera, gives a most clear ccount of this transaction, which however has been mistaken and misrepresented by most historians.

Navarrete, towards the conclusion of his introduction, enters into several arguments to prove the rights of Spain over America, and this we suspect has been the real object of this publication at the present period. He indulges in a strain of sarcasm against the South American independents, taunting them with being themselves the descendants of those very Spaniards, against whose usurpation they now declaim. Why, asks Narrete, do these zealous defenders of the rights of the Americans, hold still the lands, the titles, and the honours conferred on their forefathers, as a reward for their oppression and cruelties?

The third volume of the collection will contain the discovery of Costa Firme and Florida, and the fourth the expedition of Cortes.

Art. XII.—*The Little World of Knowledge, arranged numerically, designed for exercising the Memory, and as an Introduction to the Arts and Sciences, History, Natural Philosophy, Belles Lettres, &c. &c* By Charlotte Matilda Hunt. 12mo. pp. 364. 7*s*. London. Longman. and Co. 1826.

Thing is, at the first blush, a certain degree of ingenuity in the plan of this little work. The matter is classed without reference to its nature, under particular numbers; as for example, the two orders of Roman nobility, the senatorial and equestrian, are ranged under 'The Two;' or, as Mrs. Hunt prefers a French title, 'Les Deux.' This subject is followed by 'the two sorts of letters, vowels and consonants, used in the English language, and to this succeeds 'the two' divisions of the Roman people into 'optimates and populares;' 'the two' periodical motions of the tides, called the flux and reflux. Thus the young memory is desired to travel onward, through simple and compound gases, hieroglyphics, and alphabetical characters, the two books of the homilies, the two parts of the Talmud, the two orders of thanes, the two Prester Johns, and, in short, through a whole world of knowledge, which Mrs. Hunt has found it convenient to congregate under these numbers.

The first objection, and which we think a fatal one, to this scheme for imparting information is, that instead of assisting the memory, this unbounded variety of topics, treated, as they must necessarily be, in a brief and summary manner, must overwhelm even the most matured mind, not to speak of one rising into puberty. Such a plan may afford a mere smattering of knowledge, which, if it be preserved at all, never passes beyond the memory into the general aliment of the mind. It is like food introduced into the stomach without being properly masticated; the consequence is, that it cannot be properly digested; and far from nourishing, it tends rather to impair the *vigour of the* general system. It would be an

exceedingly absurd thing to lay the whole Encyclopædia Britannica bef young pupil, and tell him to get it all by heart. But the attempt w Mrs. Hunt has made in the volume before us, is still more monstrou she can give but the mere names of many things in 'the sciences, his and natural philosophy,' and yet she expects that these will make child understand them.

Another objection to her work is, that her classifications are quite trary. For instance, under the title just mentioned, in which she sp of the two divisions of the Roman people into optimates and popul she herself adds a third—the protelarii, and she omits one of the important of the whole, the patricians. This defect in her plan she mits in her preface, when she says, that, 'in arranging her subjects u numerical heads, she has been decided rather by her own discretion, by any precise and fixed number, according to which they might been classed.' This, in truth, is equivalent to an acknowledgment, when the pupil has got beyond Mrs. Hunt's book, he will have to unl all her capricious classifications for the true ones—an operation so har ing to the mind, that ignorance is infinitely preferable, until the n eligible modes of acquiring information can be resorted to.

In addition to these faults, we have found much of Mrs. Hunt's kn ledge both in history and natural philosophy, apocryphal and defec We are sorry to be obliged thus to censure the work of a lady, but education of children is not to be trifled with, and we should be asha to refrain, through any motives of delicacy, from saying what we thin this work, that it is much better calculated to limit and confuse, tha enlarge and elucidate " the world of knowledge."

Art. XIV.—*The Poetical Souvenir.* By Kennett and George F Dixon. 8vo. pp. 339. 10*s.* 6*d.* London. Cock. 1827.

We presume this is intended to be an annual publication, but it n no prophetic gift to foresee, that its existence will be extremely lim unless something be done towards strengthening its vital principle. volume is as its title indicates, wholly composed of what the editors pleased to call *poetry*, but which we must designate as verses, tha little better than the ballads suspended on the stalls. There is a p frontispiece, and a variety of emblematic wood cuts, without merit of sort to recommend them. The following lines are not, however, altog contemptible:

> 'One summer's eve, when storms were o'er,
> I wander'd on the silent shore,
> And mark'd the swell on ocean's breast,
> Which sunshine could not lull to rest.
> And thus when life has been o'ercast
> By storms of fate which rest at last,
> The mind will still some traces bear,
> Which show that sorrow has been there!'—p. 105

Several stanzas for music, and some sonnets and fragments, fill up latter part of this Souvenir. The editors miscalculated in the first insta in imagining that a volume, consisting only of scraps of verse, was fi *to meet the public* taste; but still more disastrous was their mistake, w *they supposed* that such verses as they have produced, would be rea *any body above* the rank of a gypsy.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1827.

Art. I. *Report from the Select Committee on Emigration from the United Kingdom.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. 26th May, 1826.

It would be needless to prove, that the propriety of encouraging emigration from the United Kingdom, on an enlarged and systematic scale, has become one of the most interesting and pressing considerations of national policy. It yields in magnitude to none of the great questions of political economy, which have lately engaged the public mind of this country: in its relations and bearings, the subject involves as vital consequences to the domestic and colonial welfare of the empire, as those of free trade, or the state of Ireland, or pauperism, or the corn laws:—with all the three last of which, at least, it is intimately and inseparably blended.

By performing its province on an occasion of such grave import, government has already proceeded in a spirit, which cannot be too warmly applauded. In this instance, the ministry have acted thoroughly upon those enlightened and liberal views, which have more or less distinguished all their foreign and domestic policy, ever since Mr. Canning happily assumed the leading direction of affairs. A regular experiment of colonial emigration, upon a small but combined scale, has actually been tried; and the select committee of the House of Commons, whose report is before us, has subsequently been employed on the same subject, in labours which must prove of the very highest utility, in disseminating a great mass of valuable opinions and exact information. The judgment with which the objects of inquiry were here selected in the examination of evidence, and the ability with which the report itself is drawn up, are extremely creditable to Mr. Wilmot Horton, who presided in the committee.

In characterizing this report, we must, however, venture to express our opinion, that it in some respects scarcely goes far enough. We think that the collective tendency of the evidence accumulated by the committee, would fairly and plainly have justified even *more positive and definite conclusions* than are embodied in the

report; and that more assistance might thus have been rend to the House and the country, in arriving at a final judgment on subject. The lucid conciseness of the report, so far as it exte and the general soundness of the few principles which it ded from the inquiry, tempt us to wish that it had been less b We could desire that it had compressed into itself more of the sence of those opinions, every way deserving of attention, w the reader is now left laboriously to glean from prolix minut examinations and various papers in the appendix. To the ge tenor of the report, also, we have two more material objection offer. There appears, throughout it, a disposition to form a sanguine estimate of the extent of *immediate* relief to an exube population than, as we conceive, could result from any prac ble degree of emigration. And, farther, an expectation is held of the eventual repayment by the pauper emigrants themselv the expenses to be incurred in their transport and settlem which, we fear, it would be impossible to realize. We are ap hensive that the more cautious and sober opinion, expresse Mr. Peel in the House, in reference to these points, must be ack ledged to be better founded. The right honourable secretary fessed that, " when he looked at the expense inseparable from enlarged system of emigration, he was not one of those who c tained very sanguine expectations that emigration could be bro *presently* to relieve the evils arising from a superabundant po tion; though no doubt it would benefit this country, by affo *some* outlet to our excessive population, and furnishing a adequate demand for labour."

We agree with the committee, in considering that the follo important facts have been established by the evidence.

' First:—That there are extensive districts in Ireland, and distri England and Scotland, where the population is at the present m redundant; in other words, where there exists a very considerable p tion of able-bodied and active labourers, beyond that number to any existing demand for labour can afford employment:—that the of this redundancy is not only to reduce a part of this population to a degree of destitution and misery, but also to deteriorate the general c tion of the labouring classes:—that by its producing a supply of lab excess as compared with the demand, the wages of labour are neces reduced to a minimum, which is utterly insufficient to supply that lation with those means of support and subsistence which are necess secure a healthy and satisfactory condition of the community:—t England, this redundant population has been in part supported by a chial rate, which, according to the reports and evidence of former co tees specially appointed to consider the subject, threatens in its ex tendency to absorb the whole rental of the country; and that in Ir where no such parochial rate exists by law, and where the redunda found in a still greater degree, a considerable part of the population pendent for the means of support on the precarious source of charity

compelled to resort to habits of plunder and spoliation for the actual means of subsistence.

'Secondly:—that in the British colonies in North America, (including the Canadas, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward's island), at the Cape of Good Hope, and in New South Wales, and Van Diemen's Land, there are tracts of unappropriated land of the most fertile quality, capable of receiving and subsisting any proportion of the redundant population of this country, for whose conveyance thither, means could be found at any time, present or future.

'Thirdly:—that while the English, Scotch and Irish evidence taken before your committee appears to establish the fact, that this redundant population is practically found to repress the industry, and even sometimes to endanger the peace of the mother country; the colonial evidence which has been taken by your committee uniformly concurs in the opinion, that the industry and the safety of the colonies will be materially encouraged and preserved by the reception of this population. The unemployed labourer at home necessarily consumes more than he produces, and the national wealth is diminished in that proportion. When transferred to new countries, where soil of the first quality of fertility is unappropriated, and where the rate of wages is consequently high, it will be found that he produces infinitely more than he consumes, and the national wealth will be increased by the change, if the colonies are to be considered as integral parts of the nation at large.'—pp. 3, 4.

After stating these positions, the report stops short with a general recommendation of the subject of emigration to the most serious attention of the House. But the committee declare that in 'prosecuting their examination of this most important and comparatively unexamined subject, they have not had either the time or the opportunity to perfect that scope of inquiry which would justify them in offering to the House any *specific* recommendation with respect to the manner in which it might be convenient to make any experiment of emigration on an extended scale;' and they therefore limit themselves to a rapid exposition of the principles, which have directed them in their inquiry by evidence.

This circumstance it is that we regret, as a needless and gratuitous defect in the report. We do not admit, that the committee have reached all the conclusions which the results of their own inquiries would have justified: we think they have had all the information before them which it can be possible to collect on the subject, short of the practical results of some years' experiments on the great scale. It appears to us that it is hopeless to look for better elements of judgment, for surer information, or a greater mass of valuable opinions, than may already be found in the voluminous evidence appended to this report. The committee have had before them the labours of former sessions on the condition of Ireland, on the employment of the poor there, and on the state of pauperism generally in the United Kingdom:—questions all bearing closely upon the subject matter of the present inquiry. They have had the benefit of collecting the various intelligence of resi-

dent landed proprietors in England, Scotland, and Ireland, res
tively, on the practicability and probable benefits of emigrat
and the mass of colonial evidence which they have accumulate
very great. They have had the opinions of the practical agri
turists and merchants of the colonies, and of members of the c
nial administration and legislature:—of gentlemen, many of w
are, to our personal and certain knowledge, the very best quali
by their talents and local information, of any individuals that c
possibly have been chosen, to guide the judgment, and assist
conclusions of parliament. And, lastly, the committee have
joyed all the experience which could be gained from any lim
trials of emigration, in the successful results of those attempte
1823 and 1825.

Looking to these considerations, we do not see with what h
or presumptive advantage the committee should have deferred to
some specific suggestions, merely to await greater scope of inqu

The facts which the committee have already, with reason, co
dered as proved, would seem of themselves unavoidably to lea
definite conclusions. In the first place, the prospect of affordin
least a partial and prospective relief to the mother country by emi
tion being so feasible, it follows as a matter of course, that the effo
realize it should at once be made, on the most extended scale th
practicable. In the next place it is evident, that the extent of
scale is subject to restriction only by the amount of expense to b
curred in the operation. That the distressed pauper population o
United Kingdom in general, will most cheerfully and volunt
embrace the means of removal to an improved condition, it w
be absurd to doubt; and it is, in fact, upon record, that the l
orders of Irish, in particular, have already been importunate
clamorous in their petitions, that these facilities for emigra
may be granted to them.

The consideration of expense is, then, the sole possible ob
tion to the carrying of emigration into effect upon any imagi
scale that might otherwise be adviseable. We may sweep a
all the extraneous matter, which seems only to encumber and
ceal the real principle of the inquiry; and we shall find tha
question, when bared of all circumlocution, is merely one of pou
shillings, and pence. And here the judicious measures of go
ment have fortunately supplied us with the accurate and prac
evidence of experiment. We copy from the report the clear
concise summary of the result of the emigration, conducted w
at the public expense, in 1823.

'The number of emigrants sent out in 1823 was, 182 men, 143 wo
57 boys between fourteen and eighteen, and 186 children under fou
forming together an aggregate of 568. The expense *actually inc*
for this emigration amounted, as will be seen in the Appendi
12,593*l.* 3*s.*, which was at the rate of 22*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* per head; the es
on which the vote was taken was at the rate of 80*l.* per family, takin

proportion of a man, a woman, and two children for each family. That estimate had been calculated with reference to the following details: a man 35*l.*, a woman 25*l.*, two children 14*l.* each, forming a total of 88*l.* from which a deduction had been made of a little more than 9 per cent, on the supposition that a combined emigration would be found to be less expensive than an individual case; but the total absense of all previous preparations, and a high rate of passage, carried the actual expense beyond the estimate. It will, however, be observed, with respect to the emigrants actually sent out, that the men were beyond the proportion estimated; if that proportion had been preserved, the numbers would have been 142 men, 142 women, and 284 children, consequently the actual expense would have been 12,496*l.* instead of 12,347*l.*, and in that case the positive excess over the estimate would have amounted to 1,136*l.* Various reasons have induced your committee to make their calculations at the rate of 20*l.* per head; in making their calculations at that rate, which has peculiar relation to the colony of Upper Canada, your committee beg it may be distinctly understood, that they are by no means prepared to express an opinion that an emigration might not be carried on to Upper Canada at a still less rate of expense; for by taking the proportion in each family at three children, which your committee have reason to believe would be found to be a more accurate proportion than two children to each family, the expense would necessarily be reduced in proportion. But your committee are also of opinion that previous arrangements, contracts upon an extended scale, especially if made for a series of years, and order and method introduced into the whole of the system, would enable a less sum to effect that which has been actually effected in the case of the emigration of 1823, where no facilities existed, except in the assistance of the local government of Upper Canada, and in the zeal and exertions of the superintendent, Mr. Peter Robinson.'—p. 6.

This sum of 20*l.* per head, or even of 80*l.* for each family, of man, wife, and three children, may therefore safely be taken for the *maximum*. But we think the whole tenor of the evidence received by the committee, would have borne them out in offering decidedly a specific estimate of much lower rate; especially as far as related to emigration *from* Ireland, and *to* the British provinces nearer the ocean than Upper Canada, as Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and the islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This would appear clearly from the examination of Mr. Uniacke, attorney-general for Nova Scotia, and Mr. Buchanan, a merchant of Lower Canada. Every syllable of the evidence of these two intelligent gentlemen, is pregnant with information and interest. It has relation chiefly to the spontaneous and unassisted emigration of the Irish poor, which has been partially in progress for years. Mr. Uniacke, who had settled many of these emigrants in Nova Scotia, was of opinion that the cost of the whole business was one third less in the case of that province than in that of Upper Canada. He stated, that before the existing enactments were passed, which regulate the conveyance of passengers to continental America, the expenses of the voyage, including provisions, never exceeded 3*l.* 10*s.* or 4*l.* a head; until the operation of those

rules, which oblige every vessel to carry a surgeon, and to be victualled with certain descriptions of provisions, raised the charges to about 10*l*. The Scotch and Irish poor would provide themselves for their voyage with a bag of oatmeal or potatoes, and a few herrings, which they prefer to pork; but give them pork and flour (which the ship is now compelled to lay in for them), and they know not how to use these articles, which are completely lost upon them.

'The Irish emigrant,' says Mr. Uniacke, 'before he comes out, knows not what it is to lie in a bed; he has not been accustomed to pork in Ireland, and he has not been accustomed to a bed; if you put him in a bed, and give him pork and flour, you make the man sick; but when a man comes out to Newfoundland, he gets no more than his breadth and length upon the deck of the ship, and he has no provisions but a few herrings, and he comes out a hearty man,—he has no doctor. Our direct emigration from Ireland has been impeded by the operation of those Acts; in fact, all our population comes by the way of Newfoundland. A poor man can come to Newfoundland for forty shillings (the Passengers' Act was not made applicable to that island), and he can come to Nova Scotia for twenty shillings more, but then he is obliged to make two voyages.'

Mr. Buchanan, who had been in the practice of transporting numbers of Irish emigrants in his own vessels to Lower Canada, states even more strongly that, from habit, the cheaper food, with which the poor emigrants provide themselves, agrees much better with their health than the usual ship's provisions,—'if you give Irish peasants beef and biscuit and salt pork and coffee, they will be all over scurvy before they get to North America.'

But, in short, both Mr. Uniacke and Mr. Buchanan depose strongly against the Passengers' Act, which, though framed, doubtless, with the most benevolent intentions, is a signal instance of the mischiefs arising from the modern rage for over-legislation. They agree in considering that where the law is not evaded, which it often is, it operates most perniciously in checking free emigration from Ireland and Scotland, by trebling the rates of passage. At least a partial repeal of the Act appears indispensable. It is evident that a great diminution of expense might be effected by supplying the Irish emigrants, or giving them the means of supplying themselves, with food more congenial to the previous habits of their whole lives.

Assuming, however, 20*l*. a head, altogether, for a general calculation, as the very *maximum* of total expense in the transport and location of the emigrant, there can be no danger of proceeding upon an inadequate estimate. The annual outlay of a million of money would thus certainly remove at least fifty thousand souls every year from the mother-country, with the tolerable certainty of a progressive increase upon that amount of emigration, both by such aid and inducement as successful settlers might afford *to their relatives* to follow them, without burthening the public,

nd by the gradual diminution of expense, as the system should be erfected. It is, we presume, pretty evident, that any annual mount of emigration, even from Ireland alone, which should be ery far short of these numbers, could not produce the least per-eptible benefit to the great mass of the over-crowded and famish-ng population of that kingdom. The annual removal of four or ive thousand souls only, could do no more good than the annual listribution of a sack of potatoes among a whole parish; it would e no more felt in its results, than the abstraction of a few drops of water would diminish the visible tide of the ocean. But the steady peration of an annual and increasing drain of some fifty or sixty housand souls from the Irish population, must surely be found to act, in process of time, as a very sensible diminution in the oppressive redundancy of numbers. Such a continuous relief must, according to its original measure, increase somewhat in the progressive ratio of a compound interest. Doubtless, in proportion as the abstraction might lighten the pressure, population would have the greater tendency to overgrow again; but this tendency could scarcely keep pace with the uninterrupted and increasing drain of such a large yearly emigration on a well-organized system.

The fondest advocates for emigration are compelled to acknowledge, that the whole of this great annual expense of transporting and locating pauper emigrants must, in the first instance at least, come out of the pockets of the solvent part of the people in the mother country. Supposing the most sanguine expectations realized, that the settlers would in time be enabled to repay the debts incurred in their emigration, and that the whole system would *eventually* support itself; still the original advance of capital must be made and guaranteed by the public. If repayment is to be insisted upon from the settlers, it would be infinitely preferable that, whatever proceeds should be collected from these reimbursements, should be reserved as a fund for the future maintenance and support of the emigration system; and that the sums originally applied to the service should at once be raised out of the national funds, and abandoned, as so much money consumed, and so much capital usefully sunken.

The most pleasing and satisfactory result of the successful experiment of emigration made by government, is the concurrent and unanimous evidence of the warm and grateful sense expressed by the poor Irish settlers, of the benefits which have been conferred on them by their gratuitous removal to Canada. This is strongly confirmed by the disinterested report of Colonel Talbot, with whose character we are well acquainted, as an English gentleman of the very highest respectability, and who is well known in all Canada as the enterprising and skilful founder of a flourishing settlement on Lake Erie. He says in a letter:—

"I accompanied Sir Peregrine Maitland on a tour of inspection to the new Irish emigrant settlements, about one hundred miles below York. I

was anxious to see how they were getting on, and whether the scheme of transporting the poor of Ireland to this country was likely to prove beneficial or not; and was happy to find them doing admirably. These people were sent out last summer, (1825), about 2,000 souls, and did not get on their land until late in November; all of them, that I saw, had snug log huts, and had chopped each between three and four acres; and I have every reason to think that they will realize a comfortable independence in the course of this year, and be of no further cost to the government; and it was satisfactory to hear them expressing their gratitude for what was done for them.'

It is remarkable, that the absence of religious dissentions and disqualifications in Canada is expressly declared by Mr. Boulton, solicitor-general for Upper Canada, to have been one topic of gratulation among these people; and Mr. Robinson, their superintendant, stated that he saw in all their letters to their friends in Ireland, some allusion to their happiness at being in a country where there were no tythes to a clergy not their own, and no religious distinctions. But this by the way: Mr. Uniacke's opinion on the advantage of this gratuitous settlement of emigrants, is very strong :—

'I know the gratitude that is felt by a poor man, who is brought from Ireland, and settled down in a country where he is in every respect comfortably provided for; it is a kindness that he will never forget to his latest day; and I consider that this operation of emigration, carried on under a British grant, would be highly beneficial, by its establishing regular places as the beginnings of settlements, which would be rallying points to which the voluntary emigration of the whole country would resort. The first settlers will say, We were established here by the bounty of Great Britain; and they will impress upon the new comers, as well as upon their posterity, an attachment to this country, that it will not be in the power of the world to shake.'—p. 46.

Niuna cosa e' piu breve, niuna ha vita minore che la memoria dei benefizi: that 'nothing is so short lived as the memory of benefits,' is the caustic remark of the Italian historian; but Guicciardini might have added with greater truth, that nothing lives in more bitter and longer recollection, than real or imaginary injury. We have ourselves been domicilated in Upper Canada in the houses of the descendants of German settlers, who had, in the last century, sought refuge in America from the miseries of their condition in Europe; who in the American war had adhered to the royal cause; and who had, at the peace of 1783, been removed by the bounty of this country into Canada. These poor people, during the last war, were among the most loyal of our Canadian population, and warmly attached to the government which had cherished their parents and themselves: but their hatred to the very name of Germany was excessive. We were curious to learn whether any lingering attachment for the "land of their forefathers" *had been preserved* among them: we have often questioned the

old people who had left Germany as children, to this purpose, and we never received any other answer, than that they remembered little about the old country, and knew only from the report of their parents, that it was "a wicked land, full of oppression and tyranny." In such a spirit is the bitterness which has passed into the souls of one generation, cherished by their descendants for ages: in such manner, too, may the blessings of improved condition fill a whole race with gratitude at the contrast. It is notorious, that the most rancorous enemies of Great Britain, in the United States, during the last war, were the Irish, who had been driven by misery, by crime, and by persecution, from the country of their birth.

But it will be argued, and with reason perhaps, that in the present financial depression of the mother country, the annual outlay of a million of capital on emigration, would be wholly inexpedient and unjustifiable. There is doubtless great force in the objection: but this we will say, if the legislature cannot afford a million, or half a million, yet let it grant what it can. Upon this part of the question there is, as may be supposed, a great deal of information in the report before us, that may be usefully applied. It appears that, in some districts in Kent and Sussex, parishes have already encouraged their paupers to emigrate, *paying their expenses for them out of the poor rates.* There is no reason to doubt that, if encouraged and *partly* assisted with funds by the legislature, parishes throughout this kingdom, where the population is redundant, and the poor rates therefore high, would be but too happy to adopt the same course. With respect to Scotland and Ireland, it is scarcely necessary to observe, that the cases of those kingdoms differ widely from that of England. In Scotland, a poor rate exists, 'though,' says the report, 'so modified by local circumstances in its practical execution, as to make it very doubtful, whether it could be made applicable in the same manner as the English poor rate for such repayment. In Ireland the case is entirely different; nothing in the nature of a poor rate exists by law; and, therefore, voluntary consent on the part of the proprietors of land towards any contribution for the purpose of emigration, must there, as well as in Scotland, be indispensable.'—p. 8.

The fair principle of contribution, certainly, would be, that the country should divide the expense with parishes, and local subscribers. The benefit to the whole empire is to be considered a general one: the particular relief would be to the several districts. In the cases of Ireland and Scotland, where provisions most suitable for the voyage, and to the previous habits of the emigrants, would be of a cheaper quality than those of English settlers, the local contributors might be left to arrange with the emigrants themselves for the victualling: receiving fair credit in the account for this outlay in kind. And thus, altogether, a parliamentary grant of even 250,000*l. per annum, with an equal* amount of parochial and local

contribution, would ensure the emigration of from twenty-five to thirty thousand souls yearly, while parishes would rid themselves of each pauper at an expense to them, of only ten pounds at the utmost.

On the direction which should be given to the stream of emigration, we are surprised that a doubt should ever for an instant have been entertained. The geographical position, the advantages and the wants, of our North American provinces, at once determine this part of the question. That they abound almost without limits in unsettled lands of sufficient fertility, and that the climate is admirably suited to the British temperament, no one has had the boldness to deny. Nova Scotia is open to the Atlantic, and the voyage out is brief and safe. New Brunswick connects that peninsula with Canada, by the southern bank of the St. Lawrence; and here a densely seated population would be the best foundation for the future securities of the Canadas. Into all calculations for the maintenance of our North American possessions, the contingency of war with the United States, must of course primarily enter. For six months of the year, the only military communication between the mother-country and the Canadas must traverse New Brunswick; which is therefore the natural *point d'appui* for the vast line of the St. Lawrence. During the late war, the winter march of a British regiment from Halifax, through the wilds of New Brunswick, to reinforce the Canadian army, was necessarily attempted, and accomplished as an extraordinary feat of privation and fatigue. The thick settlement of those wilds would open an easy route for supplies and men, would afford a formidable military force for the common defence, and would form a geographical support for the Canadas, and a curb upon the northern states of the American Union.

In Canada itself, the only inhabited line of communication between the lower and the upper provinces, has hitherto been along the bank of the St. Lawrence. For full a hundred miles that river forms the sole barrier against the States, and when frozen in winter, becomes no barrier at all. Yet along this open route, every gun, every cable, and anchor for our fleets on the lakes, was passed during the winters of the war, under the very eyes of the Americans; and their want of enterprise, in never having attempted to interrupt the communication, was only equalled by the previous lethargy of our colonial government, in not having formed a back route through the interior. The rivers and fall of the country, have marked such a secure route to the most unmilitary eye. The course of the Uttawa, and of the smaller river Rideau, designates the track for communication through the back country from Montreal to Lake Ontario. That line it is now contemplated to fill with an emigrant population; and a wiser plan could not be devised. In like manner will the back country between York and *our naval depôt on* Lake Huron, be advantageously occupied. It

incalculable how greatly such settlements will consolidate the strength of the Canadas; while their position will separate the settlers from all dangerous contact with the United States. As much, on the contrary, should it be avoided to break down the forest barrier which covers Lower Canada from Lake Champlain. In that quarter, the southern bank of the St. Lawrence should *not* be settled. During the last war, it was impervious to any invading force with artillery; and we observe with regret, from some of the evidence of this report, that its strength has already been impaired by partial cultivation.

The legislative measures suggested by the committee, are few, of simple construction, and easy operation; to these must of course be added, much detail of arrangement and regulation for the process of emigration. For example, it would be adviseable to adopt a modified system for facilitating the wishes of artisans and cultivators of some little capital, who should desire to emigrate to any of the colonies. Whether to America, the Cape, New South Wales, or Van Diemen's land, it would be probably adviseable to offer the assistance of a free passage barely, to any body of such persons who should agree, in sufficient number to fill a vessel, to go out together, and bring their own provisions. A variety of such modifications of the pauper system of colonization would, and must, doubtless arise: but the object would be, for the legislature to give the main impetus to the general plan, and trust more or less to its being worked, and working itself, advantageously, under the influence of the acknowledged probity, zeal, and wisdom of the executive government.

Art. II. *Tales by the O'Hara Family.* Second Series. *Comprising the Nowlans, and Peter of the Castle.* 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.* London. Colburn. 1826.

Mr. Banim, in whose single identity the whole of 'The O'Hara Family' are well understood to be concentrated, is a gentleman of considerable talents and acquirements. Of his qualifications as a novelist, we have already found some reason to speak in terms of commendation. We attributed to him great occasional power in the display of the passions,—though he has always succeeded worst in pathos; we gave him credit for a shrewd insight into human nature generally, and a perfect acquaintance with the eccentricities of the Irish character in particular; and we did not hesitate to declare, that there are few of his compeers who can, upon an effort, imagine and throw off a scene of strife or terror with a bolder or more vigorous pencil. But from this measure of praise we made a fair deduction in the aggregate, for the improbabilities and *the extravagance which* abound in his plots, for his

inconsistent management of the different characters in his fiction and for a great deal of what is unnatural and absurd, overwroug and unskilful, in the general conduct of his narratives.

In repeating this balanced judgment upon his former works, w sufficiently characterise the merits and defects of the volum now before us. They exhibit all the peculiarities of the author mind and style: they are remarkable for the same desultor strength of description; they betray the same intervals and lapse of inequality and weakness; and though the tales which they con tain, cannot, certainly, on the whole, be placed in competition, fo spirit and graphic force, with the earlier series, their inferiority i not so distinct and palpable as to endanger the modicum of fame of which the author had previously and deservedly possessed him self.

The history of 'The Nowlans,' fills the two first volumes, and offers, consequently, much more ample scope for the delineation o national manners, than that entitled 'Peter of the Castle,' which is compressed into the single remaining volume. The scene of th story of 'The Nowlans,' is laid in our own times, and among th Llieuve-Jeullum, or Slieve-Bloom Mountains:—that wild and bar ren tract of the south-west of Ireland, which stretches through th county of Tipperary, and borders on Limerick. The family of th Nowlans are of the class of the more considerable farmers of thi unfrequented and mountainous region; and, accordingly, we ar carefully introduced to the whole of their pedigree and kindred But the business and interest of the tale turn chiefly upon the for tunes of two individuals, a son and a daughter, of the house; o whom the former, John Nowlan, is educated for the priesthood and the latter, his sister, Peggy Nowlan, is the humble heroine o the piece.

The opening of the tale, and the duty of familiarizing us with all the race of the Nowlans, afford the author an opportunity for some of his extremely clever and most accurate delineations o Irish life. Before the boy John Nowlan is irrecoverably destined to the sacred office, a scheme of his parents' ambition is to obtain his adoption by an unmarried uncle, Mr. Aby Nowlan, the wealth iest 'gentleman farmer' of the district. This important personage is one of the most original characters--with no good character at all, intellectual or moral—in the whole tale. Having inherited considerable wealth, and the leasehold of several extensive farms, from the industry of his father, he had made it the sole occupation of his manhood, to stock the neighbouring cabins with his illegiti mate progeny, while some favourite sultana—the 'Mrs. Nowlan of the hour—always reigned in his own domicile. Here, in th stupid ambition of 'vying with the quality,' Masther Aby kep open house to all the roaring, hunting, blades of the country, wh condescended to eat up his great meat dinners, and to make hi *roof echo with their* singing, blasphemy, and drunken revelry. A

this brutal vice was of course accompanied with the 'heartless, wilful waste, that, on the faith of a good old adage, promised a woeful want'—with a besotted indolence on the part of 'Masther,' who suffered his affairs to run into irretrievable confusion and ultimate ruin—and with all the idleness and peculation of a swarm of menials and lounging dependents, who devoured whatever his 'quality friends' were unable to destroy. All the details of this picture of grovelling debauchery, low extravagance, and vulgar riot,—for which, unfortunately, Irish society in the middle orders still offers too many originals—are described by our author with a quaint and expressive minuteness, that, like the compositions of Ostade and Teniers, is at once admirable for its fidelity, and revolting for its grossness.

The really respectable parents of John Nowlan, having succeeded in their anxious plan of establishing him in the favour of his precious uncle, the simple-hearted boy, with all the seeds of good principles which had been carefully instilled into him until the age of fourteen, is consigned to this den of filty debauchery, and goes to reside with 'Masther Aby.' On the evening of his arrival, there is as usual, a drunken party; and the poor lad is induced by his uncle to drink to intoxication, and thus for the first time in his life, to degrade and brutalize his nature. The description of the house on the morning after this debauch, is a perfect piece of painting.

'The young sportsmen having, soon after day-break, hurried off after Aby's grouse, John found him standing alone at the parlour window, breathing his low whistle, with a cup of tea in one hand, and an old almanack in the other; and he was no sooner conscious of his nephew's presence, than he turned round in perfect good humour, and only saying—'Well, lad; hope your early risin' 'ill do you no harm;—would a bit o'breakfast lie in your way, I wondher?' pointed to the table, and turned round to look out at nothing, through the barred and dirty window.

'John proceeded to fill himself some tea, out of a tea-pot, once, and very recently too, of a good kind of English china, but that now had a wooden lid, and only half a snout; and he poured it into a saucer which was no match to his cup, and added to it some rich but dabbled cream, found in an ewer, the remnant of a suit differing from every other article of tea-equipage on the table, as each individual article differed from the other. He required some water for his tea-pot, and discovered it in a tin saucepan, covered down with a wooden platter, by the hearth, 'for the copper kettle wanted a bottom, and the tin kettle a handle this half-year;' his eye rested on the table-cloth; it was full of holes and rents, though not of an old texture; stained and creased, and yellow, out of the last wash. His tea tasted weak, after the dilution of greasy water, but the remedy was at hand, in a saucerful of black and green, lying on the mantle-piece; more than a pound of dirty butter was scattered on scraps of small plates over the table; more than four pounds of bread, served on nothing at all; a silver spoon was left to boil away in an egg-saucepan, on the fire; while a leaden one (*the pig having eaten* more than half a dozen of the silver set

in her mess, from time to time), served for his cup; and, to finish the pleasing display, five or six cups and saucers, or (in the same service), bowls and plates, together with as many dinner plates and dishes, knives and forks, were huddled together at the far end of the table, all still at variance in size, shape, or pattern, and all shewing slops, or half-picked bones and egg-shells, that told what a breakfast had been dispatched, partly by their agency, at an earlier hour that morning.

'John looked around him. The parlour was of a good size and shape, but, though begun twenty years ago, had never been finished. The walls, smoothly prepared for painting or papering, remained bare; the surbases and door frames were just as the carpenter had nailed them up, except that the deal had turned brownish from time and smoke; the furniture, once of a good, substantial, and not inelegant fashion, was covered with dust; some of the chairs wanting a leg, some a back, some a bottom: yet none thus reduced from regular service, but rather from hard usage, in the kitchen, or up-stairs, or when 'the company' knocked them about, or played 'leap-frog' over them of an evening; or when the dogs scratched the hair out of them; or 'Mrs. Nowlan's' pet raven picked it out;—and ever since, although every day promising to send them to be mended, or to send for some one to mend them, 'the Masther' had let them stand, or totter, rather, as they were, with abundance of means, and facilities too, to attend to their reduced condition. And then the carpet, of an expensive description, had not been nailed down, and was always crumpled at the door, so that every one that went in or out should stoop, with a curse, to arrange it; and the holes scraped in it by the dogs, or by the hob-nails of many brogues, ran riot for want of a darn, and the dust came up through it for want of a shaking. In a word—all was expensive waste, indolent wreck, and miserable mismanagement.

'His uncle invited him to walk out; and John, attending him, was supplied with abundant evidences of the same presiding spirit of thoughtless and careless ruin.

'As they sauntered down the rugged, half-choked avenue, two of the men who had taken their horses the night before, appeared leaning over a crumbled wall, in attitudes of luxurious ease, as they alternately smoked and handed to each other 'the dooden,' or short pipe.

'"Sarvent, gentlemen," said Aby, addressing them in what he would himself call 'a gibing way.'

'"God save you kindly, Sir."

'"And what are ye for doing with yourselfs to-day, gentlemen?"

'"Why, Masther Aby, we war upon thinkin' iv' goin' down to the bottom (valley), to see what way is the hay goin' on."'

'"An' take your time, *a-vouchal;* it's a bad thing to be over-hasty,—an' things are apt to spile wid hurry."—These words were volunteered in a jeering tone, with a voice that sounded like the interrupted growl of a bear, by a big fellow, with a bull neck, rolling, unmanageable eyes, broad caricature features, and tattered apparel, visibly the fragments of Aby's cast-off wardrobe, as, his uncouth person shambling along, almost sideways, he made his appearance over a style, from the post-office.

'"What's that you're sayin,' you *bosthoon*, you?" queried Aby, with a smile on the new comer, such as kings of yore were wont to bestow on their admired jesters.

'"I say so I do, there's loock in lesure: as the boys well knows, an' yourself can bear witness to the same along wid 'em."'—vol. i., pp. 79—84.

As a counterpart to this picture, we cannot refrain from giving the evening scene of this same day.

'The sportsmen returned home to dinner, bringing with them Masther Tony Ferret, three or four field companions, picked up during the day, and, exclusive of Aby's dogs, all of whom had been in their service, nearly a dozen of canine guests. Their bags were well stuffed; and John saw them, with amazement and anger, send every bird and hare they had killed "up to Mount Nelson, to the magistrate," by the hands of all the lounging fellows about the house, not a single one being even offered to Aby; and, immediately after, sit down, tantivying and shouting, to a smoking table of roast beef, boiled mutton, steaks, chops, and veal-cutlets; the whole mess supplied on old credit, and at arbitrary prices, by the village butchers, while no fowls of any kind, no bacon, no ham, in fact, nothing that the farm-yard should have furnished, appeared to qualify the heavy expense of such an entertainment.

'And, on this evening, 'Mrs. Nowlan' had also her usual little *coterie* 'above stairs.' Ere dinner was announced, Matthew passed the open window of the parlour, coming a second time over the style from the village, and laden with two large parcels, one of tea, the other of sugar, and three black bottles of whiskey;—and—

'"Where are you goin' wid them, you *sprissaun* o' the divil?" inquired Aby.

'"To the misthress, to be sure," answered Matthew; "there's to be tay an' fine language up stairs this evenin', so there is."

'The night closed even more gloriously than the last: John, although by a visit to the garden after dinner, where he met his beautiful cousin, he contrived to keep himself more temperate than his initiation had been, remaining up, at his uncle's desire, to witness it. The gentlemen guests now amounted to about nine; and as "the more the merrier," seems especially to apply to a set of topers, their spirits rose, after twelve o'clock, into something ecstatic. More "tumblers" and glasses were broken, more chairs dislocated, on this occasion, than had been known for weeks; and, at last, John saw them all start up, form themselves into opposite lines, arrange a country-dance, and, to the music of their own shouts, cut the strangest vagaries, in the name of figures, as they capered "up the middle, down again, hands across, and turned their partners;" Aby, all the while, sitting steadily in his chair, and, every now and then, crying "ha;" until, at last, an answering screech of female voices came from the upper regions, followed "by the misthress," heading half-a-dozen "ladies," with flushed cheeks, swimming eyes, and disarranged dresses, to whom immediately arrived an accession of the two kitchen-wenches, and old Poll; and now partners were really chosen, and a country dance, "somethin' like the thing," ensued, as was observed by Matthew, who, with a crowd of "workmen," that scarce ever worked, "poor relations and followers of the Masther," stood at the open door of the parlour, to bless their visions with a view of the "company."—vol. i., pp. 93—95.

The gradual progress of the coming and inevitable ruin of his

uncle, to which John was now for five years to be a witness, we shall not stop to detail. After going through the usual course of law-suits and their attendant expenses, he was compelled to surrender all his property to his creditors.

The history of Mr. Aby Nowlan, is told in a masterly style; it is however interesting more from its fidelity to real life, than as it at all advances us in the plot of the story. That, in fact, commences only with the ruin, and the almost immediate death, of the besotted spendthrift. At the epoch of John's return home, he had suffered even much more in mind and character than in prospects. His residence in his uncle's house had necessarily tended to demoralize his excellent nature; the seductive charms of one of his illegitimate cousins, a certain Maggy Nowlan, had filled him with an unholy passion; and now, by the corruption of situation and habits, notwithstanding the early good promise of a pious education, he already stood on the brink of depravity. In this condition his wavering virtue, his temptations, and his internal struggles of conscience, are very powerfully described. In the conflict, his better feelings prevail: he shakes off the dangerous influence of his beautiful cousin; and he eagerly renews his studies and his preparation for the sacred profession, to which he had originally been devoted. But his cousin thus left, after her father's ruin, without principle or guidance, in destitution and in the hands of a profligate mother, falls an easy prey to a seducer, and sinks to the lowest depths of infamy: her early love to the young priest being previously changed, on its repulse, into all the hatred which woman, slighted and vicious, can cherish.

After these "passages," time rolls on, and several years are supposed to have elapsed, when the scene somewhat changes; and John's far heavier trials commence. By a very common device with story-wrights, some new and important actors are brought upon the stage, and introduced at the hearth of the Nowlans. Mr. Long, a widowed and childless gentleman of large fortune, with a nephew and a niece, his adopted heirs, Mr. Frank, and Miss Letty Adams, are overtaken by a violent thunder storm, while employed in sketching some of the wild and beautiful mountain views in the vicinity of the Nowlans' farm. The uncle is rapidly borne by his terrified horse to the edge of a dangerous quarry, where his life is saved by the intrepidity of John, (now a priest); and the whole party afterwards take shelter in the cottage of the Nowlans. Here Mr. Long's gratitude, and the favourable impression which he receives of his humble entertainers, lead to farther intercourse; and the young priest and his sister, Peggy, become guests for a season at Long Hall.

This is the commencement of a tragedy, of which Peggy, and John, and Miss Letty, are the victims, and Mr. Frank, the ruthless instrument. Suddenly removed from his cottage chamber, and his dry classical and theological studies, to an elegant man-

sion, to the mental intoxication of poetry, painting, music, and above all, to the new fascination of a lovely and accomplished girl, the poor young priest becomes first entranced in delight, and then deeply, wretchedly enamoured of the fair being, who is so immeasurably superior to all that he had ever seen, or dreamt of, in woman. Miss Letty, on her part, is captivated by the handsome and modest student, who proves as full of amiable and intellectual qualities, as he had evinced himself courageous and active in the preservation of her uncle. Difference of station is disregarded or forgotten in the equality of intercourse; difference of creed prevents her from fully comprehending, that the young priest has already taken the first of those vows, by which he should irrevocably abjure all the affections of the world, and devote himself to the exclusive service of religion. But John, at least, is conscious of his danger, though he remains until too late, spell bound, and unable to fly from that ruin of his peace, which is fast overwhelming him.

Mr. Frank, meanwhile, is a watchful observer of the lovers, with the diabolical purpose of encouraging their passion to their destruction, that he may gratify a twofold scheme of avarice and profligacy. His excellent uncle has settled his whole property jointly upon Letty and himself: her ruin, or disgraceful marriage to an apostate priest, will leave him to inherit it alone. He has himself dishonourable designs upon the person of Peggy Nowlan: by entangling her beloved brother in an attachment forbidden by his calling, he hopes that the threat of exposing him to his bishop will terrify her into compliance with his vicious suit. Such is his double plot, in which another agent conspicuously figures. This is the wretched Maggy Nowlan, whose seducer Mr. Frank had been, and who joins with him in one part of his design from hatred to John Nowlan; while she burns with the yet deeper detestation of jealousy towards Peggy, as the new object of attraction to her libertine admirer. On the other hand, the story is also of course provided with a sort of good genius, to counteract these agents of evil, in the person of Peery Conolly:—a quondam suitor of Peggy, whom her rejection, and certain deep potations of the "cratur," have together converted into a half crack-brained, half lucid compound of extravagances; but who always retains method enough in his madness, to work out every denouement for which the novelist sees occasion.

It is unnecessary to go through the details of this part of the story. In analyzing it we do not discover any room for admiration, either in the construction of the plot, the machinery of the action, or the probability of the incidents. The business of the plot is influenced chiefly by the iniquity of Mr. Frank; and this is altogether of the monstrous and unnatural character, which belongs only to the hacknied villain of the common-place novel. The coarse delineation of such utter depravity, is the ordinary and stock

resource of inferior fiction-mongers; who labour to make up, by thickening and deepening the naked horrors of their plots, for the want of interest with which they otherwise lack the ingenuity to invest their narratives. The author before us should have felt above resorting to this clumsy expedient. That a brother, with smiles and accents of tenderness on his lips, should deliberately, and in cold blood, plan the disgrace and ruin of his sister, for the mere sake of procuring her disinheritance, is in itself sufficiently atrocious to startle our credulity. But when we find this brother described as the heir to a splendid fortune, on whom all the advantages of a modern education had been carefully bestowed; as a young gentleman of elegant manners, classical attainments, and accomplished tastes:—when we are told all this, and are then required to believe him the practised associate of swindlers, blacklegs, and common thieves, the accomplice in highway robberies and housebreaking, who, in the vulgar slang of the lowest tramper, boasts his share and calculates his profits *in a swag*,—the reason at once revolts at a contradiction so palpable and absurd. Scarcely less incredible, too, are the deeper shades of his guilt: his suggestion to an accomplice to dispatch his excellent uncle, the benefactor who had reared and cherished him; and his premeditated scheme for the murder of his innocent wife, and her unborn babe. There is no keeping in such a portraiture. That the gentleman of refined habits and intellectual accomplishments, may yet be a vicious man, is, we know, unhappily but too true:—but his vices must still shew some relation to his caste. He may be a Lovelace, or a Joseph Surface: but he will scarcely prove a Jonathan Wild, or a Thurtell.

But, with the first detection of Mr. Frank's crimes, the story should in any case have ended; and all the subsequent incidents of the second volume, appear as so many ill appended after-thoughts of the author. The latter adventures and escapes of Peggy, in which she is compelled to be the secret and unshrinking eye-witness of a frightful murder—a scene, by the way, certainly painted with very great power—are quite unnecessary to the completeness of the tale: but our author has always an irresistible passion for multiplying his catastrophes. No accidents are too wonderful, no coincidences too strange, to be pressed by the novelist into his service at need; and "rakin' Peery Conolly," in particular, is always most unaccountably at hand in every emergency of the flagging plot. In this, and several of the other characters, as well as in some of the incidents of the tale, it is again forced upon us to observe the author's same broad imitation of Sir Walter Scott, which we remarked in one of his former productions. Peggy Nowlan, the most interesting of his females, is the double of Jenny Deans; in a mendicant friar, we have a kind of Edie Ochiltree; and the cast-away Maggy Nowlan, and her more infamous mother and brother, are converted in the sequel, with a transformation as rapid as the changes of a pantomime, into such agents of iniquity as the

author of Waverley has frequently delighted to imagine. Mr. Banim has certainly persisted—unconsciously it may be—in borrowing largely from the storehouse of Sir Walter's machinery.

Perhaps the character of John, is the only part of the mere construction of the story, which deserves to be mentioned with praise. The author has certainly succeeded in giving a very painful interest to his fortunes: while the picture of his peculiar trials is altogether new in our tales of fiction; and the writhing agony of the mental struggle under which he falls, is depicted with a vivid energy and knowledge of human nature, which must make every bosom thrill with commiseration and dread. But, as we have already said, the greatest merit and the most easy charm of these tales, as in those of the former series, consist, not in the business of the narrative, but in the sketches, sometimes grave, sometimes humourous, and ever most lively and faithful, which they offer of genuine Irish life. To the story of Mr. Aby Nowlan, we have referred for one example of these sketches; and there is another fully equal to it, though in a very different style, describing a thriving and managing family of very opposite qualities. We mean the description in the first volume, (pp. 255—276), of 'Magistrate Adams' and his family, and of a dinner party given by these people;—the representatives of a whole class who, in the sister kingdom, wound the "kibe" of aristocracy by their ridiculous pretensions, and support a scanty 'gentility' by mingled thrift and display;—who, exercising the lower grades of political and judicial office, maintain their petty state by mean grasping extortion and insolent tyranny over the poor, and by ostentatious entertainment of their equals and superiors.

The story of 'Peter of the Castle,' which occupies the third volume is, in the unity of its plot and design, far superior to the other. In fact, this tale has all the elements of a very good romance; and we should not be surprised to see it adapted to the stage of one of the lesser theatres. It is, like all our author's stories, somewhat wild and melo-dramatic in its cast; but, with a few alterations, it might easily have been expanded into a novel of three volumes. Though contained in a single one, there is abundance of business and incident in the plot, that would well bear enlargement; and the denouement may be said—no common fault—to be but too rapidly evolved. It would need only a good deal more of the "filling in and finishing" of our author's inimitable tints of national manners. In this respect, the composition is, as it stands, rather meagre: but there is one excellent scene in it, (pp. 106—132), the celebration of a marriage in an Irish cabin, which it is impossible to read without exquisite amusement, or to pass without hearty commendation. For minute characteristic and humourous detail, it may put to nought the ballad of the far-famed "Wedding at Ballyporeen." We love not to turn from this warm eulogy, to a conclusion of chilling criticism: yet we cannot

but complain that, in this tale again, we should be fated to encounter the old plague of imitation. There is a conversation between some aged beggars, (p. 98), whose unearthly expression of delight in prophesying the untimely end of a heartbroken girl, we defy any reader to peruse, without pronouncing it a palpable copy from the celebrated scene of the same nature in the Bride of Lammermoor.

ART. III. *Recollections of Egypt.* By the Baroness Von Minutoli. 8vo. pp. 279. 9*s*. London. Treuttel and Würtz. 1827.

EGYPT and its antiquities have already had so many, and such able describers, that we fear the Baroness Von Minutoli, enjoys but a slender chance of attracting attention to her 'recollections' of that splendid and mysterious country. Indeed what remains to be said of Alexandria, Cairo, the Pyramids, the Nile, Thebes, the temples and ruins of Upper Egypt, which has not been already told by a multitude of authors, in every language of Europe? To do the Baroness justice, she appears to have written her little volume under a full impression of the difficulties attending her subject in this respect; and in her preface she modestly expresses her hope that, if her recollections 'do not tend to enrich science and archæology, they may perhaps interest persons of her own sex, who, when they learn that a woman has visited, under fortunate auspices, those distant regions, as far as the tropic, will not be averse to follow her in her excursions, and to accompany her in the contemplation of so many wonders of ancient civilization.'

In truth, there is not an inconsiderable degree of pleasure to be derived from observing the effect, which the wonders of Egypt may have produced upon a female mind. The stronger sex may often work themselves up to the admiration of objects of ancient art, which education and study have taught them to estimate highly, and the actual contemplation of which could not have been attained without difficulty and danger. But of such objects, woman, even if she be well read in their history—generally judges from instinct. She treats of them in a desultory and popular manner, and though her criticisms may not be recondite or exact, yet they seldom fail to convey a clear and natural impression of the thing described.

The chief attraction of these 'recollections' however, consists not in elaborate details of Egyptian antiquities, but in the personal adventures of the fairauthor. To these she has judiciously assigned a prominent position, and by dwelling so much on them, she has not only given variety to her work, but a certain air of romance, which greatly enhances its interest. She informs us that her husband, 'adding to the love of the sciences, and the study of antiquities, a very natural desire to visit Egypt, resolved to take

advantage of the happy influence which the power of Mahomet Ali exercises in that country.' Being newly married, she readily acceded to the Baron's first proposal for the journey, very naturally happy 'to avoid a separation painful to her heart;' and, at the same time, to gratify that lurking feeling of curiosity, which is seldom absent from the female breast. She owns that, on setting out, she had but a superficial knowledge of the countries she was about to visit, and that she endeavoured to repair her deficiency in this respect, by diligently reading Herodotus, Volney, Denon, and other authors, during the voyage by sea, and the expedition to Upper Egypt. She appears to have made but a few notes during her journey, and, indeed, to have been prevented by protracted illness, from committing her impressions at any length to paper, until three years after her return from Egypt to Germany. Her translator assures us, that her work has been already well received on the Continent; an assertion which we the more implicitly believe, as the volume is written in a very agreeable style. We may add, that the English version now before us, does the original full justice.

The Baroness arrived at Alexandria, in September 1820. The impressions made upon her by the first view of that city, are told in a picturesque and lively manner.

'It would be difficult to express the sensations which I experienced, when, for the first time, I passed through the streets of Alexandria. It would require the talents of a Hogarth, to paint all the various scenes of this magic lantern. What bustle, what confusion, is in these narrow streets, continually blocked up by an innumerable multitude of camels, mules, and asses; the cries of their drivers, incessantly calling to the passengers to take care of their naked feet; the vociferations and grimaces of the jugglers; the splendid costumes of the Turkish functionaries; the picturesque habit of the Bedouins, their long beards, and the grave and regular countenances of the Arabs; the nudity of some Santons, round whom the crowd throngs; the multitude of negro slaves; the howlings of the female mourners, accompanying a funeral procession, tearing their hair and beating their breasts, by the side of the noisy train of a marriage; the cries of the Muezims from the tops of the minarets, summoning the people to prayers; lastly, the afflicting picture of wretches dying with misery and want, and troops of savage dogs which pursue and harass you;—all this every moment arrests the progress and attracts the attention of the astonished traveller! As for myself, stunned by this extraordinary noise, and overcome with fatigue, I at length reached, though not without incredible exertions, the okel of France, very happy at being able to take some hours' rest'.—p—p. 57.

The character and policy of Mahomet Ali, his commercial monopoly, the characters of his ministers, and of the principal persons residing at Alexandria, such as Mr. Drovetti and Mr. Salt, are too well known to detain us in that filthy city. Neither shall we follow our author in the details of her observations on Cairo. There is

one feature, however, of the latter city, which is too characteristic to be omitted. Every body is aware that Cairo, like Lisbon, is infested with troops of dogs that have no master; the jealousy with which the different divisions guard their *beats*, is very remarkable.

'Dogs, which, according to the Mahometan law, are unclean or impure, are not used in Egypt as domestic animals. They are seen in great numbers in the environs and streets of Cairo; they are often very mischievous, and obstinately pursue passengers; but there is not a single instance of a mad dog, which is very extraordinary, considering the excessive heat and the privation of water to which they are exposed; from which it might be inferred, that their madness must be ascribed to their being domesticated. It is curious to see the dogs of Cairo divide the city among them into quarters, like officers of police, and not permit any dog belonging to another quarter to pass the boundary. Such a violation of the established rules generally produces a bloody war, and I have seen these animals, in spite of the laws of hospitality, cruelly bite an unhappy deserter who had dared to trangress his limits.'—pp. 42, 43.

Lord Byron's poetry has made us acquainted with the exquisite lustre of the eye of the gazelle. To the following short and imperfect description of that graceful little animal, we shall add the author's observations on the popular romances and amusements of the Arabs.

'During my stay at Cairo, I had the mortification to lose a young gazelle, which I had brought from Alexandria. This charming little creature was so attached to me, that it never quitted my room, and followed me every where about like a dog. The gazelles are certainly the most delicate and elegant animals in the world. Their legs are exceedingly slender, and their agility surpasses all imagination. When they leap, they spread their fore legs in the air, so that they look like a bird flying. They are extremely clean, and have a strong smell of musk. Their hair is short, smooth, and shining, and of a grey colour, inclining to brown. Their eyes are magnificent; the Orientals continually allude to them, to compliment their mistresses; and I have heard boatmen sing popular airs, the burden of which was always the eyes of the gazelle.

'This song of the boatmen, though monotonous, has something agreeable and soothing; they sing in chorus, and from time to time a voice declaims in recitative, to which the others answer: these are a kind of ballads, or amatory songs, in which figures are not spared. The Arabs have a very poetical imagination, as their literature proves; and, but for the tyrannic yoke which now fetters them, we might see the age of the Abbasides revived. Their language is very copious: to express the idea of a Supreme Being, they have ninety-nine different terms; they say that the hundredth name which their language wants, is too sublime to be pronounced by the lips of a mortal. This idea appears to me very grand, and worthy of the Divinity.

'One of the chief amusements of the Arabs, consists in listening to histories, or tales in the style of the Arabian Nights; they are never tired of hearing the most marvellous stories; to which they give a degree of

credence and attention that are truly laughable. I have often seen groups of women, with their pipes in their mouths, sitting round an old sybil, who narrated some fable, which made their hair stand on end. They followed with their eyes all the motions of the sorceress, with an expression of terror and astonishment, and did not breathe freely till the conclusion had answered their expectation.

'The men, who have more variety in their amusements, are, however, as delighted as the women with this kind of entertainment. They are particularly fond of assembling in the coffee-houses, where they pass whole days in smoking their long pipes, called chibon, or the *nargile*, a kind of long tube made of leather, ending in a vase full of cold water. They are likewise very partial to plays and slight of hand, as well as the singing and dancing of the women of the privileged class. Men in office, and the rich, have another kind of amusement, which was in great vogue in Europe during the middle ages, namely, that of buffoons or professed fools. These Oriental buffoons maintain the reputation for wit acquired by their European brethren. They often tell their masters very plain truths; lay wagers with them, and do not spare ingenious tricks, and even knavery, to attain their object, which, as may well be supposed, is no other than to obtain money.'—pp. 57-60.

As an instance of the ingenuity of these buffoons, the Baroness relates the well known anecdote of the epicurean rogue, who paid for the *steam* of a rich ragout with the *sound* of his money. She seems to suppose that this trick was a matter of late occurrence. The story is a very old one, and is very happily told in that amusing collection of Eastern tales, published last year, by Mr. Dubois, under the title of "Le Pantcha-Tantra."

We pass over our author's visit to the Pyramids, as there is scarcely a recess in those monstrous edifices, which is not well known to our readers. The Baroness will also excuse us if we decline accompanying her in her expedition to Upper Egypt, as we have been so recently there with Messrs. Irby and Mangles. We shall, however, permit her to describe the manner, in which her party spent their time during their progress up the Nile.

'The month of January, in which we now were, is certainly the most favourable season for visiting Upper Egypt. The heat is very moderate, and the verdure in its greatest lustre. All nature seemed attired in its festal robe; the air was embalmed with the richest perfume, arising, undoubtedly, from the fields of beans, which are cultivated to a great extent in Upper Egypt, and were then in blossom. We were delighted with the beauty of the climate, and the pleasant scenes which we visited; but, that we might examine minutely the various monuments that we met with on the way, we proceeded but very slowly, making the vessel stop at all those places where we might expect to meet with curious and interesting objects.

'To give my readers an idea of the manner in which we spent our days, when they did not afford any thing particularly interesting in the study of antiquities, I will give them a sketch of our occupations and amusements. We rose very early, because the extreme coolness of the nights and the

evening dews, which are very prejudicial to the eyes, obliged us to retire betimes. After our breakfast, which consisted of coffee and buffaloes' milk, which we never had any difficulty to procure, my husband and Dr. Ricci, provided with fowling-pieces, and myself, attended by my little negro, went on shore; and while the gentlemen were occupied in their sport, I amused myself with botanizing, and walking about the country. After this morning's promenade, we returned to the boat, the gentlemen generally with some game, and I with my basket filled with cresses and aromatic herbs, which grow in great abundance at this season, and which made an excellent sallad for our dinner. Sometimes, also, while the boat was slowly sailing along, we mounted our asses, and rode into the interior of the country, or, going along the bank, visited the villages, surrounded with groves of palms, where we excited, in no small degree, the curiosity of the inhabitants.

'It was in one of these rides along the Nile, that I was one day seized with terror at the unexpected sight of an enormous lizard, four feet long, called Vareus, which I at first sight took for a crocodile, which it closely resembled. This poor creature, which is said to be of a very harmless and gentle disposition, was doubtless as much frightened as myself on perceiving me, for it leaped from a little height over my head, into the Nile, with such precipitation, that I escaped with being splashed and wetted, instead of being devoured, as I had expected. Returning home, we amused ourselves for several hours till dinner time.

'Our dinners, as may easily be supposed, were very plain. We had taken with us a supply of potatoes, which are imported from Europe, rice, lentils, French beans, and dried fruits; as to fresh vegetables we could procure none, as the inhabitants do not cultivate any. Besides this we had mutton, which the natives esteem very much, and fowls, of which we had brought a great number in our boat. My husband's sport generally produced us some turtledoves, thrushes, ducks, wild cocks, and pelicans, the flesh of which has an agreeable odour. Our European gourmands, would probably have been but ill contented with this fare; for I know some who would give the world for a turkey with truffles. On the other hand, we had excellent dates, honey, and fresh eggs, which are so abundant in Upper Egypt, that forty are sold for a pera: a small coin, forty of which are equal to an Egyptian piastre, 400 to a Spanish dollar. We had taken care to provide ourselves with a little library, and our evenings were agreeably spent in reading.'—pp. 106—110.

It is a favourite doctrine with those, whose interests are opposed to the total suppression of the slave trade, that the negroes are an inferior race; with minds so naturally and irretrievably obtuse, that education cannot enlighten them; and that, in short, they are fit for no employments whatever, save those to which they are chained in the West Indies. We have always maintained this doctrine to be founded in falsehood, and that if negroes were treated like Europeans, they would evince an equal susceptibility of improvement. We are happy to find in the little work before us, one or two facts, which afford a striking confirmation to our opinions on this subject. In Egypt, the Turks, it is well known, treat their negro slaves with great humanity. Indeed, these unfortunate

exiles, enjoy in that country, privileges that almost raise them to an equality with servants in Europe. If ill treated by their masters, or justly discontented with their condition, they have a right to demand to be re-sold. The negresses are usually employed within doors, and treated with much kindness. What is the result? 'Most of them,' says our author, 'are *very intelligent*, and *learn with facility all sorts of female work*.' 'We, ourselves,' she adds, 'purchased a boy, whom we afterwards brought to Europe, and who gave proofs of the *happiest natural disposition*. This child, who learned *several languages* in *a short time*, told us in the sequel in what manner he had been carried off with several of his brothers and sisters, while they were all at play in a garden.' She mentions, also, that a friend of her's had 'a young female slave, of a very intelligent and mild disposition.' These simple facts, added to the discoveries recently made in the interior of Africa, which shed so much new light on the negro character, are at least more worthy of our confidence, than the interested declamations of West Indian planters. It is unpleasant, by the way, to find, that the negro slave is treated with more humanity by the Egyptian Mahometan, than by the West Indian Christian.

The Baroness devotes several pages of her work to the ruins of Thebes. We shall only copy from them the following account of a battle between some of the wild dogs and vultures, which abound in that part of the country. It will remind the classical reader of the "nova prælia" with the harpies in Virgil.

'On the following day I witnessed a curious scene; it was a war between the wild dogs, which inhabit the ruins of Thebes, and the great hawks which abound in Upper Egypt. Our cook had just killed a sheep, and had thrown the intestines on the bank of the river. I was sitting with my eyes fixed upon the magnificent ruins of Luxor, when I saw a crowd of hungry dogs issue from them, which desiring to have their share of the feast, immediately fell upon the refuse of the animal; but their appetite was not to be gratified so easily as they had expected; for other creatures, hovering in the air above us, had previously seen all that had passed, and the moment that the cook withdrew, and the dogs approached, a swarm of hawks and vultures, rapidly cleaving the air, rushed upon their prey, and disputed it with their rivals. A very curious battle then began; the bird of Osiris, by turns attacking or attacked, sometimes succeeded in snatching the booty from the jaws of the savage dog, which yelped and barked after it, while the victor, rising into the air, seemed to mock at his impotent cries.'—pp. 131, 132.

Every body has heard of the accidental position of the leaves of the acanthus, to which the old Greek architect Callimachus was indebted, for the original model of the Corinthian capital. Accident also, very probably, gave rise to those graceful forms for the handles of vases, which are conspicuous in the earthenware of the ancients. Our author mentions that a gentleman of her party, while taking his dinner near the catacombs of Thebes, happened one day

to observe several serpents gliding over some vessels filled with milk, which were on the ground, in order to drink of their contents. In effecting their purpose they threw themselves into the most graceful positions, and occasionally seemed to belong to the vessels from which they were abstracting the liquid, and to add to them so many various handles. It is not improbable that such appearances 'gave the ancients the idea of those beautiful vases, the elegant forms of which we still endeavour to imitate.' Indeed the serpent is often found perfectly represented on those unrivalled specimens of workmanship.

We do not remember to have read before, a description of the simple navigation, which seems to be in such general use upon the Nile. Our author mentions that she had frequently seen men, women, and children, without any fears of crocodiles before their eyes, cross the river, sitting astride upon the stem of a date tree, with an oar in their hands. 'When a tree is not to be had, they even use a bundle of stalks of Dourah.'

The mode usually adopted by travellers for ascending the Nile, is very generally found attended with formidable inconvenience, and not seldom with danger. We must refer to the volume, (pp. 165—169), for the author's account of an incident that happened to her party, and which, we know, may be taken as a pretty accurate specimen of the treatment foreigners often experience on such occasions. Sometimes the Reis, or superintendant of the bark, complains that not having had a sufficient advance of money on setting out, he could not lay in a sufficient store of provisions, and this he makes a pretext for casting anchor in every port where he wishes to linger, in order to exact additional sums over and above his contract, from the traveller. Sometimes the air is too calm, sometimes the wind is too strong, now the vessel wants to be repaired, and now a friend on shore must be visited. The only resource of the traveller under such circumstances, is firmness and resolution. He should never be without a good pair of pistols at his girdle. They are the only arguments that carry conviction—the only commands that will be obeyed.

Next to an indolent and roguish Reis, the traveller must take care to avoid the kamsin, which is sometimes as fatal as the fiery tempest of the desert. Our author appears also to have encountered this danger, upon her return from Upper Egypt to Cairo.

'We had scarcely set sail, when unfortunately the Kamsin, that burning and impetuous wind, which the Reis had previously announced to us, rose with much violence, and hurried on our boat in such a manner that it was in imminent danger of being dashed on the rocks which line the banks in this part. This wind is so formidable, that no boat dares to put out when it blows, and even the birds affrighted, retire to their securest retreats.

'We proceeded with such rapidity, that we seemed to cut the air; the sky assumed a red and fiery tinge; the heavens began to be wholly dark-

ened; the air became hot and suffocating; a cloud of burning sand blown from the bank stopped our breath, and obliged us to close our eyes and nostrils. Notwithstanding these alarming symptoms and our desire of putting to shore, we were unable to succeed in stopping the vessel, which the wind drove forward with inconceivable swiftness. Passing with the rapidity of lightning we saw another boat, which had been just thrown upon a sand bank, and was in a sinking state; but it was decreed that we should escape as by a miracle this imminent danger; for soon after we landed at Boulak. This wind had so greatly accelerated our voyage, that we found ourselves at the end of our course without suspecting it: we had thus made in two days a voyage which had cost us three weeks after our departure from Cairo.'—pp. 169, 170.

From Cairo, our author proceeded to Damietta; this part of her voyage is described in a lively and pleasant manner. At the latter place she was the guest of the well-known Basil Faker, the consular agent of six different powers. Of his family and establishment, the Baroness gives a very minute, and, we have no doubt, a very accurate account. Her description of the costume of the ladies, of their manners, and the mode in which they spend their time, is amusing, and is the more worthy of attention, as few travellers have had such opportunities of observing them as the author before us. Her sex afforded her facilities for that purpose, which are interdicted to us of the ruder part of the creation. We must, however, pass over her description of Faker's family, in order to make room for her visit to the harem of the Aga of Damietta— a privilege again, which is granted only to a lady.

'The harem of the Aga was situated nearly opposite to the residence of Mr. Faker, on the other bank of the Nile, in a garden, in the Turkish style, that is to say, a piece of ground without trees. I was accompanied by the lady of the Portuguese physician, who understood a little Italian and Arabic, and who was to act as my interpreter. When we arrived at the entrance of the building, we were received by a black eunuch, richly dressed, who invited us to go into a very cool apartment, with latticed windows, and no furniture except a very broad and low divan. He left us to announce us to his mistress: we soon after saw the two wives of the Aga, accompanied by two of his daughters, one of whom was yet a child, and the other married to one of the superior officers in the army, and about twenty young slaves. The two ladies, as well as the daughters of the Aga, seated themselves next to me, while the slaves ranged themselves in a half circle before us, with their arms crossed on the breast, and preserving a respectful silence. As all these women spoke only Turkish, we needed a second interpreter, who, in her turn, understood only Turkish and Arabic, so that what I said in Italian had to be translated into Arabic, and the Arabic into Turkish; thus, to understand each other, we had need of three languages, and two interpreters.

'It may readily be supposed that the conversation could not go on fluently, as we depended on the good will and talents of our interpreters: in fact, the *qui pro quo* resulting from the bad translations of our questions and answers were truly comic, and excited so much gaiety that loud

and repeated bursts of laughter soon established a good understanding between us. The oldest of the consorts of the Aga, however, maintained a dignified gravity, while the other, who was much younger, and of an animated and interesting countenance, repeated, with extreme volubility, the most insignificant questions, and did not fail to examine the whole arrangement of my toilette. They asked me many questions respecting the women in my country: as for Europe, I believe, they entertained very vague notions of it, and when I told them that our husbands had but one wife and no slaves, they looked at one another, undetermined whether to applaud or laugh at this custom.

They were nearly all natives of Syria, Circassia, and Georgia, and I had thus leisure to survey these beauties who enjoy so much celebrity. They undoubtedly merit their reputation; I can, however, tell my fair country-women, to comfort them, and to do justice to truth, that Europe certainly can boast of beauties equal to those of the East. Those whom I had now the pleasure of seeing, had the most agreeable countenances, and delicate and regular features: but what most attracted my admiration was their hair, which fell in waving and natural curls down to their waist. They had each preserved their national costume, which agreeably varied this pretty parterre; nor had they adopted the tresses of the Egyptian women, which rather disfigure than improve the figure. They had exquisitely beautiful teeth, but the clearless and bloom of youth were banished from their complexion; they all had a languid air, and I did not find among them that *embonpoint* which I had expected to meet.

Refreshments were brought in on a small table of cedar, very low, and ornamented with a pretty Mosaic of ivory and mother-of-pearl; the collation consisted of confectionary, cakes made of honey and fruits, and sherbet. Meantime, some slaves burnt incense in silver censers, and frequently sprinkled us with rose water; two others placed themselves at my side; and every time that I either ate or drank any thing, were ready to hold under my lips a napkin of a coarse quality, yet embroidered with gold. Others, provided with fans, drove away the swarms of insects which the pastry and fruit had attracted around us. In short, each seemed to have a particular function to perform. When the repast was ended, they wished me to pass the night with them and to take the bath; but having already acquainted myself with this kind of amusement at Cairo, I declined their polite invitation. After going over the house, which did not contain any thing remarkable, I took my leave; and on departing, distributed among the slaves some small gold coins, to which they attach a great value.'—pp. 202—210.

Thus we see that, after all, the harem is no very great curiosity. Doubtless, this was only the harem of the Aga of Damietta; but only with the addition of a little more splendour, as to the apartments, and a greater number of more beautiful slaves, the description will equally answer for the seraglio of the sultan.

Upon the subject of the general state of women in Egypt, the present author is peculiarly competent to speak. She informs us from her own observation, as well as from what she was told by several Levantine ladies. that the condition of the sex in that country is by no means an unhappy one. It is true that they are

closely shut up, and this custom, it may be observed, is not confined to the followers of Mahomet. It is in use among the Cophts, the Greeks, and the Armenians, though Christians, as well as among the Levantines, the Jews, and the Turks, who inhabit Egypt.

'This privation of liberty is only imaginary, and extends no farther than to prohibit them from appearing in public without a veil, which is a kind of cloak of black silk, which hides their form and their face in a frightful manner, and to exclude them from the society of the men. They are, notwithstanding, perfect mistresses at home, and exclusively command the slaves in their own service, who, in spite of the favours of their master, are no less dependent on the wife than on the latter. As their dwelling is always separated from that of their husband, they have a right to prevent him from entering it, by placing before the door a pair of slippers, which is a sign that they have company. The husband, who dares not appear in the presence of another person's wife, is obliged to respect this indication; and the German proverb, which says, "that a man is under his wife's slipper," may be perfectly applicable in the East. When they wish to visit any of their friends or relations, the husband has not the right of opposing them; and, attended by a faithful slave, they sometimes absent themselves from home for several weeks together.

'Under the pretext of these visits, I was assured that they allow themselves incredible liberty; in spite of their veils, and the locks under which they are shut up, they find means to indemnify themselves for this constraint; and it is here that we most see the truth of that maxim, which says: "That virtue protects itself, and that good principles are the best dowry of a female."—pp. 214—216.

It was the intention of the Baron and his party to proceed to Palestine, but the troubles that then happened to break out in Syria, in consequence of the insurrection of the Greeks, prevented them from carrying that intention into effect. They returned to Alexandria, where they were detained a considerable time in consequence of an embargo laid on all the vessels in the harbour by Mahomet Ali, while preparing his expedition for the Morea. They were, however, lodged in the palace of Ibrahim, and treated with great hospitality during their detention. At length they were allowed to take their departure, about the middle of July (1821); and, after a long voyage, interrupted by tedious calms and perilous storms, they landed safely at Trieste, on the 25th of August.

We do not know that 'these recollections' have added at all to our stock of knowledge, as to those objects which travellers in Egypt most usually feel interested in exploring. But *en revanche* the Baroness has given us many traits of manners—particularly of those of the female sex in that country,—as well as several little bye-scenes, which tend very considerably to increase our familiarity with the general character of its people, and the present aspect of its most frequented cities.

ART. IV. *The Annual Biography and Obituary for* 1827. Vol. XI. pp. 492. 15s. London. Longman and Co. 1827.

FROM the very nature of this work, the editor is, of course, scarcely responsible for the choice of his subjects. These are forced upon him by an inexorable authority; and his only business is to treat them in as judicious and as satisfactory a manner as he can. His materials, too, are often necessarily imperfect and scanty; and the time within which he must prepare them for the press, seldom permits him to extend, or even to authenticate them, by his own inquiries. Allowing, as we are bound to do, for these and other obvious difficulties, which attend an annual biography of distinguished persons, who have died within the year preceding the date of its appearance, still we think we have some right to complain of the manner in which the volume now before us is got up.

In the first place, it wants a presiding principle. Each of the sketches is a panegyric on the subject of it, instead of a fair and honest estimation of the character of the deceased. Biography, in order to be useful, should present us with both sides of the medal; should set forth the imperfections and errors of the person whose existence it commemorates, as well as his virtues. The history which only gives a partial view of those men that have figured on our stage, and represents them as beings in whom calumny itself has detected no shades, must necessarily be a fiction; and a mischievous fiction, for it misguides where it ought to instruct, and it draws a veil over those vices, which the interests of truth and of posterity require to be exposed.

The strain of universal eulogy which pervades these biographical sketches, evidently arises from the circumstance that they are all, or nearly all, supplied by the friends of the deceased parties. From such sources, the articles are either sent in their original shape to the editor, or they are selected by him from other periodical works, to which they had been furnished in a similar way. We have scarcely any instance of a memoir written from authentic information, which is at all valuable for firmness or impartiality of judgment, or for any thing like a discriminating view of character.

In truth, the whole of the editor's labour seems to have amounted to no more than this:—he has either received and inserted without alteration, the necessarily partial and cautious reports of the friends of his different subjects, or he has, with his scissors, cut out such biographies of them as he could find in the newspapers and magazines; and thus he is in almost every case precluded from pronouncing a bold and upright decision, upon the real merits of those whose examples he sets before us.

Another defect, arising from this wholesale mode of compilation, is this—that the industrious vanity of individuals may succeed in

obtaining a prominent place for the biographies of persons, who really have had no title to such a distinction; while, from the absence of that activity in other instances, the memory of men of indisputable worth, and of undoubted claims to public gratitude, is dismissed in a brief and insignificant notice, if not altogether forgotten. While Dr. Bogue, Mr. Michael Kelly, Mr. Lindley Murray, Miss Jane Taylor, and Dr. John Gray, occupy a very great proportion of the volume—Mills, the accomplished historian of chivalry; Dr. Warburton, bishop of Cloyne, whose biography would be, in itself, a book replete with interest and instruction; Christopher Hutchinson, one of the most upright patriots that ever sat in the House of Commons; and that copious writer, and very eccentric man, Pinkerton, are consigned to the obscurity of the Index. We might also mention several names, such as the Marquis of Hastings, the Earl of Winchilsea, Lord Downes, Hay, the unfortunate author of the best history of the insurrection in Ireland; Cradock, the well known gossip; Connor, the comedian, and, indeed, several others, which are wholly omitted; and which, if they be not of the first distinction, are at least fully as deserving of commemoration, as most of those with which the volume before us is incumbered.

First on the list, we find the biography of Sir David Ochterlony, whose gallant career in India, has often been the theme of public praise. Assuredly, his varied and active life, furnishes much better materials for enabling us to appreciate his desert, than those which are here brought together. The sketch is little more than a dry calendar of facts and dates.

Next we have a memoir of a certain Dr. Bogue, a dissenting minister, who we have no doubt was a very worthy good man. But we strongly suspect, that if the editor had not wanted matter for the early part of his work, and if he had not found a whole sheet ready for his use, in the "Christian memorials of the nineteenth century," this same Dr. Bogue would have wholly escaped his notice. There is really nothing whatever in his life, that calls for the attention of a general reader, however deserving it may have been of the admiration of the peculiar sect to which he belonged. It is certainly not much to the praise of Dr. Bogue's prudence or charity, that he was one of the first founders of that society which has sown the seeds of so much discord in Ireland: we mean the Hibernian society; which, under the pretence of diffusing religious knowledge in that country, has only been active in attempting to make proselytes, by the aid of intimidation, corruption, and other objectionable means. Neither can we admire the style in which this memoir is written. It is full of that peculiar phraseology, which has been justly designated as *cant*.

This memoir is followed by an abridgment of Michael Kelly's history of his own life—which, as we have recently noticed that work at length, need not detain us. From the pages of "the

Gentleman's Magazine," and the Parliamentary Debates, a short sketch of a very excellent man, the late Earl of Chichester, has been composed. His name ranks high among the patrons of literature. It is chiefly to his exertions, that the Literary Fund is indebted for its existence. We cheerfully select from this article the following passage.

'Animated with an ardent zeal for the just liberties of mankind, and the best interests of his country; and satisfied that they could only be efficaciously and permanently supported by the exertions of literature, by rational discussion, and by the wise and temperate results of a free press; and glowing, at the same time, with a truly Christian benevolence for the sufferings of many gifted individuals, whose genius and learning had benefited their fellow creatures, without providing even bread for themselves; Lord Pelham felt it to be a part of his duty, as one of the ministers of the state, to recommend the case of distressed authors to the generous humanity of the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness duly appreciated the kind, judicious, and patriotic intimation, and immediately sent an annual contribution of two hundred guineas to the Literary Fund, for the aid of deserving authors in distress, and graciously condescended to become patron of that excellent institution. The same liberality is continued, now that the Prince is become the Monarch: and the names of the generous patron, and of the intelligent adviser, will together be transmitted to posterity, in the grateful annals of the patriot, the poet, and the historian.'—p. 68.

To much of the praise which, in the succeeding article, is bestowed on the late venerable Bishop of Durham, we cordially subscribe. It is indeed one of the many inconsistencies which appear in this volume, that here his lordship's taste is commended for the alterations effected by him in the cathedral of Salisbury, while he was bishop of that diocese; whereas in the life of Dr. Milner, these very alterations are very justly complained of, as outrageous barbarisms, and a violation of every known rule of Gothic architecture. But, however we may find fault with the apocryphal character of the Bishop of Durham's taste for the fine arts, there can be no second opinion as to the pure and extensive benevolence, by which he was actuated during the greater part of his protracted life. His theological and literary works, have little chance of long surviving him; but among those who had opportunities of appreciating his private character, his memory will not soon perish. A striking proof of the rare integrity and kindness of his nature, appears in his generous treatment of the French emigrants. He was uniform, and indeed inflexible in his opposition to the Catholic claims; but, to use the words of his biographer,

'Though the Bishop was firm in the defence of that church of which he was an appointed guardian, his zeal was far from inflammatory, nor had he the least tincture of the bigot in his disposition. So far from it, when the French bishops and clergy sought in Protestant England a refuge from the persecution of their own countrymen, they found a liberal benefactor in the Bishop of Durham. He supplied their wants by his bounty, he admitted

the most eminent of them to his table, and he introduced them to his powerful friends. His almoner on this occasion was Mr. Charles Butler, the catholic barrister, who distributed several thousands of pounds from the Bishop's purse among the necessitous emigrants, without any of them having the least knowledge of their benefactor.'—p. 89.

The disposition which he made by will of his immense wealth, among his family, his friends, and charitable institutions, is itself an eloquent panegyric on the goodness of his heart.

One of the most valuable and interesting memoirs in this volume, is that of Mrs. Watts, better known perhaps as Miss Jane Waldie, author of "Sketches in Italy," and as the sister of Mrs. Eaton, who wrote that very interesting and amusing work, "Rome in the Nineteenth Century." The editor has made a mistake in ascribing "Continental Adventures," to Mrs. Watts. That novel, though inferior to her former production, was written by Mrs. Eaton, and to the latter, we believe, we are also indebted for the excellent biographical sketch now before us.

Miss Jane Waldie was born in 1792; she was from infancy a beautiful child, remarkable for her spirit, elasticity and intelligence. She manifested, at an early period, a decided genius for painting and literature, particularly for the former, in which she succeeded to a very considerable extent, without the aid of a preceptor. In music she seems never to have made any great proficiency; but the languages of France, Spain, and Italy, she taught herself, and when grown up she applied herself for some time to Latin, with what success, we are not told.

A minute, and very amusing account, is given of the habits and occupations of her early days; but the reader would probably prefer seeing an extract or two from a journal which she kept, of her residence at Brussels, during the "hundred days."

'It was on Thursday evening, the 15th of June, 1815, that we entered Brussels. Scarcely had we taken possession of the rooms engaged for us in the Hotel de Flandre, in the Place Royale, than, looking from the window, we caught the eye of Major W——, who was standing below, encircled with officers. The moment he saw us he bowed, and, breaking from his friends, sprang up the hotel stairs, and was in our room in an instant. Breathless with haste, he eagerly informed us that hostilities had actually commenced that very day; the French had attacked the Prussians near Charleroi. A courier from Blucher had arrived while the Duke of Wellington was sitting at dinner with a party of officers, among whom Major W—— was one. His Grace, however, conceived this to be merely a feigned attack, and accordingly went to the Duchess of Richmond's ball himself, and gave his officers permission to go also.

'Fatigued with our journey, my sister and I went to bed, and fell asleep; but what was our surprise, in the stillness of the night, to be awakened with trumpets sounding, drums beating, and the call of "To arms! to arms!" Every instant the tumult increased, and in a few minutes a loud knocking at our door, and the voice of my brother calling to us that Charleroi was taken, that the Prussians were beaten back, and the

French advancing, and that the English army was ordered to march, terminated our suspense. He desired us to get up immediately, if we wished to see Major L——, who waited to bid us farewell. Hurrying on our clothes, we flew to my brother's room, to meet and part with one brought up with us almost like our brother, whom we had not seen for years, and perhaps might never see more. While our short and agitated interview lasted, his charger, held below, loudly neighing and pawing the ground, seemed to reproach his master's delay. He galloped off to his regiment, and we repaired to our room. Never shall I forget the spectacle that presented itself before our windows. By the grey dawn of morning we saw the Place Royale literally filled with troops, forming, defiling, marching, waiting, amidst baggage carts, artillery waggons, and military accoutrements scattered around; officers riding about at full speed; horses trampling, and impatiently neighing, and shaking their proud manes; carriages rolling, drums beating; in short, a scene of which no description can give an adequate idea. In the midst of all this commotion, the poor soldiers were taking an affecting leave of their wives and children, whom, it was probable, they might never again behold. We saw regiment after regiment form, and march out. The Highland regiments especially awakened our interest, for at that moment our hearts recognised them for our countrymen;—but so, indeed, were all the British army. At length every thing was quiet. The Place Royale, in the dead of night so crowded with armed men, and resounding with noisy tumult, now, in the brightness of morning, was deserted and silent.

'We afterwards heard, that when the second dispatches from Blucher arrived, the Duke was at the ball, and all the officers were dancing. I was told by a gentleman who stood near the Duke at the moment he received the dispatches, that nothing could be more interesting than the changes of his countenance during their perusal. Its expression suddenly altered from great gaiety (for he had been in remarkably good spirits) to intense thought. There was nothing like despondency, or even apprehension; it was the total absorption of mind, the utter forgetfulness of the place, the ball, the people, and every thing around him, that was so striking. He read over several passages two or three times; and was heard occasionally to repeat to himself, in broken sentences, as if unconsciously, "Marshal Blucher thinks,"—"it is his opinion," &c.

'The Duke himself set off at eight in the morning, attended by his generals and personal staff. It was remarked that he had never appeared so animated: it seemed as if he anticipated the glory he was about to acquire. He left word that he should return to dinner, and dinner was prepared; but he returned no more.

'We were greatly surprised by the appearance of Major L—— at our breakfast-table. He had galloped back to see us, with Sir —— ——. Finding the troops were to halt at "*a place called Waterloo*," about ten miles from Brussels, they had no doubt of overtaking their regiment there before it again marched forwards. They did not set off, however, till past one; and, about an hour after their departure, what was our consternation when the sound of a heavy cannonade was heard in the direction the British army had taken, which, from the distinctness of the report, it was said could not be more than ten miles off! In addition to the alarm which we shared with others, we were in dreadful anxiety lest the friends

who had parted from us so lately should not have joined the army before the action began, for we well knew they would never have survived the disgrace of being absent from their posts at such a moment. Our wretchedness may be conceived. The whole evening we spent in wandering about the Parc, whence the cannonade was heard the most distinctly. It was wholly deserted, except where a few solitary stragglers like ourselves paced its now gloomy walks, or, climbing the ramparts, strived to obtain a still more audible sound of the thunder of the battle.'—pp. 127—130.

This is, really, a fine, animated representation, and makes us regret that the whole of the journal had not been, at the time, laid before the public. It is hardly to be doubted, that such a vivid transcript of feelings, excited on such an occasion, would have been eminently successful, though we fear the time has now passed when it might have excited public attention.

In the course of Mrs. Watts's tour through Italy, she sustained a serious internal injury, in consequence of which she never afterwards enjoyed good health. She died on the 6th of July, 1826, in the thirty-fourth year of her age, deeply and deservedly regretted by her family and friends. The following appears to be, from all that we can learn, a just summary of her character.

'Great, however, as were the merits of Mrs. Watts's literary works, they undoubtedly fell far short of the merits of her paintings. From infancy to the grave, the strong bent of her genius was to painting. Few, very few, have possessed a feeling so fine and true for the beauties of nature,—a taste so exquisite in pourtraying them; and still fewer, under disadvantages so great as those with which she had to struggle, with herself only for her master and guide, have attained such early excellence in an art, to which the labour of a life is usually, and sometimes fruitlessly, devoted. We have lying before us a list of between forty and fifty pictures, in oil colours, almost all of them painted from original sketches by herself, which decorate the walls of Langton Grange, Hendersyde Park, Ketton Hall, and the other houses of her friends; and which will long remain the monuments of her extraordinary and diversified talents. Many of them were exhibited at Somerset House, and at the British Gallery, where they were justly admired by the first artists of the day. She likewise made a number of beautiful drawings from nature in water-colours, and some highly-finished architectural drawings in pencil.

'The productions of Mrs. Watts, in literature and the arts, may give some idea of her taste and talents; but no description can convey to those who knew her not the charm of her character. Devoid of all pretension and affectation, her fine powers of mind were blended with that happy ingenuity which delighted to exert itself in embellishing every domestic object, and sought to extract something from every passing occurrence: for well she knew the importance of trifles in the sum of human happiness; how true it is, that "little things are great to little man;" and none knew better than herself how to make the most of them. Her high-minded rectitude of principle, amiable disposition, and true feminine sensibility and tenderness, endeared her to the hearts of her friends; while the nature and spirit of her conversation, her elegance of mind and versatility of talent,

her rare union of feeling and vivacity, her unassuming manners, and her lively wit, never pointed by sarcasm or ill-nature, rendered her the most delightful of companions. Her time was divided between the active duties of life, the humblest and simplest of which she never neglected, and the cultivation of those talents and elegant pursuits, which, though peculiarly adapted to form the charm of domestic life, are too frequently, after marriage, either slighted or abandoned. These she pursued with undiminished ardour to the last. Her unfinished paintings,—views of exquisite beauty on the shores of the Bay of Naples, the last touches yet scarcely dry; and the fragment of a work of fiction recently commenced, replete with original talent; are affecting memorials to her surviving friends, of genius suddenly cut off, when fast ripening to maturity. As a wife, mother, sister, mistress, and friend, never will her excellence be forgotten. This is not the language of empty panegyric. To the truth of this portrait, every heart that knew her will bear witness. Though her retiring virtues were concealed from the world, her angelic patience under suffering, her warm affections, her goodness of heart, her disregard of personal convenience, her consideration for others, and her unfeigned charity and humility, shone forth in the circle of her chosen friends, and in the bosom of her family, by whom she was adored.'—pp. 140—142.

The memoir of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, is also well drawn up, and presents a correct and just view of the career of that highly meritorious, though, in many respects, unfortunate public servant. He is known chiefly for his wise and enterprising administration of several important offices intrusted to him by the East India Company, and particularly for his establishment of the system of free trade in the island of Sincapore. It was his misfortune to outrun, in this and other instances, the letter of his instructions; and the Company, as well as the Government, were afraid of him, as rather too ambitious for their control. His literary acquirements were very considerable. To science, also, he has done eminent service; but as we understand that a detailed history of his life is in course of preparation, by a gentleman every way competent to the task, we shall abstain at present from entering further on a subject, which deserves more ample discussion than the present brief sketch would justify.

We think that the editor might have reduced within narrower limits—limits more proportioned to the demands of his theme—his abridgment of Miss Frank's Memoirs of Lindley Murray.

There is also another article in the volume, that on the Bishop of Calcutta, which exceeds all just bounds. It occupies upwards of seventy pages; and of these a great majority are taken up with the proceedings, verbatim, of different public meetings, which were held in India, for the purpose of paying tributes of respect to the memory of that dignitary. The re-publication of so many speeches, all repeating the same praises, all tending to the same end, was highly injudicious. It looks as if the editor was anxious only to fill up his volume, without paying any regard to the merit of his

materials. The Bishop of Calcutta was, unquestionably, a learned and well-disposed ecclesiastic ; but it does not follow, that, because he was a Heber, and an Indian prelate, we are to be overwhelmed with numerous columns of newspaper speeches, one of which might fairly have served as a specimen of the whole. Besides, such things are but a miserable substitute, for what we understand by *biography*.

The memoir of Weber, though scanty, and ambitiously written, is interesting. The peculiar character of his music is justly stated, and his general merits not, we think, overcharged. We hope that the work which he is said to have left in manuscript, entitled "Kunstler Leben," (Lives of Artists), will not be lost to the public. Of its literary skill we, of course, know nothing ; but if it contain a narrative of the principal events of the author's life, together with his observations on great musical works, and on the most eminent ancient and modern composers, it can hardly fail to prove highly acceptable to the musical world.

Of Dr. Milner, the celebrated controversialist, we have a sketch of some length, drawn as usual from partial sources. There are some passages in the life of that eminent prelate of the Catholic church, which we should wish to see properly and fully explained, and reduced, if possible, to a colour that would harmonize with his ecclesiastical character. It is not to be denied, that he seldom interfered in the politics of the body to which he belonged, without embroiling them. In truth, he attributed too much importance to trifles ; and he has been charged more than once, with being instrumental to the postponement of Catholic emancipation. We are not prepared to say, whether these imputations might not be repelled by a biographer, well acquainted with that distinguished bishop—if such a biographer we are likely to see ; but as his history is told in the sketch before us, it is certainly defective in many points. His controversial works were numerous, and all are acknowledged to be replete with ability, learning, and uncommon force of judgment. His most celebrated productions are, his "History of Winchester," and his "End of Religious Controversy." The latter work is declared by Mr. Butler, no mean authority, to be "the ablest exposition of the doctrines of the Catholic church, on the articles contested with her by Protestants ; and the ablest statement of the truths by which they are supported, and of the historical facts with which they are connected, that has appeared in our language."

Miss Jane Taylor is allotted ample room in this volume ; a circumstance to be attributed, we fancy, less to the justice of her claim to it, than to the facility which a memoir lately published by her brother, afforded for expanding so indifferent a theme.

Equally elevated above its due station, appears the article on Dr. John Gray. It is supplied by his brother, and, goes into a long detail of little facts, which may, perhaps, be interesting to his immediate friends, but in which a general reader finds little to

repay his attention. The most that can be said of Dr. Gray is, that he was, for a time, physician to the fleet, under Nelson and Collingwood, and finally to the naval hospital at Haslar. We extract, from a note, the following anecdote of Nelson, as we do not remember to have met with it elsewhere.

'Lord Nelson had an invincible dislike to medicine. Dr. Gray could never get him but to take a little ether. He was at present far from well. His anxiety to catch the French had exasperated all his ailments, and rendered him quite feverish. Lady Hamilton wanted Dr. Gray to prescribe for him. "No, No," said he, "it is of no use; Gray (for he would never call him Doctor) knows I never take physic."

'This being premised, the following fact will show much good nature:—Dr. Snipe, the predecessor of Dr. Gray, was a polite man; but his politeness had a little of the formality of the old school in it. His lordship, as we have noticed, was very irritable when any thing important was going on. The French fleet was out; and of course he was particularly anxious. Dr. Snipe came to pay his morning visit, and hoped his lordship had slept well, and that he was in good health and spirits, and so on. "Poo! dem it," said his lordship, "what do I care about my health at present?" The doctor bowed and retired. Lord Nelson could not get a word from him during dinner. He felt much hurt at this; and at length hit on the following expedient to make the doctor speak. He sent for him, and said, "Snipe, I am very unwell, and, I think, feverish. Feel my pulse, and tell me how it is." "O, a little quick; slightly feverish: not much so. A small dose of physic would set your lordship to right." "Well, be so kind as to send me one; but let it be a small one." And he actually took a dose of salts; perhaps the only dose he had swallowed since he was a boy; and the doctor and the admiral were speaking friends again.'—p. 331.

While to such conspicuous characters as Michael Kelly, Dr. Bogue, and Miss Jane Taylor, scores of pages are freely dedicated, we find Lord Gifford, who really deserved much more, limited to half a dozen. In this memoir, which is evidently from the pen of a legal friend of that eminent and fortunate lawyer, several misstatements which have found general circulation are corrected, and some facts, new to us at least, are told in a simple and unpretending style.

Lord Gifford was born at Exeter, in 1779. His father, who was an extensive dealer in hops, grocery, and drapery, was twice married, and by his second wife had four children, of whom the lawyer was the youngest. He was educated at a school at Alphington, near Exeter, which was then kept by Dr. Halloran, whose doubtful celebrity cannot have been forgotten by the reader. Mr. Gifford, who from his boyhood evinced great quickness of apprehension, was, at a very early period, desirous of being educated to the bar. His father, however, did not second that desire, as he had not the means of gratifying it, and the young aspirant was articled to an attorney. Even in this situation, however, his talents soon became conspicuous, and after the term of his articles as expired, he had well founded hopes of being taken into part-

nership by Mr. Young, the gentleman whom he had served. A family arrangement, however, prevented that hope from being realized, and Mr. Gifford, finding himself his own master, turned his thoughts again to the bar; and, much to the credit of his brothers, was assisted by them in attaining the object of his ambition. The rest of his history is well known. He soon distinguished himself in his profession, and rose rapidly to all the honours which he could enjoy, short of the highest, for which, we believe, he was destined, had his life been prolonged.

While Chief Justice of the court of Common Pleas, he was also appointed Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords, to hear the Scotch Appeals. He was next, upon the death of Sir Thomas Plumer, on the 25th of March, 1824, made Master of the Rolls.

'This caused a great increase of labour to him; for it became a part of his duty to dispose of the numerous appeals brought under the consideration of the Privy Council. These various duties, both in the House of Lords and in the Privy Council (in addition to his ordinary duties as Master of the Rolls), were performed by Lord Gifford entirely gratuitously. We can assert, on unquestionable authority, that during the whole period he received not one farthing beyond the ordinary, and, until the act of 6 Geo. IV. had passed, the inadequate salary of the Master of the Rolls; which hardly, if at all, exceeded that of one of the Puisne Judges.

'But all this was done at the expense of health and strength. During almost the whole period of this laborious exertion, those who were nearly and intimately connected with him, experienced the utmost anxiety on his account. The friends who watched him, in that severe depression of spirits which over-fatigue and over-anxiety produced, can best estimate how little, in all this time of apparent prosperity, Lord Gifford was an object of envy. At the very moment of a most wanton and bitter attack, in which, in the forgetfulness of anger, it was stated in Parliament that the Rolls was all but a sinecure, the Master of the Rolls was attended by medical men, whose deliberate and expressed opinion was, that over-fatigue was undermining his constitution. Much pain, unquestionably, he did feel at that unjust attack; but the only answer he ever gave it was the continuance of his efforts, and the sacrifice of his life.

'Utterly worn down and exhausted by his anxious and unremitting exertions, Lord Gifford, accompanied by his family, left London on the 23d of August, 1826, for a house which he had taken on the Marine Parade, at Dover. He was at that time suffering under a severe bilious attack. On Saturday, the 2d of September, symptoms of inflammation of the bowels appeared; on the next day he became much worse; and, notwithstanding every effort that could possibly be made by his medical attendants, Dr. Macarthur and Mr. Sankey, at a little after six o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 4th of September, this valuable man breathed his last; to the inconsolable grief of his friends, and the sincere regret of the public at large.

'In person, Lord Gifford was well proportioned, and of about the middle stature. His carriage was easy; his aspect mild, without any admixture of weakness. His eye was quick and intelligent; his general manner and address, calm, frank and engaging.'—pp. 420—421.

That Lord Gifford was an astute and learned lawyer, it would be unjust to deny; but we do not at all agree with those who think that his mind was sufficiently enlarged, or illuminated, to sustain the dignity, and to discharge with benefit to the country, the various and important duties of a Lord Chancellor. Sir John Copley, his successor in the Rolls, is manifestly much better adapted in every respect for the Woolsack. But when will that splendid seat be vacant?

After a short memoir of Dr. Shipley, the late Dean of St. Asaph, we come to the Index, which, as we have said, contains many names which ought to have occupied much more prominent stations in the volume. We hope that the editor will be able to make some compensation to their memories, in his Biography of next year. We shall look with much interest to his promised account of the life of Flaxman.

ART. V. *Notes made during a Tour in the Northern Countries of Europe; with Observations on the Foreign Corn Trade.* By R. Smith, Esq. 8vo. pp. 504. 12s. London. C. and J. Rivington. 1827.

THERE is nothing in Mr. Smith's observations on the foreign corn trade, which demands particular notice from us. The information which his notes afford on that subject, though differing in some respects from the statements made in Mr. Jacob's report, appears to us to want authenticity, and to have been prepared besides with a view to support the continuance of our present corn laws. It is his purpose to shew that the northern countries of Europe would, in the course of a few years, completely inundate our market with every sort of grain. Hence his inference is, that such a foreign supply ought to be prevented, and that our own agriculturists should be encouraged, by enormous bounties, to feed the people of this country for ever, at a famine price! If it be true, as Mr. Smith contends, that the fields and granaries of the north would be able to bear down all home competition in the English market, in the name of justice let it be so. There is no good reason in the world, why the people of this country should not have bread, upon the cheapest terms that can be imagined.

The truth is, however, that this question of the foreign corn trade, occupies but a very small proportion of Mr. Smith's notes. His real ambition was to produce "a Tour," and the few digressions to which he gives room, on the subject of grain, are only put forward with the view of giving a feature of novelty to his account of countries, which are as well known to Englishmen as the counties of Kent or Somerset. It was but lately that we had to notice the work of a writer*, who traversed many of the scenes

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* Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany.—M. R. vol. iii. p. 352.

visited by Mr. Smith, but who imparted new attraction even to those that were most familiar to us, by the glowing tints of a fine imagination, which he contrived to spread over them. In this respect the production before us is utterly deficient. The author is a plain matter-of-fact gentleman, who, without any pretensions to elegance of style, or profundity of research, has fancied that a compilation of notes, taken from the guide books, and from the catalogues of pictures, and of other curiosities which are to be found in Berlin, Dresden, and other equally unknown places, was a desideratum in our language. Of course he must record, too, his visit to Brussels, or as he affectedly writes it Brüssel, and to that most unfrequented spot, the field of Waterloo. Nay, he has carried his simplicity so far, as to favour his readers with an elaborate programme of the "*lions*" of Paris, whence it appears, that they will afford a stranger abundant employment, for the first three weeks of his stay in that remote and unexplored capital.

It is difficult, however, for an intelligent person, such as Mr. Smith undoubtedly is, to proceed to any great distance from his own shores, and to return without adding something to the general stock of knowledge. He has given tables of the exports of corn from several of the northern countries, from 1816 to 1821, and also in the Appendix a list of the prices of grain at different foreign shipping ports, as they stood, so late as the middle of November last, which may be consulted with advantage by those who are interested in the discussion of the corn question. In other respects, he has done little more than repeat information already on our shelves, concerning Denmark, Prussia, Poland, Saxony, and other parts of Germany. He has, indeed, combined a great mass of statistical details in his work, which may not be so readily found in any other; and he has also collected a few documents and facts, connected with the pathetic history of the late beautiful, and unfortunate Queen of Prussia, which have not perhaps met the eye of the reader before. From the latter, therefore, we shall give a few extracts.

It is well known that the Queen was obliged to leave Berlin in the Spring of 1807, in consequence of the advance of the French army, and that she found a temporary asylum at Königsberg, whence she wrote the following letter to her father, the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz:—

'"15*th May*, 1807.

'"Dearest father,—The departure of General Blucher gives me a safe opportunity, thank God! of speaking unreservedly with you. O my God! how long have I been deprived of this happiness, and how much have I to say to you! To the end of the third week of my illness, each day has been marked by fresh misfortunes.——The despatch of the admirable Blucher to Pomerania—the patriotism which fills every breast—of which a further proof is, that part of the reserve battalion, only a few months organized, have already distinguished themselves, and the remainder are

on the advance—all this animates me with fresh hope. Yes, best of fathers, I am certain that all will yet go well, and that we shall once more see each other happy. The siege of Danzig proceeds favourably; and the inhabitants exert themselves with the utmost zeal. They mitigate the arduous duty of the soldiers, delivering them meat and wine in abundance. They will not even hear a word of a surrender; and would rather be buried under the ruins of their walls, than be untrue to their king. Colberg and Graudentz, hold out in the like manner. Would it had been so with all the fortresses!——But enough of past misfortunes. Let us look up to God, even to him who ordains our fate, and who will never forsake us, if we desert not him!

"The king is with the army, together with the Emperor Alexander, and will remain there as long as he does. This admirable union, founded on the firm basis of mutual misfortunes, gives the brightest hope of durability. By perseverance, I am convinced, we shall sooner or later triumph.

'LUISE."'

pp. 90—92.

We need hardly remind the reader that these hopes were sadly disappointed. Danzig surrendered, and after the battle of Friedland, Königsberg shared the same fate. The queen took refuge in Memel, and from thence wrote another letter to her father, full of that exalted sense of honour, for which through life she was distinguished. The energy with which she palliates the conduct of her husband, and endeavours to reconcile it to the dictates of that noble sentiment, by which she was herself animated, is characteristic of that blind and confiding devotion, which woman alone is found to exhibit under the terrors of the storm.

"The firmer it roots her, the ruder it blows."

The letter is dated Memel, 17th June, 1807.

'"Your letter of April last was read with heartfelt emotion, and amidst tears of the most grateful love. How shall I thank you, tenderest of fathers, for the many proofs of your love, favour and indissoluble paternal kindness? Oh! how great is the consolation and support they afford me under my present sufferings! Whilst thus beloved, I cannot be entirely wretched.——Another fresh and dreadful calamity has befallen us, and we are on the point of leaving our kingdom.—Think how I must feel!—yet I conjure you, by Almighty God, not to form a wrong opinion of your daughter! No; imagine not that I give way to pusillanimity; for there are two great considerations which elevate me above fear: the first is, the consciousness that we are not the sport of blind chance, but are in the hands of God, whose providence directs us;—the second, the reflection, that we fall honourably. The king has proved it—he has proved to the world, that he will not submit to dishonour: Prussians would not voluntarily bear the chains of slavery. Nor could the king have acted in a single instance otherwise, without forfeiting his own character, and becoming a traitor to his people. The support derived from this reflection, can only be felt by those whose actions are guided solely by a sense of *real* honour. But to the point.—Owing to the unfortunate battle of Friedland, Königsberg fell into the hands of the French. We are pressed on by

the enemy; and, should danger approach still nearer, I shall be under the necessity of leaving Memel with my children. The king will again join the Emperor Alexander, and I shall repair, if it be absolutely necessary, to Riga.—May God assist me in the moment, when I shall be obliged to pass the boundaries of our kingdom!—that will, indeed, require firmness; but I rely on that Being, who is the author of all good and evil, in the steadfast belief, that he will not send us severer trials than our strength can bear.

"Once more, dearest father, we fall honourably; esteemed by nations; and shall ever continue to have friends, because we deserve them. I cannot describe how cheering this thought is to me. I endure all with tranquillity and resignation, which can only be the offspring of a clear conscience and a firm faith.

"Be assured then, best of fathers, that we can never be utterly miserable; and that many possessing a crown and fortune, are not so much at ease as we. God grant peace of mind to every good man, and then he will have continual cause to be thankful.

"Another word of consolation—nothing shall ever proceed from our side which is not consistent with the strictest honour, and in unison with the wishes of our people. Think not, then, of commiseration for me *alone*.—I know that you, and all who are near and dear to me, *will* be comforted. I am ever your faithful, obedient, adoring daughter; and, thank God, your kindness allows me to add—your friend,

"LUISE.'"

'"24th June.—My letter is still detained, as not only contrary winds, but *violent gales* have rendered the sailing of ships impossible. I address you now by a safe hand, and therefore continue my communications. The army has been constantly compelled to retreat, and the Russians have concluded an armistice for four weeks. When we are dreading an approaching storm, the heavens frequently clear up, and our fear is banished—it may be so now; no one longs for it more than myself; yet wishes are only wishes, and no firm foundation.—But all proceeds from thee, thou father of mercy! my faith shall *not* be shaken, but I cannot hope more.—I appeal to my letter, for its sentiments proceed from the bottom of my heart. When you have read it, best of fathers, you will know me thoroughly.—I will live and die in the paths of rectitude, and if it be necessary, subsist on bread and water. I shall never be utterly wretched, but I cannot hope more.—If happiness be yet my lot, oh! no one will receive the boon more gratefully than I—but I cannot, dare not expect it. Should still greater trials befal me, they may cause a momentary alarm, but shall never cast me down, because I have not deserved them.

"Thus, dearest father, you see it is not in the power of the enemy of mankind to overcome me.

"The king joined the Emperor Alexander on the 19th; since yesterday they have been at Taurogen, a couple of miles from Tilsit, where the French Emperor is.—I am devotedly your

"LUISE.'"

pp. 92—96.

We feel much indebted to Mr. Smith for his versions of these letters. Had Miss Benger completed her Memoirs of Henry IV. of France, she would have found, if her valuable life had still been prolonged, a subject upon which her fertile and elevated imagina-

tion would have been delighted to dwell, in the story of this admirable queen. We trust that the subject may not be lost sight of, and that some one of the many excellent female writers who at present grace our literature, will turn her attention to a theme, eminently calculated to do honour to the sex, and at the same time to form one of the most interesting episodes in the recent history of Europe.

After the arrival of Napoleon at Tilsit, it may be remembered, the queen, though in an infirm state of health, proceeded thither, in order to try whether her commanding beauty and address might not induce the conqueror to mitigate his violent resolutions against Prussia. A person who happened to be stationed in a house opposite the King of Prussia's apartment, gave Mr. Smith the following account of the emperor and the queen, as they appeared, during that celebrated interview, at the window:—

'The countenance of the queen was particularly animated, and she appeared to dwell with much force on the miseries which her people suffered from the French yoke. Napoleon rested his arm on the window, his head reclining on his hand, and seemed, during most part of the time, to receive the address of the queen with the greatest composure, looking earnestly at her. Occasionally, however, when she appeared very warm, he raised himself, and seemed somewhat embarrassed, but quickly again relapsed into the same posture.'—p. 97.

Mr. Smith adds some interesting particulars of this interview, which he obtained from other sources.

'As soon as the queen arrived, Napoleon waited upon her; and it was to her an easy task how to conduct herself during the first moments of that singular meeting. She received Napoleon with a refined elegance, and such a commanding address, as superior powers of mind alone can give;—first lamented that he had been obliged to ascend to her apartments by such miserable stairs*, and inquired how the northern climate had agreed with his health, during the preceding winter. She then proceeded to the object of her visit;—she had come to exert her influence, in endeavouring to obtain for Prussia a peace, which would, at least, be supportable. Napoleon possessed but little gallantry; consequently, the intercession of this noble woman was entirely fruitless. Of the conversation at this singular conference, during which the queen gave many proofs of a noble and elevated soul, I shall only further notice, in conclusion, one of her replies, which excited the admiration of the bye-standers.—Napoleon asked her, "But how dared you commence the war against me?" and there was something *terrible* in the tone in which these words were uttered. The queen answered with calm, yet dignified composure, "Sire, il étoit permis à la gloire de *Frederic*, de nous tromper sur nos moyens, si toutefois nous nous sommes trompés!" This reply was heard by the French minister, Talleyrand, and by him repeated to the writer.'—pp. 97—98.

The humiliating terms of the treaty, and particularly the loss of Magdeburg, the principal fortress of Prussia, added fresh and

* 'It will be recollected that she lodged over a mill.'

deeper wounds to those by which her noble spirit had been already afflicted: remembering the reflection of our Queen Mary, on the surrender of Calais, the patriotic Louise was heard to say, that at her death the word "*Magdeburg*" would be found engraven on her heart. From Tilsit she returned to Memel, where she devoted herself entirely to her domestic duties. The resignation with which she bore her misfortunes, appears from her own pious and affectionate expressions. "I read much, and think much (she says), and, amidst my sorrows, there are still some moments in which I experience happiness;—it is true, mankind have no share in it—it exists entirely in my own breast. Of outward things, it is the friendship of the king, his fidelity and affectionate attachment alone, which compose my happiness." Another time, she wrote:—"The king is more sincere, and more kind than ever to me: a great felicity and reward, after fourteen years' marriage." In 1808 she removed to Königsberg, and in the summer retired to a small estate in the pleasant neighbourhood of that city. Upon its being observed to her that the extent of the villa was too limited for a royal residence, she replied—"I have good books, a good conscience, a good piano-forte, and, with these, can live more at ease, amidst the storms of the world, than those by whom they are caused." We add a few other interesting traits of her character.

'Towards the close of the year, she was employed in reading a course of lectures, which had been delivered at Königsberg, by Professor, now Staatsrath Süvern, on the most remarkable events in German history.

'With these she was much pleased; and on the occasion wrote, "I am diligently reading Süvern's pamphlets, and am now at Charles the Great, the real founder of the German age. He stands living before me, in all his greatness, splendour, and valour; he is very attractive, but Theodore still more so—that was a true German; it is proved by his love of justice, the rectitude of his conduct, the depth of his genius, and the generosity of his heart. The character of Charles the Great bears the marks of *Frenchified* principles, which somewhat disgust me."

'The beginning of the year 1809, she spent on a visit to the Empress of Russia; and on her return from St. Petersburgh to Königsberg, she was seized with an intermittent fever, caused by the critical situation of affairs, Prussia being then completely overrun by the French troops. During this sickness, she exclaimed, "Yes, I feel it daily more and more, that my kingdom is not of this world."

'She had for some time longed to visit Berlin, to which, and to its inhabitants, she was extremely partial. The 15th December was the day fixed for her departure; and, speaking of this determination, she wrote the following lines:—"Then I shall soon be in Berlin once more, and again surrounded by many faithful hearts, who love and esteem me. I am quite overcome with joy at the idea, yet I cannot avoid shedding tears when I think of it, because, though I find every thing *here* in the same situation as I left it, yet all is so changed in appearance, that I cannot surmise how it will be *there*. Dark forebodings alarm me; and willingly would I sit alone behind my screen, given up to my own ideas. I hope the event may prove otherwise."

'The day of her arrival at Berlin* was one of universal joy. At the suburbs, a triumphal carriage was in readiness, in which the queen, with the eldest princess her daughter, her third son prince Carl, and her niece the princess Frederica, drove through the city. She was partial to lilac—this was known and not forgotten, for the decorations on the carriage, and the ornaments on the harness were of that colour.

'In 1810, her birth-day was celebrated at Berlin with unusual pomp; yet, amidst all the splendour, she said to a friend near her, "I think this will be the last time that I shall keep my birth-day here." Her words were prophetic—it *was* her last birth-day.

'During the illness which caused her death, she wrote as follows:—"Though posterity may not exactly place my name amongst those of celebrated women, still, if it hear of the misfortunes of my times, it will learn what I have suffered, and will exclaim, 'She suffered much, and endured suffering.' Oh, I pray it may also add, 'But she gave birth to children who were worthy of better fortune; they endeavoured to attain it, and were at length successful."†'---pp. 102—104.

Our author gives a long and affecting account of the last days of this excellent woman, taken from the Morgenblatt. She died in July 1810, at her father's residence at New Strelitz, literally of a *broken heart*. The phrase is not one of exaggeration, for upon opening the body it was ascertained to be the fact.

Upon the other matters contained in Mr. Smith's work, we have already expressed our opinion. We shall only add, as it is in harmony with the subject which we have just been considering, the first five verses of a German translation of Gray's Elegy, which appear to be very happily rendered. Mr. Smith does not mention the author. We quote from his Appendix.

'Des Dorfes Glocke schallt den Moor entlang,
Im Laube spielt der Abendluft Geflüster,
Der Pflüger heimwärts pflügt den letzten Gang
Und überlässt die Welt mir und dem Düster—

'Nun stürb' im Thale auch der letzte Laut
Ein festlich Schweigen weilte in den Lüften,
Wenn nicht am Wall die Todten-Uhr noch baut'
Und Grillensang noch tönte von den Triften;

'Wenn nicht auf jenem grauen Gothenthurm,
Ein wilder Uhu nach dem Monde klagte,
Dass jüngst ein Wandler in der Nächte-Sturm
Ihn von dem scheuen Siedlersitz verjagte.

'Nach diesen greisen Ulmen sanft bewegt,
Da wo die Hügel mannigformig schauen,
Da schlafen eng' in Kammern hingelegt
Die guten frommen Väter dieser Auen.

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* 'It was the 23rd of December, the precise day and hour on which, sixteen years previously, the queen, as bride, had made her joyful entry into Berlin.'

† 'This prayer has been singularly fulfilled, by the recent elevation of her daughter to the Russian throne.'

'Des raschen Morgens früh erwachter Hall,
Des Storches Klappern auf dem Halmendache,
Des Hahnes Krähen und des Hüfthorns Schall
Sie rufen keinen dieser Schläfer wache.'—p. iii., App.

Art. VI. 1. *Histoire de la Saint-Barthelemy, d' apres les Chroniques, Mémoires et Manuscrits du XVI. e Siècle.* 8vo. pp. 498. Paris. 1826.

2. *A Vindication of certain Passages in the Fourth and Fifth Volumes of the History of England.* By J. Lingard, D.D. 8vo. pp. 112. London. Mawman. 1826.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew is deservedly numbered among the most atrocious occurrences in modern history. The event itself, when stripped of all the absurdity and falsehood which have usually been mingled in its relation, must still be loaded with the reproach of enormous and execrable guilt. After every fair allowance and deduction for the malignant exaggerations of religious hatred, and for the proneness of the vulgar mind, in all ages, to receive and echo such aggravated tales with eager credulity, enough is still left, in the authenticated facts of the massacre, to fill the imagination with disgust and horror.

Perhaps, in the whole compass of our European annals of the last five hundred years, there is no parallel to be found for the scenes of the St. Bartholomew, until we arrive at the dreadful æra of the French Revolution. But then, in the same country, and among the same people, may a resemblance be observed, as remarkable as it is appalling. At both epochs, excitement was purposely given to the evil passions of a ferocious populace; and in both, the result was so terrific, as to overwhelm the original instigators themselves with consternation and panic. When the diabolical fury of the mob had once been let loose, it revelled uncontrollably in cruelty and murder. The trembling authorities of the state passively submitted to excesses, which they had lost the power or the courage to restrain; and a few hordes of assassins were suffered to riot in a general anarchy, and to glut their brutality in the work of indiscriminate slaughter. So strikingly similar was the conduct of the French populace of 1572 and 1792, both in the capital and in a few of the provincial cities, that, in perusing the detailed account of the St. Bartholomew, it is often difficult to believe that we are not reading another version of the massacres of the Revolution. True it is, that the events of 1572 were the work of, at most, a few days; that the atrocities of our own age endured without mitigation for whole months, and even years; and that the number of victims was yet more disproportionate than this duration of time: but still, in the horrid enjoyment of bloodshed, in the wantonness and caprice with which the assassins murdered almost at random, and above all, in the ingenuity with which they varied the shapes of death, and mingled

infernal pleasantries in their work—in all these things, the mobs of the St. Bartholomew and of the Revolution, were only "alteri et iidem;" different generations, but the same people.

But, as if the real circumstances of the St. Bartholomew had not been sufficiently odious, it has been converted into a disputed problem of history, to deepen the immensity of its crimes. In the obscurity of its origin and causes, a question has been involved of far darker and more revolting guilt than even the enormity of an unpremeditated massacre. It has, until very lately, been suffered to grow current, and in fact, to become universal, in popular belief, that the event was the result of a long preconcerted and deep laid plot to extirpate the Huguenot party: that this execrable design had been formed certainly for many months, perhaps for two, or even for six years, before its accomplishment; and that, during the whole of such period, it had been matured through a long course of profound dissimulation, veiled with consummate art, and executed with the most remorseless and shocking perfidy. By our own historians, this popular belief has in general been carelessly followed, and as easily perpetuated. For example, Hume, to whom the labour of examining original authorities seems always to have been intolerably irksome, was contented, in the passing connection of French affairs with his subject, to copy the vague belief which attributed the massacre of 1572 to the conferences of Philip II. of Spain, and Catherine de' Medici, at Bayonne, in 1566; and Dr. Ranken, upon whom the duty of investigation was here more imperative, has, in his History of France, circumstantially deduced the plot of the St. Bartholomew * from the pacification of 1570. In this relation, the Doctor has probably copied only preceding writers, without much reflection, or careful comparison of conflicting evidence: but it is to be feared that, when he utterly forgets to recount the previous massacre of the Catholics by the Huguenots at Nismes—the horrible Michelade of 1567, the omission has not been wholly uninfluenced by Calvinistic partiality.

But we fortunately live in an age, in which the world are no longer permitted to slumber over the careless reception of historical errors, or implicitly to yield their assent and judgment to historical partialities, merely because such may happen to have been strengthened by the sanction of time. A better spirit, more intellectual and liberal, is abroad; and the industrious research, which is the most honourable characteristic of our present literature, has already overthrown many established prejudices, and disseminated a clearer understanding of many mistaken transactions. Among these, the circumstances of the St. Bartholomew have at length had their full share of investigation. They have been examined with remarkable impartiality, ingenuity, and judgment, by one of the ablest of our living historians; the result of his inquiries has

* History of France, vol vi., pp. 144—147.

produced a very animated controversy; and the whole question of the origin and motives of the massacre has been, for the first time, fully and broadly stated, and powerfully argued in our language.

In a note appended to the fifth volume of his history of England, Dr. Lingard gave a brief dissertation upon the St. Bartholomew, in which he modestly stated his conviction, "after a diligent perusal and comparison of the most authentic documents on the subject," that the massacre was *not* the effect of a preconcerted plot, but the sudden result of an accidental and unforeseen event. But instead of entering into any reasoning on either side of the question, as we certainly think he was bound at once to have done, to support a conclusion so entirely at issue with popular prepossessions, he confined himself to a rapid narrative of the circumstances of the massacre. This note on the St. Bartholomew provoked a long and laboured article in a critical journal, in which it was undertaken wholly to refute his position, to expose his narrative, as full of error and intentional deception, and to prove that he had never even consulted many of the authorities, on which he professed to have founded his judgment and relation. On the lucubrations of any of our critical contemporaries, or the tone and language in which it may please them to embody their strictures, it is certainly no part of our province to comment; and, with as much attention to courtesy and strict etiquette, as could be evinced within the walls of St. Stephen's, we permit ourselves only to refer to what "has passed in another place," in necessary illustration of a subject, which has come under our notice after the ordinary manner, in the two publications before us.

The first of these, the French work, professes to be a narrative of the St. Bartholomew, compiled from the chronicles, the memoirs, and the manuscripts of the sixteenth century; and we accordingly turned to it with no small curiosity, to discover what light the modern learning and industry of our neighbours might throw upon the examination of a disputed question in their history, which had just been discussed with so much earnestness and interest on this side of the channel. But a perusal of the volume has woefully disappointed us: the work is no more than an amusing specimen of that notable taste in modern French literature, which whimsically compounds an historical style out of the incongruous imitation of Tacitus—and *the Author of Waverley!* The association is supremely ridiculous; but it is nevertheless gravely and profoundly true, that it is the characteristic of a very large school of living French writers. An ambition to copy the pregnant brevity, the caustic terseness, and the epigrammatic periods of the Roman historian, is strangely united with a passion for the careless amplification, the vivid colouring, and the picturesque descriptions of the great Scotch novelist. It became fashionable in the literary coteries of Paris, during the imperial regime, and perhaps after the example of Napoleon, to affect that electrical strength of expression, of which Tacitus was

so great a master: it has since become fashionable to mistake Sir Walter Scott's romances for history; and in this way only can we account for the confusion of taste which has unquestionably arisen in France.

Among authors of any reputation, M. Ségur, the historian of Napoleon's Russian campaign, offers the most favourable example which we have seen of this style; and we may now assign to the writer before us, on the other hand, the merit of having exhibited it most successfully in caricature. He cannot get through his first six pages without a reference to the annals of Tacitus; and, from the same source, are all his illustrations derived. Charles IX. he can liken only to Tiberius, his mother Catherine to Agrippina; if he has occasion to mention one of her minions, it provokes a comparison to Locusta; every base informer among the French courtiers reminds him of Suilius, every sycophant of Piso or Plancinus. And to crown the absurdity, he cannot even relate the rejected tale of the poisoning of the queen of Navarre, without remembering the fate of Germanicus: the friends of the Queen, says he, round her death-bed, "prononçaient mysterieusement le nom de Britannicus," as if these people were historically recorded to have chosen this familiar allusion to Tacitus, or as if their minds had really, at such a time, been as much haunted as the author's, by the pages of the imperial annalist.

All this is sadly ridiculous: but it is not so mischievous in its effects as the manner in which the author has undertaken to compile history from chronicles, memoirs, and manuscripts. Here his work belongs in good sooth to the "romantic school," as our neighbours have characterized the imitation of Sir Walter; or in other words, it is about as veracious a history, as the "Talisman" or the "Tales of my Landlord." To give picturesque effect to his narrative, the writer repeats all the most extravagant tales of the massacre, which his industrious toil could collect; to impart a mysterious awe to the tragedy, he has carefully recorded all the stories of supernatural omens and signs of its approach, which he could rake up from preposterous legends and forgotten superstitions. Without weighing or digesting his materials, without caring for contradictions and impossibilities, he has pressed into his volume every exaggeration which could deepen the intense excitement of the imaginary plot, or heighten its meretricious interest. And this professes to be historical composition! This is a piece of authentic history! which cautiously abstains from all marginal reference to authorities, which informs us (p. 3) that Mary Stuart was consigned to the block *in Scotland at the age of twenty-two years;* and which asserts that Coligny (p. 388) had been the terror of this country, and that too under Elizabeth, who was bound by interest to befriend and cherish all his party; and that England rejoiced at the death of the admiral as if it had been a victory!!

But to analyze this farrago of truth and fiction, would be mere

waste of time: one single observation only there is, in the course of five hundred pages, which is worthy of notice. The author, amidst all his exaggerations of the preconcerted origin and actual extent of the St. Bartholomew, *has* contrived, by some accident, to form one just estimate of the character of the whole transaction. "On a trop long-temps accusé la religion de cette horrible journée; il faut que le sang retombe sur qui l'a répandu, et la religion n'en versa pas une goutte. Si le signal du meurtre fut donné par la cloche qui avait coutume d'appeler les catholiques à la prière; si les assassins parèrent leurs vêtemens d'une croix, symbole de la foi des chrétiens; si presque tous invoquèrent le nom de Dieu, avant et après le crime, c'est que Catherine fut bien aise de couvrir de voiles sacrés cet attentat politique: elle seule le médita et l'accomplit." Of the justice of this reflection, we have so far not a shadow of doubt,—that the circumstances which produced the massacre were purely political, and totally apart from any preconceived design of extirpating the Huguenots as a religious party; and that the real origin of the whole bloody tragedy, was not in the hatred cherished towards the Calvinists as a sect, but in the jealousy entertained by Catherine of the personal ascendancy which their chief, the veteran statesman Coligny, was daily acquiring over the mind and affections of the youthful king.

From the soundness of this conclusion, we are convinced it will be utterly impossible for any man to dissent, who shall have perused the most able pamphlet, which occupies the second place at the head of this article. This little tract puts forth Dr. Lingard's vindication of himself from the aspersions with which the Edinburgh Review had assailed his historical judgment, his literary accuracy and research, and even his honour and moral integrity, as a gentleman and a man. Strange to say, even under such irritating charges, he has written with the most irreproachable moderation; and we should not know how to commend sufficiently a tone of mildness quite unusual in such personal controversy, if we did not remember that it becomes easy for a disputant to keep his temper, just in proportion as he happens to have the best of the argument. The goodness of Dr. Lingard's cause, must detract from the merit of his forbearance: he had been assailed by the most insulting charges, without the slightest foundation; he knew he could triumphantly repel them, and cover his adversaries with confusion; and he naturally came to the intellectual combat in good humour and calmness of spirit.

In one respect, with reference to his narrative of the St. Bartholomew, Dr. Lingard ought certainly to feel even under some obligation to his assailants, for the public opportunity thus given to him, of doing that which he had previously too much neglected:—of clearly demonstrating the case, which originally he had only asserted without proof. His 'Vindication,' in short, is satisfactory and complete; and the pamphlet is altogether beyond compa-

rison the most masterly and the best conducted piece of controversial argument, which our times have produced. Dr. Lingard possesses the happy art, the *curiosa felicitas*, beyond almost any reasoner that we know, of placing his adversary neatly and quietly—nay, even imperceptibly in the process—between the horns of a dilemma. Of this, there are two or three very amusing instances in the tract before us; and it is remarkable how easily—although he has to deal with opponents certainly of great ability,—his logical strength, like the mechanism of a screw power, enables him, when thus employed upon sound and substantial premises, to extract the truth irresistibly, but without violence, even from the admitted positions of his antagonists. This faculty, applied to the investigation of doubtful transactions of any kind, is, it is needless to say, one of the highest qualifications which the historian can possess; and when we find it united, as it is in Dr. Lingard, with the most indefatigable habits of research, it cannot but serve to enhance very highly the acknowledged value of his labours.

Into the whole reasoning of the controversy on the St. Bartholomew, it is not by any means our purpose to enter; nor, if our limits permitted us to examine the whole scope of the arguments on both sides, could we hope to add much important matter to the full and conclusive investigation, which the subject has thus already undergone. We shall therefore be contented briefly to state the principal points in dispute, and to repeat a few of the reasons which have appeared to us so decisive in favour of Dr. Lingard's position.

The admitted historical facts which preceded the massacre of St. Bartholomew were in general these: in the year 1570, a pacification was concluded between the French court and the Huguenot insurgents, for the declared object of terminating the religious discussions which had so long desolated the nation; and with the expression of his desire to cement this peace, the king, Charles IX., soon after proposed to give his sister Margaret in marriage to the young heir of the crown of Navarre (afterwards Henry IV.), recognised as the first Protestant prince of the kingdom. The Admiral de Coligny, the aged director of the Calvinist councils, and the real leader of the party, entered heartily into the measure, and was induced to repair to the court. There he was welcomed by Charles with much honour; and to all appearance, during his subsequent residence near the person of the young monarch, he gained so much upon the royal esteem and affection, as to become his most intimate adviser in a meditated war against Spain. The treaty of marriage between Henry of Navarre and Margaret, was successfully negotiated; and, soon after Midsummer 1572, all the heads of the Huguenot party, with a great number of nobles and gentlemen of the same persuasion, were attracted to Paris to be present at the nuptials. The marriage was celebrated on the 18th of August. But, only four days after, on the 22nd, Coligny, in pass-

ing through the streets, was fired at from a window by a single assassin, who escaped, leaving the admiral wounded, but not mortally. And, finally, on the 24th, the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew commenced.

Now the prevalent and popular belief concerning the whole of these transactions has been, as we have already remarked, that the final and bloody tragedy was the systematic result of a plot long preconcerted between Charles IX. and his mother Catherine de' Medici; that to this end, was the pacification of 1570 patched up; that the marriage of Henry of Navarre and Margaret was proposed and concluded, merely as a lure to inveigle all the principal Huguenots to Paris, and to destroy them at a blow; that the marked respect and attachment apparent in Charles towards Coligny, were assumed only with execrable dissimulation and treachery; and that the preparatory measures having succeeded, the massacre was completed, as had all along been intended.

It is to the whole of this imputed tissue of deliberate and perfidious falsehood, that Dr. Lingard's investigations led him to oppose his conviction. He first asserted, and has since proceeded to prove, that the fact of a long preconcerted plot against the Huguenots is unsupported by contemporary authority, and that even the supposition of such a plot is contrary in itself to all probability, and inconsistent with the general tenor of the evidence which has descended to us. He concludes, that the court were sincere in the pacification of 1570; and that the king was equally sincere in the motives which he avowed in concluding the marriage, and in the warm regard which he gradually professed for Coligny. He considers that it was this very attachment of Charles to the admiral, which led to the massacre; that the infamous queen-mother, Catherine, and the duke of Anjou, her favourite son, and the king's next brother (afterwards Henry III.) became alarmed for their own power and that of their party, at the influence acquired by Coligny over the weak mind of Charles, and therefore determined to have the admiral assassinated; and that failing in that object, and suddenly terrified at the clamours for justice, and the open threats of the Huguenot leaders, after the attempt on the admiral's life, they, in conjunction with some of the heads of their party, wrought upon the king's fears also, and extorted from him a hasty order to put to death the admiral and his principal adherents; and that the execution of this purpose, horrible as it was, was extended by the ferocious and fanatic populace, to the general massacre of all the Huguenots upon whom they could seize.

Such then are the opposite versions of the circumstances preceding the St. Bartholomew, which have formed the subject of controversy. The principal matter at issue is, obviously, whether the massacre was long premeditated or not; and, intimately connected with this disputed point, is the question of Charles's participation in such a *preconcerted plot*. The whole subject forms one of those

difficult and intricate problems of history, in which, while no direct and absolutely indubitable testimony is attainable, the mere opinions of contemporaries are various and contradictory. It is altogether a case of circumstantial evidence, which must be determined by the general tenor of probabilities. It is a case in which, primarily, the *onus probandi* rests with the advocates for a preconcerted plot. Dr. Lingard gave a challenge in the assertion, that there is no contemporary authority to support such an hypothesis:—no *authority;* for many contemporary *opinions* maintaining it, he well knew that there were. This challenge his opponents eagerly took up; and certainly, we must add, to our apprehension, they failed most completely in answering it. To the justice and fairness of every syllable in the following passage from Dr. Lingards's pamphlet before us, we entirely subscribe, after having carefully read the whole case of his opponents.

'When I sate down to compose the memoir, I entertained no doubt of the received opinion, that the massacre was the effect of a preconcerted plot: but these formidable objections induced me to pause, and to inquire on what real foundation a system so replete with improbabilities, was built. Writers, who asserted it, were to be found without number; they were Catholics as well as Protestants: some took it for granted; others attempted to prove it. But what was their authority? Nothing beyond suspicion, and report, and conjecture. Not one of them, as far as I could discover, pretended to have been privy to the design; not one received his information from those who were supposed to have been privy to it. All the evidence of this description is on the other side: every credible document, purporting to give the testimony of the king, or of the queen, or of the duke of Anjou, or of their ministers, declares that the massacre was a sudden and unforeseen expedient, suggested by the alarm which the failure of the attempt on the admiral had excited, and by the danger to be expected from the revenge of his adherents.

'It was this which caused me to remark in a note, that the hypothesis of my opponents was "unsupported by contemporary authority;" an observation which has aroused the astonishment and ire of the reviewer. "Unsupported by contemporary authority!" he exclaims, "why; it was maintained by Capilupi at Rome in the month of September, it was believed by the elector of Saxony in October, it was asserted by an orator in the assembly of the Huguenots of Dauphiné in December, and it was assumed as true by the ex-jesuit Masson in 1575.*" All this I am ready to

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* 'Rev. 98, 99. "On voit naitre," says D'Aubigné, ii. 70. anno 1618, "un livre, duquel l'autheur s'appelloit *preneur de loups*, pour louer l'excessive finesse, disposition et fermeté de cœur du Roi et de la Roine." The opinion of this wolf-catcher (Capilupi) was, that a league had been concluded between the pope and the two kings of France and Spain, by which the king of France was to massacre all the chiefs of the Huguenots at the marriage of his sister, and aid with all his power the duke of Alva to exterminate the rebels in Flanders; the king of Spain was to restore Navarre to the king of France, and aid *the duke of Anjou to get possession of*

grant, and even more. But from what source did these persons derive their knowledge? As well might you appeal to the French orators and writers of pamphlets, for contemporary authority to prove that the attempt to destroy the first consul by the explosion of the "infernal machine," in the year 1800, originated with Mr. Windham, and his colleagues in the British ministry. A broad distinction should be drawn between authority for a public fact, and authority for a secret design. The fact is a matter of notoriety: its truth may be easily ascertained. I would admit even Capilupi and the elector of Saxony, as authority for the fact of the massacre. But a design, supposed to have been formed and conducted in privacy and concealment, unless it be necessarily implied in the result, requires very different proof. Its existence can be shewn only by the confession of the parties, or by the testimony of those who have derived their knowledge from those parties. Such confession or testimony would be authority, and contemporary authority. But does any such exist? Was any such ever known to exist? No: my opponent "has not the hardihood" to assert it. Where then is his contemporary authority?"—pp. 19—22.

In the absence of any such direct testimony, it is possible, in all disputed points of the kind, for the advocates of the weaker arguments to advance a great number of plausible conjectures and inferences; to multiply together a variety of minute and trivial considerations; to place detached and isolated incidents in juxtaposition; and thus, rejecting all discrepancies, to display the apparent and superficial agreement of circumstances for the conclusion desired. But after the work of ingenuity has in this manner been dexterously completed, and admirably contrived to impose upon the careless observer; if a single well-founded objection can be raised against it, if one solitary fact can be shewn, or argument advanced, incompatible with the position assumed, the whole flimsy edifice of speculation must at once melt into air at the touch of truth. In the controversy before us, such a palpable objection is readily to be found in one simple question. If the plot of the St. Barthomew had been so long prepared, and so diligently and successfully matured, why, within two days of its consummation, was the life of Coligny imprudently and needlessly attempted by private assassination? This is fairly an *experimentum crusis* for the whole inquiry; and if Dr. Lingard had opposed his case to the popular opinion upon no other foundation than this short and unanswerable query, it must in itself have served as a sufficient proof, by negative demonstration, against the probability of all the story of a preconcerted plot. The assassin who wounded Coligny, is known to have been employed by the queen-mother, the duke of Anjou, and their

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the English crown; and then the allies were to unite their forces, to exterminate the heretics of Germany, and establish a new constitution of the empire by the authority of the pope. *Lo Stratagema*, 1572. This specimen will teach the reader what judgment he ought to form of the "wolf-catcher!"'

confidential advisers, the very persons to whom the previous design of a general massacre has always been attributed.

'But by what ingenuity (says Dr. Lingard), can this event be reconciled with such a design? What possible motive could there be to attempt the life of one man, if the object was to take the lives of all? Its effect must have been to awaken the suspicion of the intended victims, to warn them of their danger, to suggest to them projects of resistance or escape. That the life of the admiral alone was sought, is most certain. Every precaution had been taken to secure the flight of the assassin, but no preparations had been made to follow up the blow. If the admiral had fallen, his adherents would probably have withdrawn to places of safety. They might have done it on that day; they might have done it on the next. The proposal was twice made, but rejected by the obstinacy of the leaders. Whoever considers these circumstances, must, I think, conclude that no general massacre was at that time in contemplation.'—pp. 16, 17.

Most assuredly, no impartial person can arrive at any other conclusion than this; and so keenly have the advocates for the preconcerted plot felt all the improbability which the attempt on the admiral's life throws upon their hypothesis, that they have laboured—most ineffectually indeed—to overcome the difficulty, by suggesting a variety of solutions. None of the reasoning above quoted is affected by any of these explanations: and the doctor's antagonists, rejecting every supposition but one, have concluded "that the king, though originally a party in the conspiracy, had vacillated before the moment arrived for its execution; that the queen-mother, alarmed at the apparent progress Coligny was making in the confidence of her son, contrived the attempt on his life, in the manner described by the duke of Anjou; and having failed in the enterprise, that partly by fear, and partly by insinuation, she brought back the king to his original design of dispatching the admiral and other Huguenot chiefs, and making such a slaughter of the party, as to disable them from any future resistance to his will." Upon which, Dr. Lingard remarks:—

'On this, which after all is only conjecture, I may offer a few remarks.

'1. Instead of "apparent," the true reading will be "real progress of the admiral in the confidence of the king." For it must have been a real progress, which induced him to abandon the favourite object of his policy for so long a time. Now, when did this change in the royal affection and projects take place? Evidently two months at least before the St. Bartholomew, as appears from the anxiety of Anjou and Tavannes to withdraw the king from his connection with the admiral. But what then becomes of the dissimulation and duplicity attributed to Charles in his communication with that nobleman, and of the insidious design with which he is supposed to have married his sister to the king of Navarre, that he might have a pretext for enveloping the whole body of the Huguenots in one common massacre?

'2. May not this change be dated even in the preceding year? The same marks of confidence were given by the king to the admiral during his visits in 1571, as in the last visit of 1572: and even then, according to

Tavannes, Charles had been brought over to the interest of the party. Il estoit entierement à eux.*

'3. It is, moreover, admitted, that not only the king, but the queen-mother, vacillated also. Aware that she could not accomplish the design without the king's consent, and despairing of that consent on account of the progress which the admiral had made in his affection, she abandoned the intended massacre altogether; and satisfying herself with the murder of one, instead of many, endeavoured to remove, by assassination, the man whom she considered as her rival and adversary. Thus, then, as far as regarded her and her party, it must also be acknowledged that the subsequent tragedy was the result of consequences.

'4. It appears, therefore, that the difference of opinion between the reviewer and myself is not so great as might be imagined. We both agree that the attempt on the admiral is irreconcileable with the co-existence of a plan of general massacre, and that the second was taken up afterwards, on account of the failure of the first; in this only we differ, that he considers the massacre as the revival of an abandoned plot, I as the effect of an entirely new design. But, on what does he found his opinion? On the authority of the writers, to whom he has appealed in the preceding pages? Most certainly not. They never dreamed of any discontinuance of the supposed project. According to them, it originated in the conferences at Bayonne: the pacification of 1570 was concluded to gain time to mature it; and from that period to its execution, every measure taken by the court was artfully contrived to produce the desired result. Now, if in this, the most important part of their story, their evidence is rejected by the reviewer, why is it to be admitted in the other? If it be not of sufficient authority to prove the uninterrupted progress, why should it establish the previous existence of the conspiracy?'—pp. 64—66.

After this one insuperable objection to the hypothesis of a preconcerted plot, which is involved in the attempt upon the life of Coligny, it is, perhaps, needless to multiply minor proofs against the probability of the supposition. But it is remarkable, that the only three accounts which we possess of the St. Bartholomew, from

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* 'Tavannes, Mémoires, tom. 27, p. 214. To detract from the credit of this writer, who repeatedly asserts that the massacre was not premeditated, and accuses those who think so, of ignorance (xxvii. 215, 222, 241, 274), the reviewer tells us, that "he was anxious to exculpate his father from the imputation of having been the deviser of a measure held in execration by all mankind." Rev. 148. Now the truth is, that Tavannes was anxious to secure to his father the glory of having been the deviser of the measure. C'est la verité, que les Huguenots furent seule cause de leurs massacres, mettans le roy en necessité de la guerre d'Espagne, ou de la leur. Sa majesté par le conseil du sieur de Tavannes esleut la moins dommageable, et salutaire tant pour la religion catholique, que pour l'estat. . . . . Que l'on rend donc l'honneur a ceux qu'il appartient, non que ces grands meurtres soyent louables, mais bien d'avoir empesché que par les marriages et alliances les trois parts de l'Europe ne fussent du party heretique, et d'avoir destourné de la France une guerre très perilleuse.—Mém. xxvii., 503, 504.'

eye-witnesses, all agree in denying the previous existence of the design, and in asserting the difficulty with which the king was persuaded at last to consent to the murder of the admiral, and other Huguenot leaders. These accounts are contained in the memoirs of Tavannes, of Margaret the king's sister, and of the duke of Anjou (Henry III.), his brother. Tavannes was only eighteen years of age at the time of the massacre, and too young, therefore, to have been admitted into the counsels of the murderers; but he was present in the Louvre during that night of horrors, and his father, the marshal, was one of the devisers of the tragedy. The princess Margaret was not at all in the secret: but she, too, was a spectator, and wrote from what she had heard and seen. The testimony of Anjou is far more important than either. His memoir is a confession of his own infamous participation with his mother, in the original attempt to assassinate the admiral; and in the subsequent bloody proceedings to which the conspirators were impelled by their fears. In short, his account of the sudden origin of the massacre, and the king's violent reluctance to permit it, is that adopted by Dr. Lingard; and the supporters of the opposite opinion are sorely troubled, therefore, how to dispose of this narrative of Anjou. Dr. Lingard has very pithily completed their embarrassment, by shewing that the testimony of Anjou cannot, upon any plea, consistently be rejected; and his reasoning is here a diverting little instance of the logical acuteness which we have remarked in his method of argument.

'The reviewer, says he, offers two objections to other parts of the same note. I had appealed to the narrative of the duke of Anjou, which, I say, was dictated by him "during a restless night, when his conscience was harassed by the recollection of the massacre," and which has the appearance of coming from one, "who seeks not to excuse, but to accuse himself." *He* tells us, that indeed the duke dictated it when "he was agitated by the recollection of the bloody scenes," but that he "expressed in it no contrition for his crime, nor seemed at all conscious of its enormity:" that, on the contrary, he was accustomed "not only to make no secret of his participation in the St. Bartholomew, but reckoned it among the glorious acts of his life." The difference between us on this subject, is not a point worth the mooting. If I am correct, the duke's narrative deserves credit; if the reviewer be correct, it is equally deserving of credit. For surely we cannot imagine that Anjou would seek to extenuate his participation in that, "which he reckoned among the glorious acts of his life." '—pp.

To this extract we shall add another, in which Dr. Lingard clearly demonstrates the unfair and false method of quotation used by the reviewer, (generally supposed to be Dr. Allen, chaplain to Lord Holland), in criticising the note in question. The temper which the Doctor exhibits on this occasion is perfectly enviable.

'"The historian," (Strada) says the reviewer, "adds that many have thought the massacre of the heretics at Paris, executed seven years afterwards, was planned at this interview; 'id quod mihi neque abnuere neque affir-

mare promptum fuerit, potius inclinat animus ut credam.'" This, at first view, has a plausible appearance: but a reference to the original will instantly expose the fraud. The words are—Id, quod mihi neque abnuere neque affirmare promptum fuerit. Potius inclinat animus ut credam, et mutua Gallorum in Belgium, atque hinc in Galliam adversus religionis principumque rebelles auxilia, quæ sæpius dehinc submissa vidimus, et Caroli regis cum Elizabetha Maximiliani imperatoris filia matrimonium, quinto post anno celebratum, ab eo colloquio provenisse. Now, if this passage be compared with the quotation of the reviewer, it will be found that, to effect his purpose, he has taken the last of the two sentences, and divided it into unequal portions. Of these, the first and shorter he adds to the sentence preceding, as one of its component parts: of the second, which after the division retains no meaning, he does not make mention: he conceals the mutilated remains from the eye of the reader, though he has carefully surveyed them himself, and discovered that they include a hint of mutual assistance. The contrivance is ingenious: Strada is made to say the very reverse of that which he really said; he is made to say that he inclines to adopt the opinion of those, who believe that the Parisian massacre was concerted at Bayonne; whereas, he really says that, instead of adopting that opinion, he is inclined to believe that two other things, viz. the occasional supply of aid from one crown to the other, and the marriage of Charles to the daughter of the emperor, were the real effects of the conference. To characterise this most singular perversion of testimony, I shall not borrow any of those offensive terms which are of such frequent use in the reviewer's vocabulary. I will not call it carelessness or ignorance, bad faith or misrepresentation, indifference to historical accuracy, or an attempt to deceive the reader. Perhaps it was no more than an oversight, occasioned by precipitancy, by that eagerness for victory, which so often blinds and misleads the judgment. But, be it what it may, the detection will teach him this useful lesson, that it becomes the man, who has to crave forbearance for his own delinquencies, to view with a more indulgent eye the failings, whether they be real or imaginary, of others.'—pp. 49, 50.

To prevent the reviewer from getting out of the scrape on the ground of a variance of punctuation, in different editions of the authority in question, Dr. Lingard, after referring to "Strada de Bello Belgico," lib. iv. p. 109, Romæ, 1640, says—'This is the best edition. I know not whether it be the edition quoted by the reviewer, but the number of the page is the same. I have consulted several other editions, which agree both in words and punctuation. The same may be said of the old English and French translations.'

Great stress has been laid, in the arguments for a preconcerted plot, upon the ferocious character of Charles, and upon his apologies for the massacre after its perpetration. That he was a weak and wicked prince, whose natural propensities to evil had been strengthened by a vicious education, we think there can be no question. But as little can it be doubted, that his memory has been far more blackened than it deserves, by tales fabricated at a time when men were maddened by rage and revenge, and ever since repeated *without inquiry,* and merely to indulge that popular appe-

tite for the marvellous and the horrible, to which history is too often prostituted. But that Charles, during the short residue of his life after the massacre, was continually torn by remorse and agitated with horror at its remembrance, has never been denied, and indeed is proved by the concurrent testimony of all the most respectable contemporary authors. D'Aubigné, in particular, a Protestant, and familiarly acquainted with Charles, asserts from his own knowledge, and the testimony of some of the first personages in France, that during the two years which he lived after the St. Bartholomew, the king's sleep was often interrupted by starts and groans, and exclamations bordering on despair; that he frequently declared his abhorrence of the deed, that he gradually removed from his councils those who had advised it, and that he even sought to free himself from the presence of the queen-mother, by proposing to her a visit to the duke of Anjou, then king of Poland.

With respect to his apologies for the massacre after its perpetration, and the contradictory declarations which he published relating to its causes, we agree with Dr. Lingard that, if carefully weighed, they are so far from proving any preconcerted plot, and especially his premeditated participation in such a design, that they will be found to argue most strongly against its existence.

'Whence arose these contradictory statements put forth by the court? Suppose the massacre a sudden and unpremeditated measure, and they are easily understood. Its authors had been compelled to act, and had no leisure to arrange the subsequent proceedings. But if you take it for the result of a plot of two, or rather of seven, years standing, you must maintain, that during this time its devisers had never fixed on the grounds on which it would be proper to justify their conduct.'

Upon this point, the testimony of M. de Chateaubriand appears to us to be decisive.

'He had the curiosity to search for the history of the St. Bartholomew, where, if any where, the truth was to be discovered, in the archives of the Vatican, at the time when they were lodged in France, during the reign of Napoleon. The several secret dispatches, written in cipher, and forwarded to Rome by the papal agents in Paris, were carefully examined, and the result of the inquiry proved most satisfactorily, that the St. Bartholomew had not been concerted beforehand, that it was the sudden consequence of the wounds received by the admiral, and that the number of the slain, though undoubtedly great, was much below the computation adopted by certain writers. "Si l'abbé de Caveyrac soutient que la journée de la Saint Barthelemy fut moins sanglante qu'on ne l'a cru, c'est qu' hereusement ce fait est prouvé. Lorsque la Bibliothéque du Vatican étoit à Paris (trésor inapreciable auquel presque personne ne songeoit) j'ai fait faire des recherches; j'ai trouvé sur la journée de la Saint Barthelemy les documens les plus précieux. Si la verité doit se rencontrer quelque part, c'est sans doute dans des lettres écrites en chiffres aux souverains Pontifes, et qui etoient condamnées à un secret eternel. Il resulte positivement de ces lettres que la Saint Barthelemy ne fut pas prémeditée, qu'elle ne fut que la

consequence soudaine de la blessure de l'amiral, et qu'elle n'enveloppa qu'un nombre de victimes, toujours beaucoup trop grand sans doute, mais au dessous des supputations de quelques historiens.'—pp. 69, 70.

But the fact is, that once admit the design of the massacre to have been suddenly adopted on the spur of the occasion, and the inexplicable features of the case disappear altogether. Then the unproved design, in itself so revolting and unnatural, by which the brother sacrificed the person of his sister, and the young monarch persevered unshrinkingly for two years in horrible dissimulation, for the deliberate purpose of massacreing thousands of his subjects in cold blood, is converted into a natural course of state policy. Then the apparent influence acquired by Coligny over the mind of Charles, and the confidence which ensued between them, become the real and comprehensible results of the great talents and persuasive powers of a shrewd and veteran statesman, over the youthful mind of the king; the project of a Spanish war, which flattered his ambition, and the recorded alarm of the queen-mother and her party at the measure, are equally intelligible; and so also is Charles's desire of shaking off the thraldom in which his aspiring parent had so long enveloped him. That the unscrupulous and infamous Catherine should then, in alarm for her own power, and jealous at the new ascendancy of Coligny and his party, have conspired, as we know she did, with Anjou and her partisans, to cut off the admiral, is thus fully accounted for; and the first grief and indignation of Charles at the attempt, with his friendly visit to the wounded man, are consistent and probable. The sequel, too, agrees with the confession of Anjou; of the terror of the conspirators at the threatened vengeance of the Huguenots; their practices upon the king's fears; their sudden plot to complete the murder of Coligny and his adherents; and Charles's reluctant and agitated assent, under the erroneous impression of his own danger. The subsequent contradictions in the king's published accounts of the massacre, the hasty and irreconcileable attempts of the court to assign a plausible reason for its commission, manifestly betray the want of preparation and concert. And, lastly, the declaration of Charles to his sister Margaret, of the reluctance with which he had consented to the iniquity; his subsequent abhorrence of the deed, and its perpetrators; his own misery and remorse at its recollection; all confirm the belief that he had been hurried and terrified into the fatal sanction for its commission. Thus the whole of this simple solution is consonant with evidence and probabilities, with facts and their consequences: the opposite hypothesis is dogged at every step by contradictions and difficulties.

There are several minor points in this controversy which we have not noticed, but upon all of which we think Dr. Lingard has decidedly defeated his antagonist.

ART. VII. *The Present State of Colombia; containing an Account of the principal Events of its revolutionary War; the Expeditions fitted out in England to assist its Emancipation; its Constitution; Financial and Commercial Laws: Revenue Expenditure and Public Debt; Agriculture; Mines; Mining and other Associations: with a Map, exhibiting its Mountains, Rivers, Departments and Provinces.* By an Officer late in the Colombian Service. 8vo. pp. 336. 10*s.* 6*d.* London. Murray. 1827.

THIS is unquestionably one of the most intelligent and instructive works, which have yet been written upon the political affairs of any of the South American republics. The author, who describes himself as an officer late in the Colombian service, appears to be minutely acquainted with all the details of his subject. He has examined with his own eyes the most important sections of the territory of Colombia, he has closely observed her progress from a colony to a state, has been a partaker of her successful military exertions, and a witness of her abortive efforts to become a naval power. He has moreover made himself intimately acquainted with all the elements of her financial strength, the actual state of her revenue, and expenditure, the course of her legislation, the character and practical operation of her constitution, and the information thus acquired, marked by every appearance of accuracy, he lays before his readers in a concise, luminous and masterly style.

The author candidly states that, in submitting his work to the public at this moment, he is actuated by a desire to shew that the natural riches of Colombia are sufficient to extricate her from her present financial embarrassments, and to maintain her independence against any attack that can be made upon it by Spain. The latter part of his purpose, it was not difficult for him to accomplish. The new Portuguese constitution will probably afford abundant employment to Ferdinand during his ill-omened life, even if he had not been utterly destitute of the means necessary to the support of a war in the other hemisphere. But we must confess that with respect to the other, and the more important part of his proposition, after an attentive consideration of the facts which the author has stated, and the arguments which he has founded upon them, we do not coincide in his conclusions. Perhaps he is right in believing that, 'notwithstanding the present unfavourable aspect of its affairs, Colombia *possesses the means* of extricating itself from the difficulties in which it is involved.' But if there be little or no hope, derivable from the actual institutions, the legislative principles, and the conduct of the influential officers of the republic, that those means shall be positively applied to the purposes to which they may be adapted, the creditors of Colombia will be precisely in the same situation, as if those means had no existence at all.

How does it improve the prospects of the Colombian bondholder, to whom two dividends are now due, to learn that there are numer-

ous fertile vallies amid her Cordilleras, *capable* of producing every grass, and vegetable, and fruit that grows in Europe, if there be no inhabitants to cultivate those vallies, and no roads or canals to furnish them with a path to the ocean? Will it improve the Colombian stock a quarter per cent., to make it known, that there are nearly three millions of persons scattered over the provinces of that state, four-fifths of whom are in the habit of smoking, and *ought* to contribute to the revenue an indirect tax upon their cigars to the amount of two millions of dollars, whereas in point of fact they do not contribute under the present management half that sum? Shall the Congress enact a law, making it compulsory on every age, and condition and sex, to smoke, morning, noon and night? Or if the revenue be injured by smugglers, is the Congress in a situation, or is it likely ever to be able, to prevent a Colombian from using a cigar, for which he has not a permit from the stores of the republic? The very idea of such a thing is ridiculous. The truth is, that the whole of the financial system of Colombia, is founded upon the basis that had been already established there, when that country was under the colonial administration of Spain—a system, whose most essential parts consist of monopolies. If it was a matter of great difficulty even for Spain, with her hosts of armed and tyrannical peculators, to render such unnatural sources productive of wealth, how is it to be expected that Colombia, professing at least to act upon principles of liberty, can obtain by mere laws or edicts, duties which seldom came from the people except upon the blade of the sword?

Englishmen too generally and too hastily concluded, when the Spanish American colonies assumed the character of states, that they would at once resemble the states of North America, in their institutions, and in the rapid development of their native energies. But it has too seldom been remembered, that the former had been from their origin accustomed to a complicated organization, contrived with the utmost ingenuity, in order to keep them in a state of perpetual thraldom; whereas the Anglo-American colonies, from their first foundation, were allowed in a great measure to govern themselves, and the original colonists, moreover, had been all men sternly attached to liberty—a feeling which they did not fail to transmit to their descendants.

'From this view of the different treatment which,' as our author forcibly observes, 'the colonies of the two countries received from the parent state, it is evident that we cannot refer to the present prosperity of the United States, and deduce from analogy any conclusions respecting the future condition of the late Spanish colonies. It must be recollected, that the latter have much to do before they can arrive at the point from which the Anglo-Americans set out; and that before they can even form a proper estimate of the advantages of the system they seem inclined to adopt, they must divest themselves of their previous habits and opinions, and substitute others of which they have hitherto had no experience. Their progress will,

necessarily, be slow; they have chased the persons of their oppressors from their soil, but they still, in too many instances, retain their institutions and their prejudices. It will be a difficult task to eradicate the fixed and deeply-rooted prejudices of the present race; nor can, till a new generation has sprung up, the emancipation of these countries be considered as complete.'—pp. 20—21.

These observations are perfectly just. But if they be so, what becomes of the hopes of the Colombian creditor in the meantime? If it will require, as undoubtedly it will, a new generation, to eradicate the deeply rooted prejudices which counteract the new principles of liberty, ingrafted upon the old Spanish institutions of despotism, how many generations must rise and pass away, before the revenue of Colombia shall be adequate to the discharge of its liabilities?

As this is a question that deeply interests the British public at the present moment, we shall confine ourselves to that portion of the work before us, which treats of the financial resources of that state. We find the less difficulty in adopting this course, as the author has scarcely added any thing to the history of the revolution of Colombia, and of the expeditions fitted out in England to assist it, which was not known before. Upon this topic, however, we must do him the justice to say, that the few chapters which he dedicates to it are remarkably clear and well-digested, considering the various and desultory transactions which he had to narrate.

After mentioning the principal events which led to the establishment of the independence of Colombia, the author thus sums up the condition to which that country has been reduced, by the sanguinary and obstinate conflict in which she was so long engaged. 'Her towns have been laid in ruins, and her provinces depopulated; her agriculture has languished; the working of her mines, an important source of her wealth, has been suspended for want of hands to carry on the necessary operations; and the commerce of her maritime cities has been completely paralysed by the diminished quantity of her produce, and the contracted demand for the supplies of foreign merchandise.' (p.53). This general picture, would seem sufficiently alarming; but lest it should produce any effect of that sort, the author adds to the bane an antidote.

'It cannot be expected,' he says, 'that she should instantaneously recover from so severe a shock, and cicatrise wounds so deep as those which she has received; but such is the fertility of her soil, the salubrity of her climate, and the facility with which the necessaries of life are procured, that under the fostering care of a provident and patriotic government, a very few years will suffice to recruit her exhausted population, repair her losses, and spread over her lands that abundance with which nature so prodigally rewards the exertions of man in those favoured climes.'—p. 53.

We should be extremely happy to agree in this conclusion, but we apprehend that the smiling prospects here held out by the author, if ever they be realized, are still more distant than he will

permit us to suspect. In the first place, what can be expected from a state which affects to be republican, but which admits an oligarchical principle in the most essential stage of its representative system? According to the provisions of the Colombian constitution, one or more representatives are assigned to each province, in proportion to its population; but how are they chosen? The province is divided into cantons; the inhabitants of each canton assemble and choose one elector for every four thousand souls, and one more for a surplus of three thousand. The electors thus chosen, meet on the first day of every fourth year to elect the representative, or representatives, to congress, and this intermediate method of obtaining the suffrages of the people is supposed to be a sufficient acknowledgment of their sovereignty*.

But the electors of all the provinces, besides choosing the representatives, do something more; they elect the president and vice-president of the state, and the senators for the departments. Thus, in fact, the whole of the sovereignty of the people is delegated, not to the government and congress, but to those who constitute them, —the electors; and that connexion between the legislature and the people, which is the very essence of representative governments, is effectually prevented. It was this defect in the Spanish constitution, which rendered the Spanish people so indifferent to its subversion; and it is to the same defect in the Colombian constitution we may trace the numerous factions which have embarrassed her career, and which must always continue to do so, while she is under an oligarchy of electors, instead of the wholesome control of the whole body of the people. In a monarchy, the question would be a very different one—but here we are speaking of a *republic*.

Another serious feature in the history of Colombia is, the precarious tenure by which she holds that very name. The reader is aware that it has only been adopted, since the union of the different provinces of New Grenada and Venezuela into one state. The proceedings of General Paez have not yet assumed a definitive aspect, but, so far as we are at present informed, they seem to have given a shock to the union, which it will not soon recover. The wishes of Bolivar will undoubtedly be for its preservation, as they were chiefly the cause of its establishment. But it remains to be seen how far his personal influence can reconcile the people of Venezuela, to the continuance of a union which from the beginning they disliked, and which transferred the seat of government to Bogota. The connexion is besides, as the author remarks, an arbitrary one, forced upon them in spite of their natural limits. But if the two members of the union should separate, will they pay the consolidated debt? Will they be able to pay it, even if they should be so disposed?

The actual means of the Colombian government seem to be

* We observe that this objectionable principle is retained in the provisional constitution lately prescribed to Venezuela, by General Paez.

derived from the following sources: The direct contribution levied on land and other descriptions of property, which amounted in the year ending in July 1825, to 194,558 dollars: the Alcabala duty, originally a tax granted by the cortes of Spain to their kings, to assist them in the wars against the Moors, and established towards the end of the sixteenth century as an impost in America, which amounted in the same year to 119,902 dollars: the duties on distillation, 60,563 dollars: the stamp duties, estimated at 60,000 dollars: the duties on imports, 1,888,006 dollars; and those on exports, 467,848 dollars. In addition to these taxes and duties, the government derived from the salt works a revenue of 187,904 dollars, and from its monopoly of tobacco, 859,066 dollars, during the year already mentioned; amounting in the whole, if our calculation be correct, to the sum of 3,837,847 dollars, to meet an expenditure of 15,487,708 dollars. Thus we need be at no loss to understand the reason, why the two dividends now due to the Colombian stockholders have not been paid. The difference between the receipts and the expenditure of 1825, amounted to upwards of eleven millions of dollars; the deficiency for 1826 would be of course still more formidable, unless the revenue has been very materially improved—a fact which we suppose nobody would venture to assert.

The expenditure of the Colombian government, as above stated, must appear to be enormous for such a republic. In fact it is so, and in this respect resembles the other Spanish American independent states, all of which are administered upon a very extravagant scale of expense. In Colombia, during the session, the senators and representatives receive nine dollars a-day, and a dollar and a half *per* league for travelling expenses, from their usual places of residence. These two items must make a considerable figure in the budget every year, as the session lasts, we believe, from four to six months, and many of the senators and representatives live three and four hundred leagues from Bogota. The president, vice president, and the secretaries of state, are also highly paid, and the civil as well as the military establishments are upon a prodigal scale. The latter (the military establishment) alone amounted, in the year 1825, to 6,803,296 dollars, thus absorbing in itself more than the whole revenue of the state.

The government were silly enough to spend considerable sums in attempting to raise a navy. They actually purchased in Europe and North America, vessels equal in force to a British 74. Our author tells us, that 'they have now in their ports, two or three vessels of this class, some corvettes, and several brigs and schooners: but unfortunately there are not in the whole republic, sailors enough to man *one* of their large ships; and English and Anglo-American sailors being tired of the service, it is very probable that their newly purchased navy will lie in port till it falls to pieces, or becomes a prey to worms.'—(p. 211).

It is true, that notwithstanding the burthen of their domestic

establishments, the Colombian government have manifested much anxiety for the maintenance of their credit in England. But we have not as yet seen any satisfactory explanation of the circumstance which occurred at Carthagena. It was stated by Mr. Hurtado, that the money destined for the payment of the first of the two dividends now due, was deposited for shipment at that port. There is no doubt of the fact. The money was probably that portion of the revenue which, by an act of congress in the year 1824, was ordered to be appropriated to that purpose, but it seems to have been applied to other objects. Since then, the revenue arising from tobacco and other sources has been appropriated for the payment and gradual extinction of the debt. As the internal expenditure of the state, however, exceeds its income so considerably, we doubt much whether the legislative appropriations of 1826, will be at all more respected than those of 1824. The faithless character of Spain seems to have left its mark upon every part of South America, and we own therefore, that we have no very sanguine hopes on the subject. It is but justice, however, to the author, that we should hear his sentiments.

'It must, indeed, be confessed, that the deficiency of the actual revenue, as compared with the estimated expenditure, is at first sight calculated to cause alarm; but a reference to what has been said concerning the different branches of the public service, and a comparison of the present state of the country with its circumstances at the time the estimate, which has excited such apprehensions, was made, will, I think, show that the government possesses the means of making such retrenchments as will enable the revenue to cover its unavoidable expenses. Without entering into minute particulars, the expenditure may be divided into three parts; viz., that of the civil department of the government, comprising the interest of the debt; that of the army, and that of the navy. The first of these is calculated at 3,875,335 dollars, and the only diminution of which it would be capable is a reduction of the salaries of the civil officers of the state: such a measure might not be even necessary, but it has been already adopted several times since the establishment of the present government; and it may be instanced as a proof of the patriotic feeling of this class of the Colombian nation, that it has been always submitted to without a murmur.

'The army estimate was made on the supposition of the necessity of keeping up the army to its full complement of thirty-three thousand men, arising from the continuance of the war in the south, and the threatened invasion of the country by the forces of Spain; but as all war in which Colombia was engaged within the South American continent is happily at an end, and every succeeding event which bears relation to the affairs of Spain, increases the improbability of her being able again to engage in active hostilities in the Americas, the government of Colombia will be able to effect such a reduction of its military force as may entirely relieve it from its financial embarrassments. The estimate for the navy, supposed that all its vessels were kept in a complete state of equipment, and fit for immediate service: as, however, it is notorious, that so far from this having been the case, scarcely one of them has been at sea during the year, this branch

of expenditure has been necessarily curtailed; and if, as prudence would dictate, Colombia confines herself to the equipment of a few light vessels, to prevent smuggling on her coasts, the expenses of her navy need not in future be very burdensome. The expenditure may, therefore, without difficulty, be reduced to a sum little exceeding her present means; and as an increase of commerce and extension of agriculture, with a proportionate improvement in the revenue, may be fairly anticipated, I see no reason to doubt her ability to meet all her pecuniary engagements.

'The minister of finance has calculated, as has been before stated, upon a very rapid increase of the revenue; but even if his measures had not been thwarted by domestic dissensions, it may be doubted whether he would have found it so easy to realize his sanguine expectations: for the alterations in the different branches of the revenue, by which he proposed partly to effect his purpose, were rather a diminution than an increase of the existing taxes; and although such a plan mght be calculated eventually to benefit the country, it could not be expected suddenly to raise their amount. The expedient of adopting stronger measures for the prevention of smuggling, and other evasions of the different imposts, might, indeed, have been productive, not only of an immediate and considerable improvement in the revenue, but also of a salutary reform in their whole financial system; for, although the country certainly is not rich, it is inconceivable that so small a sum should be raised by such a burden of taxation; and it may be confidently asserted, that a great part of the embarrassment of the country has been occasioned by these abuses, which sap the very foundations of its strength, and which the executive evidently wants either the power or energy to correct.'—pp. 330—333.

It will have been seen that this reasoning proceeds on two very important assumptions; first, that the Colombian government will reduce its expenditure, and secondly, that it will considerably augment its revenue. The former measure it will be compelled to adopt.—It has no alternative. But the latter is beyond its control; and the internal dissensions at present existing, must frustrate, for some time, all its efforts for that purpose.

The author mentions several instances of great folly on the part of the government, in granting to private individuals monopolies of steam navigation on the lakes and rivers of the state. He demonstrates that these monopolies have actually prevented, though undoubtedly they were intended to encourage, the general adoption of this invaluable discovery in that country. He points out, also, some glaring defects in the provincial and municipal administrations, in which, according to his account, all the old oppression of Spain is continued in undiminished vigour.

'The political government of each department is placed in the hands of a magistrate, who has the title of Intendente: he is appointed by the president under the sanction of the congress, and is invested with the powers formerly enjoyed by the officers who bore the same title under the kings of Spain. His authority extends over the administration of justice, police, finance, and the economical arrangements of war, throughout his department; he is bound to make a report of his proceedings to the government, and to execute such of its orders, as may be transmitted to him by the

several secretaries of state; and he is likewise the organ through which the decrees of the executive are forwarded to the governors of the different provinces in the department. He becomes, therefore, judge in every civil and criminal suit within his jurisdiction; nominally, indeed, subject to the law, but with little check over the indulgence of his own passions or caprice—which, owing to the secrecy with which all judicial proceedings are carried on under the Spanish law, are, in a great measure independent of the salutary control of public opinion. An appeal lies, however, from his judgment, to the supreme court of the district in which his department is situated; and an assessor, who must be a graduate of law, is appointed to assist him in forming his decisions: in cases where the intendente does not abide by his opinion, the matter is referred to the supreme court.

'It is provided by the constitution, that when the trust of intendente is confided to a military person, he shall not have the command of the troops within his department; but during the existing war, and in all cases where the preservation of public tranquillity or security may render it necessary, the president is authorized to dispense with this provision, and unite the military with the political command of the department. The expense of an appeal to the supreme court is considerable; and even there, not only is everything conducted with the same secrecy, but the laws by which its decisions are guided, are those which were in force under the arbitrary government of Spain. Therefore, notwithstanding the boasted freedom of the constitution of Colombia, the system of administration to which its several departments are subject, is strongly assimilated to a military despotism; and the existing government exhibits the strange anomaly of twelve despotic states linked together, and governed by a power professing to derive its authority from the collective voice of a people, who are individually subject to all the evils of arbitrary dominion.'— pp. 198—200.

Some very sensible advice is given in this work, to persons desirous of availing themselves of the encouragement held out by the Colombian congress to foreign emigrants. The provisions of the law on this subject are clearly explained, and the description of settlers which it contemplates accurately specified. The author mentions an egregious mistake committed by the far-famed "Colombian association for agricultural and other purposes." They formed their scheme upon the supposition that they could not only induce settlers to go out to Colombia, but also to purchase land from the company, or pay them a rent for it; whereas emigrants may, with the greatest facility, obtain grants of as many acres of land as they can reasonably desire from the *government* for *nothing!!*

The author has also given some details concerning Cuba, which will be read with interest at this side of the Atlantic. The influence which the Havanna is capable of exercising on the trade with Colombia, Mexico, and the West Indies, renders the future destiny of that island a matter of deep interest to Great Britain. That the government of the United States feels nervously anxious about Cuba, its uncalled for and extraordinary appeal to the late emperor of Russia, sufficiently indicates. It probably understands that we

have certain claims on Spain, which Cuba alone can pay; and its solicitude will, no doubt, be greatly increased, if we should be forced into a war with the contemptible Ferdinand.

ART. VIII. *An Essay on the Evils of Popular Ignorance.* By John Foster. 8vo. Second edition. 12*s*. London. Holdsworth. 1827.

WHEN we compare the present state of the world with the memorials of its condition during even the most free and intelligent—the most bright and glorious periods of the times that have gone by, we cannot fail to be struck with the wonderful contrast: and though it be unquestionable, that even the finest specimens of genius and of daring which appear in these times, rise to a much smaller elevation above their fellows than meaner men in the remote ages; yet it is also true, that, taking an equal number at random of the people, the advantages are prodigiously upon the side of the moderns; while, if we sum up the whole world, it is hardly within the compass of arithmetic to state the difference. Formerly, the globe was blank and dark, with only here and there a little gleam of light; and even where that light shone—in Greece and in Rome, for instance—the great body of the people were in a state of abject servitude and gross ignorance. Hence it required but the irruption of a barbarous nation, and the conflagration of a few manuscripts, to put out the light; and it was but the destruction of some hundred or thousand individuals, and the arts, the sciences, and civilization itself, were no more.

How different is the case now! The bloodiest strifes in which nations have recently engaged—(and never was there so much blood shed in so brief a period as within the last five-and-twenty years, which were nearly divided by the commencement of the present century)—have, instead of tending to bring back darkness, had precisely the opposite effect; for, as the contending armies swept over lands in a comparative state of ignorance, they at the same time planted there the desire of intelligence. So much has this been the case, that when we compare the condition of Europe (Spain only excepted) in 1827 with its condition in 1790, and compare again the progress which it has made during that period with its progress during any former age, we are absolutely staggered by the result. Our old philosophy gives way with us, and we are almost tempted to range carnage and ruin among the best benefactors of mankind.

And can a position so contrary to all established theory, so subversive of all the better feelings of the human heart, be tenable, and founded in truth?—Is there no other cause to which to attribute this wonderful progression—no power which is so transcendant in its operation—which is so mighty, above all other engines of perfection, that it has raised up mankind, and hurried them on in

this splendid career, in spite of the heaviest political calamities with which they ever were visited?—There is, we thank heaven, such a power—a power which has defied, and which shall defy, every enemy of human liberty, improvement, and happiness—a power against which destruction shall war, and troubles conspire, in vain,—THE PRESS,—that wonderful instrument which, in effect, annihilates the distinctions of time and place, and enables the whole reading public at the same instant, in their own habitations, to possess the entire geography of the world, with all the past and passing conduct of its inhabitants. This it is that has made the permanent intelligence of mankind cease to be a doubt; and taken from the endless vista of human improvement, all the uncertainty of a dream:—this it is that has said to the tyrant, "Thou shalt not oppress;" and to the bigot, "Thou shalt not enthral or deceive;" —which has created a new government for the world—which, though it walks abroad in light, cannot be restrained from entering into every chamber of conspiracy against mankind; and which has plucked the sceptre from the hands of brute force, and given it to its only legitimate possessor,—mind.

In former times, when the knowledge of the great mass of the people was limited to their own personal experience,—when there were few to read, and little for them to read, there existed no such thing as public opinion, and hardly any thing that deserved the name of a public; because evil might be done, and done to any extent in one kingdom, or even in one county, and those of the next kingdom or the next county be entirely ignorant of it. Hence, if the tyrant could make himself safe with his minions—and the cup, the dagger, and the bowstring, are always sufficient checks upon these,—he could decree and do whatsoever he listed. Not so when the press directs the eyes of all men over all the world; for where it is in proper and wholesome operation, a deed cannot be done which requires either combination or time, without having the glance of millions turned towards it; and thus he must be hardened and foolish indeed, who, under such observation, would do any thing grossly or generally wrong.

Nor is it as a bulwark—as the setting up of public opinion—as a protector paramount to all assault, that the press becomes the best heritage of mankind. Before that mighty engine came into play, there were no doubt talents in the world, just as there was gold in the Andes, before those giant mountains were excavated by the cupidity of European adventurers; but then, the genius of man, like the gold in the mountains, was unknown, and therefore useless. When an individual happened to hit upon the germ of a discovery,—when, for example, the Egyptian applied the power of steam to the purposes of idolatry, or the Romans extracted a few electric sparks from the thunder-cloud, these hints were followed up to no useful purpose: superstition laid hold of them, and converted them into engines of ignorance and mental slavery. The

inventor found no one to reflect back his idea, expanded by the elaboration of a kindred spirit. The schemes of the most brilliant genius, and the most inventive imagination, were confined to the immediate circle of the possessor; they were checked in the bud, and they perished with their author. But since the press gave the brightness and the career of lightning to thought, a hint of improvement is no sooner suggested, than the minds of all the congenial individuals in existence are at work upon it, and carrying it on to perfection. By this means the whole talent, not of the inventor's country alone, but of the world generally, is brought to bear upon the invention. It was thus that a Watt found a Bolton to supply the necessary funds, for perfecting those inventions which have enabled man to stand by at ease and in triumph, and bid the elements of fire and water to perform his labour.

Again—we boast—and in these latter times we boast justly, of the splendour and the science of our statesmen—of the comprehensive mind of our Broughams, of the glorious spirit of our Cannings, and, above all, of the paternal, the patriarchical, the truly constitutional sway of our George the Fourth: we boast—and well may we boast—that the first revolutionizes the world, by turning it from prejudice to reason—from the exercise of dogmatism, to the exercise of judgment;—that the second shakes, by the fire of a single oration, every throne, every conclave, and every cabal, more terribly than ever they were shaken by the force of arms;—and we boast, that the third never interposed the slightest barrier in the way of his people's happiness and improvement; that he never was the cause of a pang to one individual who had the happiness of being his subject. Now, to what do we owe the science of Brougham, the splendour of Canning, and the majesty of George the Fourth? Second to that nature which has unquestionably endowed them with its choicest gifts, we owe them to the press,—to that press, without which the talents of the former, and the beneficence of the latter would have been as a closed spring, or a sealed fountain, flowing in darkness and oblivion. Here, we may remark, is one of the noblest attributes of the press: if public men have talents and virtue, and will trust themselves to it, be guided by its instructions, and guarded by its admonitions, there is no point of elevation to which they may not rise. Glance back but a few years, and contemplate the time when the ministers of England looked upon the press with a jealous and an evil eye, and mark into what degradation they brought themselves, and into what jeopardy they brought that delightful spirit which at this moment makes every pulse of joy or of sorrow in the royal breast, throb in that of all his subjects; and, having glanced at this, look at the present time—see the mighty power of the press, in bringing home the desire of the king, and the counsel of the minister, to every man's bosom. There needs no manifesto; there needs no public herald; no secret spy, to go over

these islands to call upon the people to rally round that which has become (as it ought always to be), the palladium of their strength. The message is sent down—the speech is delivered, and the fortune and the life of every Briton stand ready to be offered up for the honour of his country. Herein there is a lesson which, though mankind must some day or other learn, it were well that they should learn speedily. If a government be good—if a king be what he ought to be—if a minister be true to his trust—in short, if a government be at all worthy of an enlightened people, a press which can and may speak out, is stronger for it—more mighty and efficient in its support, than all the other engines and contrivances with which power ever was armed.

It is not a little singular that, in proportion as the people of France have become enlightened, and their rulers have been compelled—may, or can we say, disposed?—to relax somewhat of their fondness for arbitrary sway, they should shew more eagerness to curb the press and paralyse its influence, than when their power was unbounded. Some of the most despotic of the French rulers —of those who wished and warred to subject the whole of Europe to their domination, were among the most liberal patrons of letters, and in this way did some good to the world in return for all the mischiefs of their political ambition; and though, when France was torn by factions, or involved in hostilities, there were many arbitrary proceedings against individuals connected with the dissemination of knowledge, it is rather singular that the enslaving of the press should not have become a matter of express and permanent legislation, until France was enjoying peace, and possessed of, at least, the resemblance of a representative government. Nor does the inconsistency stop here: for it seems that in proportion as France becomes more tranquil and prosperous—in proportion as her people become a reading people, and as her ministers profess to recognise and revere the more liberal portion of the law of nations,—in the same proportion do they become inconsiderate and illiberal on the subject of the press. At the first restoration of the Bourbon dynasty, however futile or foolish it might have been, it would not have been unnatural to look for some severe laws against political publications; because, then, it might have been explained that there were, in France, sentiments which, if freely and fully circulated, would have endangered the stability of the family. In 1819 also, there might have been some excuse; because, then, there was, throughout the whole south of Europe, a movement hostile to that kind of sway which is more particularly characteristic of the Bourbons. But, really, in 1827, and when the minister is the same day talking about liberal principles, and the injustice of *one country's interfering with the internal* regulations of another; we can attribute his new attack upon the press, to nothing but that flickering of intellect, which is the symptom and the harbinger of dissolution.

This project, which has lately emanated from the French throne,

and which is all but carried, while we write, consists of four parts: First, it increases, and that to a very great extent, the penalties of non-compliance; secondly, it commands that every book above twenty sheets, and every *brochure* or ballad under, shall be deposited with the inquisitors of the press; the former for ten days, and the latter for five, before a single copy can be published; and that at this stage of the business, the printer can be fined, though not one copy has been sold; thirdly, the proprietors of a periodical cannot exceed five, and all their names must be printed upon every copy, they being the parties against whom prosecutions are to be directed; and fourthly, pamphlets of five sheets or under, must pay a duty of one franc (ten pence) for the first sheet, and ten centimes (the tenth part of a penny) for every other sheet, and periodicals are to pay ten centimes for every sheet of a fixed size, or even if they be any fraction of a sheet they are to pay ten centimes, and a centime additional is to be charged for every square decimetre added to the surface of the sheet,—the standard being fixed at 30 square decimetres—24 inches by 20. Pastoral letters, catechisms, hornbooks, works of science and art, and some other matters, are exempted from these restrictions, but they apply to every thing that can in any way have an influence upon public opinion; and thus, in all its more valuable operations, they reduce the press to a mere dead letter.

Truly we are not aware that there is in the code of any country, a law which aims more directly at the degradation and ruin of that country, than the one of which we have just stated the substance; and when a ministry proceed with so much, and such absurd violence, against freedom of opinion in their own country, it is with difficulty that we can believe them when they talk of respecting freedom in any other. The effect of this project will, if it shall or can be carried into execution, be the destruction of the French press, and the consequent ruin of more than twenty thousand families, in the French capital alone. No man will dare to print a book, in which there is the least freedom of opinion—no man will venture to be proprietor of a journal, in which there is any independence of discussion—and as for pamphlets, the restriction, the delay, and the tax, will destroy them altogether. But the project is as gratuitous as it is wicked. There has been no case whatever made out for it —not a single ground of necessity, a single deduction of reason, or even a single plea of that most plastic of all substances, expediency. The liberal part of the chambers have declaimed against it, the journals have denounced it, and even those who have usually found sophistry enough in favour of *any thing* ministerial, have not ventured a quibble in its behalf,—still it has crept on, like a mortal *malaria*, fed by some pestilent vapour from beneath, which is not the less deadly because it is unseen.

Will the French nation submit to it? will they, or can they, put from them their literature, and cease to think? We hope, we

believe, we are confident that they will not. If a people have once become enlightened—if they have once wantoned in the power and the delight of that most glorious of all possessions, a free and a reflective mind, they do not give it up but with their own annihilation, or with the extinction of knowledge. Of the last of these there can be no apprehension, because there *are* countries where such projects are not likely to be even mentioned; and of the first there is just as little apprehension. The effect therefore will be, to destroy the literature of France, and establish that of other countries upon its ruins. Nor will this be all; for the irritation and disgust which such a measure cannot fail in producing, must more effectually alienate the minds of the French people, and thus render, not the ministry merely, but the throne and the dynasty more insecure, than any other measure which folly could devise. In a highly civilized country, if the government deliberately does an act which estranges the minds of all thinking men, it requires no divination to foresee, that either the government must concede back again more than it has taken, or its days must speedily be numbered.

From the case of France, it is pleasant to turn by anticipation to that of this country. It is true that as it now stands, our law of libel is the disgrace of our code. But with the present administration, and the prospect of succession, as far as we can look into futurity, there is nothing of a political nature which appears to call for any thing else than the utmost freedom of the press; and this being the case, makes the present a fit time for removing those evils and imperfections which attach to that law, as it applies to individuals, and of which there have been more striking instances within the last six months, than ever there were before within the same portion of time. Now, therefore, is the time for Mr. Brougham to bring forward anew his proposed reform,—a reform which, while it allows the law to punish the really guilty, enables the law at the same time to protect those who are innocent. At present, all proceedings for libel, whether by action, if there be no plea of justification, by information, or indictment, are *ex-parte*, and the jury have to find upon half the case. This makes the exposure of guilt, when not only done without malignity, but when done with the most honourable intention, precisely a parallel case with false and malicious slander against the innocent. Mr. Brougham proposes that the character of the prosecutor should always be brought fairly before the jury, by a proof of the truth of the allegations; and that if the defendant could establish that truth completely, and that it was also established that the publication could have proceeded from no injurious or malignant motive, then the verdict should be for the defendant. This would remove the existing abominations from the law of libel; and change it from an engine of oppression and a shield to criminality, to an even administration of justice between man and man. There are hopes that the measure will be brought

forward ere many months have elapsed; and that being the case, we should judge harshly of the temper of those now at the head of affairs, if we did not also hope that it would receive their best assistance.

ART. IX. *Confessions of an Old Bachelor.* 8vo. pp. 371. 10*s.* 6*d.* London. Colburn. 1827.

ON the page opposite to the title of this volume, we observe an advertisement in these words: "In the press, Confessions of an old Maid." We are rather surprised at this oversight on the part of the publisher, as a little reflection might have taught him that such an announcement would lead the reader to suspect, that both the "Confessions" were most probably the work of the same hand. We do not mean to prejudge the communications of the old Maid, but if they bear no stronger marks of authenticity about them than those of the old Bachelor, it is not difficult to anticipate their destiny.

'Confessions of an old Bachelor!' An excellent name for a book truly: but we should like much to know the hapless disciple of celibacy, who had even shewn such symptoms of humility as to repent his state, and so much philosophy as to make a confession of his miseries. Need it be argued that the very first principle with such a being, is to keep his feelings within the sanctuary of his own bosom, or that the very last thought that would enter his pericranium, would be that of disclosing them to the world?

It is easy, no doubt, to imagine the character of an old Bachelor, and to fill it up with appropriate sentiments and language. This is what the writer before us has done. We venture to say, that whoever he is, he is not a bachelor; still less an antiquated one, for he speaks, on more than one occasion, with too much respect and feeling for the wedded state, to permit his uxorious dispositions to be doubted. But, in whatever condition of life he breathes, he is merely a dramatist in his present work. There is too much of caricature in the outlines of the portrait, too much of exaggeration and minuteness in the details, to permit us for a moment to suppose that the narrative is genuine. The author had some scores of old frequenters of clubs in his eye while he was writing, and their foibles he has touched now and then with cleverness. It is evident from every page, that he has been rather an observer of the tribe than a member of it, for he paints their external appearance with a particularity of description, which the mere egotist never would have dreamt of.

By the way, talking of clubs, why do not the ladies petition parliament against them? They are making formidable strides at the west end of the town. No new street is now planned, in which four or five of these stately monasteries are not included. And as to the

new streets already erected, they boast of their numerous club houses as their greatest ornaments! Hence it is, that what is called "a marrying man" is become quite a rarity in society. Men of the gown and sword, retired nabobs from the Indies, wealthy young merchants, *et id genus omne*, now forsooth must all belong to clubs, in which they have the comforts of home without the expense, and every thing they can desire in the very best style. The ladies should be informed of this violation of their rights. If they do not exert themselves in time, the town, aye and the country too, will soon be inundated with real old bachelors, and what is still more to be deplored, old maids. *In principiis obsta*, we should have said, when the improvements at Charing Cross were commenced. We fear the evil has acquired too much strength to be put down, unless the ladies form an association for the purpose.

If they want matter to stir up their bile, they will find abundance of it in the work before us. For though the author evidently only assumes the character of an old bachelor, yet he often expresses sentiments which no doubt are resounded nightly in the said clubs. Let our fair readers hear with patience, if they can, the following tirade, not only against the progress of their own sex in refinement, but against the advance of all civilization whatsoever:

'You can't get a good morning's exercise by being jumbled over the *pre*-adamite pavements, but must glide smoothly along over the flat surface of Macadam's roads. Roads in London! vile innovation! I say they are an abominable preventive of cockney digestion! There are, now-a-days, no good wholesome dinners at four or five o'clock! but a hot luncheon at three, and a dinner at nine! the name of old English suppers is forgotten now! You can't go, either, to see a play: nobody goes to the theatres, but in a child's party; unless it be the tradesfolk of the metropolis, and a few newspaper critics; and now and then, perhaps, an old barrister, to save himself from dying of *ennui*. You're obliged to go and get hustled in the pit of the opera-house at nine o'clock or past, cheek by jowl with some muddy-complexioned, garlic-eating Italians, wedged in between these and half a dozen French cyprians! If you discern any acquaintances in the boxes, you're obliged to travel up, God knows how many pair of steps, before you can reach them. Well, if you walk down to the House of Commons, it is only now and then that you hear any harangues worth speaking of; you don't see any worthy successors (except perhaps one or two men) of Pitt, Fox, Burke, or Sheridan; you don't hear those lofty, those warm, those eloquent bursts, that once used to electrify you; no, no, those days of oratory, of political warfare, and political squibs, are gone by now. No Warren Hastings's impeachments now; no government jobs now; no Junius's Letters. There was no union with Ireland *then;* no mushroom peers; no mushroom Irish baronetcies, made almost for the asking, or for the consideration of a shilling. And now for the women! Why don't they powder their hair now-a-days? they have lost the art of tugging it back from the forehead, and forward from the back of the head, into a huge preposterous pinnacle, like a cassowary's

crest, or the top-knot of a cockatoo. As for the gentlemen, where are their precious pigtails? Shame! shame! they are all cut off! cut off! cut off! Who wears them now but myself, and one or two other respectable-looking old persons like me?

'What has become of the plain, thick, yellow dishes of delf, from which we used at one time to dine? Gone! gone! A man's attention is called from the food before him, to gaze upon the green-and-gold, or blue-and-white service upon which it is placed; to abandon the contents of his plate, in order to discuss the beauties of the Wedgwood ware, or Flight and Barr's china, in which they are placed. There are no quietly-burning, oil-fed lamps in the streets, but flaring, flashing, gas-lights, to dazzle one, enough to occasion blindness or distraction, and almost to roast the meat in the butchers' shops.

'As for the innovations in the country, they are no less numerous than those in town. There used, once upon a time, to be stage-coach robberies; but now there are no adventures of this sort in Featherbed-lane, or elsewhere. Formerly, in my younger days, there were scarcely any stationers' or booksellers' shops in many country towns; you couldn't buy a child's story-book if you would give your ears to do so, but must wait, if you wanted to make a Christmas present, until the next fair, on which occasion hawkers would come round with small, brown-looking, coarse-paper pamphlets, decorated with wood-cuts of Whittington and Hicko'-thrift, at the price of a penny a copy, and threepence for a very *superior* one, as they called it; but now they demand of you, for a nursery-volume, eighteen-pence! its size being that of a great post octavo, filled with daubs, called coloured engravings.

'The farmers' daughters used to be dressed in a plain, pretty, neat fashion, looking so simple and so modest, that it was a pleasure to see them; whereas, now, they go flaunting in a profusion of ribands and lace to church, to disregard the service, to stare, and be stared at. Their mothers thought little of going to market on a pillion, behind Jack the ploughboy, on the broken-winded mare, whose wheezing and grunting (varied by the squeak, perhaps, of a concomitant suckling for the market) was the only concert the good women knew: but now Jack the ploughboy must not approach even to tie their shoe-strings; their ears are now regaled with their daughters Jenny's and Polly's jingling on some second-hand, or twenty-second-hand piano-forte, picked up at an auction.

'Young ladies brought up in the country used to pique themselves upon making a syllabub, or even a pudding; but now, they can do nothing, except pretend to squall airs that have long since been out of date in the metropolis. The joviality of the old country squire is now obsolete; there are no squire Westerns now-a-days, no wine-drinking and swearing; the days of drunkenness after dinner, and "damn ye" at every other word, are forgotten.'—pp. 18—22.

What then, are the days of the pillion to be restored? Are Miss Jenny and Miss Polly not to be taught music? Are the drinking parties to be renewed, and the key of the dining-room door to be lodged in the host's pocket, until he and all his guests are laid under the table? Again, on the subject of marriage, what is the doctrine of this old bachelor, or rather of the author, in his name?

'The solitude to which I was in a great measure condemned at present, as well as the want of occupation, induced me to think of matrimony. To support a wife on what income I had was impossible; but should the lady contribute a tolerable addition to it, on her part, the measure was not to be despaired of. In fact, I began seriously to entertain thoughts of taking on myself the respectable, social, and dignified title of husband.

'How amiably to be sure, I talk! I ought to say, that I was foolish enough to think of putting my neck under the matrimonial yoke, of wedding myself to a long amount of domestic annoyances, to brats and nursemaids, for life; to a multitude of tradesmen of all descriptions, and apothecaries, till my dying day; with the prospect of having to bring up, perhaps, three or four wayward, disobedient urchins of boys, to be as miserable as myself, and as many daughters, to be a burden on my hands, more and more heavy every succeeding year, as the chance of their being disposed of in marriage became less.

'Why do not people think a little, before they enter on so hazardous a step? To what anxieties do they link themselves! What responsibility do they take upon them! What a long waste of care do they plunge into- . . . . . I fancied some one interrupted me just then, and asked, if the companionship of an attached, sincere, and loving friend; if the tenderness and anxiety of one constant heart, when there is none other in the world that has sympathies for us; if the fidelity of one, who would undergo all difficulties, and encounter all dangers to serve us; whose soul is one with ours; whose wishes exist but to agree with our own; whose countenance derives delight as ours is animated; whose tears fall with ours; whose smile glows as our own is awakened; whose bosom is the depository of our woes; whose voice breathes *our* consolation; whose kindness is ever ready, with its gentle admonition, to warn us from the dangerous impulses of impatience, anger, or disappointed pride; who makes up to us by her blandishments, what the envious niggardly world denies to our merits; who praises us when none else will; who comforts us when all beside mock at us; who soothes us, when all reject us; who raises us up, when man tramples on us . . . . . I say, I fancied somebody asked me, that if all this support, consolation, and friendship is to be found in the person of a wife, how can the writer of this book, or any one of sense or feeling, dare to cast a slur upon the name of matrimony?

'Aye, but the Mentor who favoured me with his interruption, drew the picture of a loving and faithful wife, of an excellent, sensible, and feeling woman. Does he forget the thousand, thousand instances of frivolity, indifference, coldness, ingratitude, disaffection, infidelity, which are every day forced upon our notice, to be in vain lamented.'?—pp. 211—214.

We should have already informed our readers of the plan of this work, if it had any. It is filled up with a rambling series of chapters, some of which detail the old bachelor's journey into the country, attended by his housekeeper, Mrs. Busby, on a visit to a fellow member of his club. Others are given up to all sorts of complaints and rhapsodies, in the manner of that very amusing book, called "The Miseries of Human Life." If only half the torments enumerated in his 'Confessions' had happened to this

hero, he must have been the most unfortunate knight of his order with which the world has ever been burdened.

We shall, however, give one or two further extracts from the volume, which, if they had belonged to the "Life of an Old Bachelor, written by a Friend," would be consistent enough. They describe the habits of such a person with sufficient truth; the only improbability or unfitness about them is, that they are supposed to come from the mouth of the man of wretchedness himself.

'To be no longer young was with me to be old. By the time I had arrived at the age of thirty, I felt myself no longer able to caper in ball-rooms, and practise gallantry, as I had hitherto done. An evening party was possessed of few charms for me: to converse in a corner, with a batch of prosy persons, on a few common-place subjects, was now comparatively all that it was allowable for me to do. This compulsory monotony and inaction rendered me miserable. There was not a young man or woman whom I saw; not a youthful pleasure that I contemplated, that did not make me regard myself as already old.

'I had no notion of allowing any such thing as a "*middle age*:" I hated the sound of it. It imported to my ears, that a man was harnessed to all the most pressing fatigues and occupations of life, without the power of mingling in any of its more captivating enjoyments, or indulging in its most interesting and exhilarating recreations. I figured him to myself, as a sentinel, who is bound to march gravely up and down in the face of society, while all the rest of the world are either making a free use of their limbs, which is the case in youth, or reposing and indulging in such whims as pleased them, which is allowable to age.

'The middle-aged man alone is restricted from doing either the one or the other; he alone is a stranger to liberty; alone perpetually galled with restraint, labour, and denial; while all is active enjoyment or relaxation around him.

'The moment, therefore, that I was obliged to forfeit my claim to the exercise of youthful energies, I plunged into the opposite extreme of the indolence of age. One characteristic of age I felt was every day more and more strongly creeping on me; that is, that the passions were becoming completely weakened within me, and the affections blunted.

'If there had been no other reason for the neglect of matrimony, this alone would have been sufficient. It was a step which it was impossible for me ever to have taken, unless the warmth and desire of love had mainly actuated me; so that all thoughts of marriage were decidedly abandoned at this period for ever.

'I know that there are many men of thirty, who go on from that time to the age of forty or fifty, indulging in gallantry and merriment, with the same show of appetite and ardour that they evinced at twenty or five-and-twenty. But "this playing a part" disgusted me; the affectation of putting on youth, when it no longer existed, was to me odious. The effort under which these men must necessarily be labouring, in their attempts to be gay and frolicsome, was contemptible in my ideas. No; I never could consent to deceive myself by "shamming young" in this sort of way.

'So behold the commencement of my "*Old* Bacherlorship" at the age of thirty.

'From that date I commenced all those habits which characterise old single fellows like myself; and I now look back on my *début* in Old Bacherlorship with surprise, at the readiness with which I adopted all the oddities, whimsicalities, prejudice, and dissociality with which this condition is generally attended.

'I have now doubled that age, together with the addition of nearly eight years; in the course of which period I have become (I should hope), totally unlike any other sublunary being; always excepting those old "fogrums," whose situation is similar to my own.'—pp. 284—287.

The daily habits of our 'old bachelor's' life are described in still more glaring colours of exaggeration. The mere circumstance of the 'sardonic grin,' mentioned at the close of the following passage, would of itself betray the fictitious character of the work. In other respects the picture is amusing.

'At about twelve o'clock my housekeeper enters my bedroom, and opens the shutters: the light startles me; I demand what the hour is, although I know it well enough, inasmuch as I put the same question, and receive the same answer, every succeeding morning from one year's end to another.

'After another drowsy interrogatory, respecting the weather, I tell her to bring breakfast. Behold me sitting up in bed, in a chequered jacket of chintz, with a black velvet cap decorated with a tassel; a somewhat brown bit of flannel round my throat, to prevent my catching cold; my back supported by cushions taken from the couch, and pillows, indiscriminately.

'A tray with the breakfast things is brought, and placed on my lap, the breakfast consists of chocolate or coffee, in a small brown Wedgewood-ware pot, a few sippets of toast, and, in the season, a plate of strawberries in addition. There is also tea, in case I should prefer it, in a little round chased silver pot, which is a favourite with me, and an endless cause of upbraiding to my housekeeper, should the least scratch or speck be discernible on its surface.

'Over this repast I generally dawdle for above an hour and a quarter; faddling with the butter, or doubting whether I shall demolish my toast by sopping it or by eating it with butter. Sometimes, in a fit of nervousness, I shoot out a leg or an arm, and upset the whole apparatus. This mishap causes me to throw myself on my back, after pulling the bell violently for my maid, cursing my existence, and venting my rage in oaths and lamentations on my own infirmity and the necessity of breakfasting.

'By the time the disorder is remedied, and the breakfast re-established on my lap, my rage cools! and if by good luck I am not attacked by any more nervous twitches or plunging, I get through this second edition of breakfast without much discomfort, except it be occasioned by peevishness at the toast being too brown or too flabby, or the chocolate smoked, or the coffee a little too thick, the butter not quite fresh, the salt a little damp, or some such other laudable cause of objection.

'After many efforts, much yawning and stretching, much shuddering, if the weather is at all cold, I crawl out at that side of my bed which is nearest the fire-place; my course is directed to a huge arm chair, with a high back, which stands close by the fender.

'Here I sit in my bed-gown and slippers, frequently for two or three

hours, contemplating and grumbling, by turns, both at myself and things in general.

'In contemplating, I sit with my legs stretched out, a foot resting on each hob; my mouth open, sometimes even drivelling like an infant, and my eyes fixed upon an angry coal flickering with gas.

'Suddenly I start from my reverie, and throw myself into a grumbling posture. My legs are drawn close up to each other, or crossed; my eyes are directed towards my own shrunk shanks; my chin is poked forward; and my upper lip and left nostril screwed up on one side of my face, into a diabolical sardonic grin.'—pp. 339—342.

The author then goes on, in similar dashes of caricature, to paint his hero's miseries in shaving, his toil in dressing, and every shred of his eccentric costume. It is ridiculous to plead, as the author does, 'a conscientious motive,' as an apology for such details. The disguise is too transparent. The moral of the tale, however, must not be forgotten. Whether the 'confessions' be genuine or not, the moral to be derived from them is commendable. Marriage—marriage—marriage! This is, after all, the summum bonum of life. Hear this, ye spinsters; hear it ye *Blues!* Let it be proclaimed at the Union, the Oriental, the University, and the Verulam club houses! The following extract we recommend the latter to get reprinted, framed and glazed, and hung up among their "rules and regulations." To single ladies of "a certain age," it will be a source of infinite consolation.

'The moral to be deduced from this exposure of myself is obvious:—it is an admonition to all men to be any thing rather than that which I am; to suffer their crosses and cares to drive them to any extremity rather than that of celibacy. If they have experienced distress in life, let them seek a matrimonial alliance of judgment—if not of love: it is the only condition in which they may hope for any true respectability or repose. Again, let them not be too long in fixing their minds on marriage, or they have my example for never being likely to accomplish it all.

'If they marry, and yet should meet with causes of dissatisfaction (for in what state will they not?), at any rate their anxieties will be exercised on more worthy subjects than mine are. They will not be rendered frantic because a boot fits a little too tightly, or a dinner is not exactly so well dressed as it might be: their minds will not be in that ignoble condition which frets itself about the meanest and most insignificant subjects. If they are men of nervous and irritable dispositions, they will exercise them in a different way—less offensive and less wicked than my own. The slightest inconvenience of noise, or discomfort of any sort, sets me whining, grumbling, and railing, kicking my legs out, and twitching my elbows, in all the indulgence of angry nervousness, as if I were under the operation of galvanism.

'I have no satisfactory reflection, which the married man has, that I have promoted the great ordinance of Providence, "that the generations of the world shall continue till he sweeps them away." I can claim no share in that blessing which is signally extended to the married state: I am shut out from that happiness which a father must feel in the well-being and success of his sons. I cannot claim the affections and succour of child-

ren, to comfort and cherish my declining years—to close my eyes on the pillow of death.'---pp. 365—367.

Doubtless "The Confessions of an Old Maid" will close with a similar burthen.

Art. X. *Narrative of the Burmese War, detailing the Operations of Major-General Sir Archibald Campbell's Army, from its Landing at Rangoon in May,* 1824, *to the Conclusion of the Treaty of Peace at Yandaboo, in February,* 1826. By Major Snodgrass, Military Secretary to the Commander of the Expedition, and Assistant Political Agent in Ava. 8vo. pp. 319. 12*s.* London. Murray. 1827.

It cannot, we apprehend, have escaped the notice of any well-informed observer of Indian affairs, that the late Burmese war has constituted an entirely novel and most critical epoch in the fortunes of our eastern empire. The moment had arrived when, on the close of the Pindaree and Mahratta war of 1820, the whole of Hindostan appeared securely and thoroughly subjugated to our authority. Not the vestige of any native power seemed to remain in that vast peninsula, which could longer disturb its peace, or endanger the universal supremacy of the British dominion. Just at that moment, petty causes of discord began to arise with a new and barbarous enemy; who previously, although seated on the most vulnerable part of our frontier, and having for above half a century rapidly extended their conquests in our vicinity, had unaccountably failed to awaken the anxiety, or excite the attention of our Indian government. Still, as the aggressions of this people became more and more vexatious, they were met for some years with remonstrances only: until, at length, this forbearance or apathy in our authorities, was all at once succeeded by an abrupt, and even rash determination of offensive war.

Then was this struggle instantly carried, without correct information, without due preparation, and with very inadequate means, into the heart of the enemy's country. Not until the honour, the dignity, and even the safety of the British name in India were compromised in the contest, was it discovered, that the imminence of the crisis had been deplorably overlooked; and the very rumour of the advance of a Burmese army on our weakest frontier, was sufficient to plunge the great capital of British India into confusion and dismay. The actual danger of Calcutta was, perhaps, never worth naming; but exaggerated as it was in the imagination of a timid people, it is certain that, by the close proximity of the Chittagong frontier, the metropolis and the whole empire lay very much exposed, and easily assailable from that quarter. Besides, it should never be forgotten, that our Indian empire is maintained far more by the force of opinion, than by the mere physical strength of a few thousands of our countrymen; and that, in the first hour

which should betray to the natives any decided evidence of weakness, our dominion would be instantly shaken to its centre. The insecurity or panic which reached the capital of British India, for the first time in half a century, and in the meridian of our power, was but an inauspicious omen for the commencement of the Burmese war.

Whatever censure, however, may attach to the mode in which the war in Ava was originally undertaken, it is but justice to our local authorities in India to declare that, when we were beyond retrievement embarked in the struggle, nothing was left undone to repair the errors of the outset, and to ensure for it a happy termination. Such is the whole tenure of our sovereignty in that country, that when we have once assumed arms, there is no possibility of receding with safety, short of the entire accomplishment of the object avowed. The activity, the vigorous efforts, and the constancy with which the local government persevered in the contest, are really entitled to the highest praise. There was, too, more than one collateral circumstance which perilously deepened the chances that had been staked upon the issue. The mutiny of the Sepoy regiments at Barrackpore, in Bengal, in the beginning of the war, was one of the most dangerous contingencies that ever arose in our Indian history. The native troops in the Bengal Presidency had notoriously conceived a horror both of the Burmese and of their country ; and the ostensible discontents of the mutinous, were no more than so many shallow pretexts, to cover their aversion and fear of the service on which they were ordered. The facts and the extent of that mutiny have been variously misrepresented ; but we have no doubt, from well authenticated particulars which have reached us, that nothing less than the intrepid promptitude, and the necessary severity with which, after every milder proceeding had failed to recal them to obedience, the mutineers were attacked, and part of them put to the sword, could have averted the general revolt of the whole army of Bengal. Of all the tremendous consequences that must have ensued, it is needless to say, that the total paralysing of our operations in Ava would have been among the very lightest!

But this revolt was quelled by one act of undaunted firmness. The impending danger quickly passed away ; and the invasion of Ava proceeded. It proceeded favourably : but not without the experience that the employment of full half of our aggregate European force in India, and the labours of three arduous campaigns, were barely adequate to the successful consummation of a war, which, at the outset, it had been sagely proposed to finish at a blow, with four European battalions, and the capture of a single seaport! But here again arose a new danger. This pressing demand of the war in Ava, by obliging the concentration of half the European force of all British India upon a single point, had drained both the presidencies of Madras and Bengal of their garrisons. This was the juncture

chosen by the ruler of Bhurtpore, in Upper India, to set our power at defiance; and such was the military state of our provinces, that when the local government had strained every remaining nerve to assemble an army for the siege of that formidable fortress—which alone had formerly arrested the triumph of the British arms in the days of our highest glory—it was found possible to assemble before the place no more than *two battalions* of British infantry. To these were joined, indeed, a Sepoy force of many thousand men; but, in the assault of Bhurtpore, *we know* that not one of the native regiments could be induced to approach the walls, until the king's troops had surmounted the ramparts.

But, in fact, both in the operations before Bhurtpore, and in the Burmese war, the native troops were of little more use than to swell the array of our lines. Whether from the belief that Bhurtpore was impregnable, and from the dread which the natives of India had conceived of the Burmese, or else from a degeneration of their ancient qualities, in neither case did the Sepoys uniformly display that boasted valour and patient fortitude, for which they had been famed in former wars. Late experience has revealed circumstances in the state of discipline, and the whole condition of the native army, which, our government may be assured, urgently demand most serious consideration in their vital influence upon the durability of our Indian power. To this subject we may, perhaps, find a more fitting opportunity to revert; suffice it now to say, the events before us proved that, on the British troops alone could reliance always be placed; and on the occasion of Bhurtpore, the safety of India may positively be said to have been committed, at the bayonet's point, to two weak British battalions. The pledge was nobly redeemed: and nothing ever impressed the people of India with more wonder and awe of our power, than the energy and rapidity with which the reduction of Bhurtpore—that living reproach of our pride—was accomplished. But if the assault of that fortress had unhappily failed, there is good reason to believe, that all the subjugated native powers of India would have risen against our yoke; and that, in six months, the flames of insurrection would have burst forth throughout the whole extent of the peninsula.

Amidst such collateral dangers of mutiny and war, in the heart of our own possessions, was the struggle in the Burmhan empire steadily prosecuted. In itself, the contest was attended with all the difficulties which defective intelligence—scanty supplies—a tropical climate, whose deluging rains were fatal to the European constitution—a most intricate and desolated country—a hostile population—and an active and harassing enemy, could oppose to an invading army. Yet no obstacle was sufficient to shake the resolution of the British leader, or to damp the ardour and patience of his followers. An advance was accomplished through six hundred miles, for the most part of forest and swamp, which were pierced only by blind tracts and bridle paths, and in the face of an

enemy always ten times superior in numbers; and the terms of peace were at last triumphantly dictated by the invaders, almost at the gates of the capital of Ava. Thus was the struggle ultimately crowned, certainly with honour, perhaps with more solid advantage:—but, in any case, not without an immense sacrifice of invaluable lives. For the hundreds of our gallant spirits, who fell in the prodigal devotion of their courage, the soldier might perhaps be permitted to have desired only a more illustrious field and a worthier foe: the cost of blood and the misery of families, are seldom held to dim the lustre of victory. But the far greater number of our countrymen who perished in these campaigns, died, not in the elation of victory and the vigour of manhood, but of fatigue and exposure to a baneful climate, and in lingering, wasting disease. A calculation of the THOUSANDS of these victims would woefully balance the gain of success: but the real amount of their number will never, we suspect, willingly be proclaimed to the public of Great Britain.

Of the deeply interesting operations of a struggle so peculiar and important, some authentic history was of course highly desirable; and the narrative, which Major Snodgrass has given in the unpretending volume before us, fully answers every purpose that could possibly be wished. It is a clear, simple, and, we doubt not, a most faithful detail. The writer's official and confidential situation, which attached him to the person of the commanding general, gave him a perfect acquaintance with every movement of the army and every event of the war; and it is evident that his work is to be received as a publication from the highest authority. His style admirably befits the "round unvarnished tale" of a soldier: it is sufficiently correct, without the slightest ambition of ornament or "fine writing." What he has to say is generally delivered in plain, unaffected, matter-of-fact language; and, if he is ever betrayed into a grandiloquent expression, the reader will observe with a smile the occasion and the subject. It is only in describing the boastful preparations of the Burmhan leaders, or the immense masses of their array, that he has caught for a moment the spirit of that tumid phraseology, in which, to judge from some papers in his appendix, no oriental people more curiously excel, than the subjects of his *golden-footed* majesty of Ava. But in relating the most daring achievements of our own troops, or explaining the most remarkable skill of their leader, nothing can be more modest or unassuming than his manner.

Such are the merits of Major Snodgrass's volume: its defects, if so they may be termed, are very excusable. In a work of this kind, we are to look neither for the critical examination of measures of doubtful expediency, nor the prominent exposure of military and political faults. The author has of course avoided all discussion of the kind; and he takes for his business only the relation of facts, the detail of operations, and the description of the people and the

country forming the theatre of warfare. Not, however, that he is by any means chargeable with undue or partial reservation: for he often suffers circumstances to appear that, with less honesty and candour, he might easily have suppressed; and his account of the war has many indirect admissions of error, from which the reader is left without difficulty to deduce his own reflections. More than, or even as much as, all this, the public had assuredly no right to expect in an official narrative. In fact, we have very rarely met with an authentic military memoir, so lucidly composed, so full of curious and even romantic incident, offering so much general information on the peculiarities of the country and its people, as well as the features of the war, and abounding altogether in such various attraction even for unmilitary readers.

Without detailing the origin and growth of the circumstances which produced the Burmese war, Major Snodgrass at once opens his volume with the assembling of the expedition against Rangoon. It is not our office to supply his omissions; but we may just record our belief, that some appeal to arms had really become necessary on the part of our government. A barbarous and restless people, seated on our immediate frontier, had for years been trying our patience by a series of petty aggressions: they had never felt the weight of the British arms; and being unused to any distinction between forbearance and fear, they naturally, like true Asiatics, grew more insolent and intolerably arrogant in their pretensions, in proportion as they found our authorities slow to answer provocation. Nay, to such a height had their ambitious projects arisen with the impunity which they had enjoyed, that their rude court contemplated no less a design than the conquest of all Hindostan. In the course of the war, abundant evidence was gained, that a scheme of invading Bengal with a hundred thousand men, had been agitated by the court of Ava, and publicly announced to its subjects, above twelve months before the commencement of hostilities on our part. It was full time that these barbarians should be deterred, by a prompt and signal chastisement, from the continued or renewed indulgence of their dreams of ambition: that they should be taught by experience, the immeasurable superiority of our troops; and be left with an indelible warning to their presumption, against the danger of trifling with such neighbours. Nothing less than the infliction of some serious example upon them, could ensure the repose of our frontier against their incursions: we are convinced of the justice and necessity of the war; we doubt only the propriety of the manner and of the season in which it was commenced.

The Burmhan empire was accessible to our assaults, either by land, from the Chittagong frontier on the south-east of Bengal, or, by water, from the long sea-board of Arracan and Pegu, which extends from the head of the bay of Bengal, down as far south as the latitude of the Great Andaman island. Through the Chittagong frontier, lay infinitely the shortest line from our possessions to the

Burmhan capital, Amarapora: but the difficulties of the route might be insuperable; and the point of attack selected in preference was Rangoon, in Pegu, the principal, or rather the only, commercial seaport of the empire, situated in the delta of the Irrawaddy, and about six hundred miles below the capital, which is also washed by that great river. To Rangoon, then, was a force hastily dispatched in April 1824, from Bengal and Madras, under Brigadier-General Sir Archibald Campbell, consisting, in all, of between five and six thousand men, and including, as we have said, only four European battalions. The appearance of this armament off Rangoon was probably, at first, quite a surprise upon the Burmhan authorities: the fleet were suffered to ascend the river and anchor before the town, almost entirely without opposition; and, on the 11th May, the troops were landed and took possession of the place.

But they found only a miserable town of wooden hovels, deserted by its inhabitants, and stripped of every article of provision or transport that could possibly be useful to an invading army. Every effort, also, to open an amicable communication with the people, was most completely frustrated, by the precautions and vigilance of their rulers. No sooner, in fact, had it been concluded by the Burmese governor impossible to defend Rangoon, than the whole country in its vicinity was literally, to use an expressive phrase, driven and desolated. Men, cattle, river craft, provisions, every thing for many miles, had been carefully removed into the neighbouring jungle; and the whole population and resources of the district were thus secured within a hidden cordon of armed men, which, in a country where every male is by profession a soldier, was rapidly drawn around the invaders and hemmed them in, while it remained concealed from their view, and buried in the darkness of an almost impenetrable forest. Silently and actively, did the Burmese chiefs mature their operations: 'neither rumour nor intelligence,' says Major Snodgrass, 'of what was passing within their posts ever reached us; beyond the invisible line which circumscribed our position, all was mystery or vague conjecture.'

This natural resolution of a shrewd and warlike, though barbarous enemy, to defend their country to extremity, had not been at all calculated upon on our part; and from the disappointment and perplexity, which our author acknowledges that the first symptoms of obstinate resistance produced in our councils, we may form a pretty sufficient idea of the ignorance concerning the people and their country, and the ill-advised precipitation, with which this expedition had been framed. It had been *hoped* that the seizure of a single defenceless town, and the disembarkation of six thousand men, would terrify into submission a barbarian despot, who was unacquainted with the superior valour of European troops, and could assemble at a nod a vast population of warriors! It had been *hoped*, too, that the people of the provinces around Rangoon—the ancient kingdom of Pegu, which the Burmese had subjugated in the last

century—would be induced to rise and shake off the yoke of their masters. And it had further been *hoped*, that, if the capture of Rangoon should fail of frightening the king of Ava into terms, that city would furnish a sufficient number of boats to push a force up the river for the reduction of the capital.

Now there was not one of these precious hopes and unfounded expectations, that had not been miserably deceived: the enemy, so far from being intimidated by the landing of our troops, had evidently commenced a patient and systematic plan of laying waste the country before them, and blocking them up in their narrow quarters, until they should be starved or harassed into an evacuation of the empire. From the day on which the British disembarked 'it was obvious,' says our author, 'that we had been deceived by erroneous accounts of the character and sentiments of the people, and that decided hostility from both Burmese and Peguer was all we had to expect;' and, as for the means of water transport up the Irrawaddy, there was no longer the slightest chance of procuring boats and boatmen from the hostile population. Such had been the hasty folly of sending the expedition to Rangoon without correct intelligence, and without the attendant means of river transport. And this was the more inexcusable, because no previous effort appears to have been made to obtain authentic information, and to sound the temper of the people, by dispatching secret agents to the spot, with which commercial intercourse had been open, to the last hour before the appearance of our armament.

Major Snodgrass does not, of course, dwell much upon the fact, that the season chosen for the expedition was the commencement of the rainy monsoon: in Ava, the longest, perhaps, by his own account, that is experienced in any part of India, and during which no troops could keep the field for twenty-four hours together; nor does he comment upon all the fatal results of this ill-timed measure. But *we* know what the consequences were:—that the troops remained *for exactly nine months to a day* cooped up in an unhealthy town, during the most insalubrious season, and under all the sufferings of filthy quarters and unwholesome and scanty food, before they could (on the 11th February, 1825), effect their first day's march in advance; we know from undoubted information that, during the first seven months only of that period, one British regiment alone lost *three hundred men* from disease, and we have not reason to believe that the mortality in other corps was less fearful. We are not singular in the opinion, that all this disaster might have been averted, if the expedition, instead of sailing in April, had been postponed (as was recommended from a high quarter at the time), until December, and had carried with it a sufficient number of boats to have enabled the army to advance up the river immediately after its landing in the cold season: thus shortening the actual period of operations, and consequently diminishing the waste of men and money, by nearly one half. We have heard it said, and

it is only fair so to state, as the sole plausible excuse for the sad mismanagement which took place, that the local government were induced to dispatch the expedition before the rainy monsoon, upon the report of an officer (since deceased) who had formerly been in Ava, and who declared that the wide overflowing of the Irrawaddy, would enable a force to ascend the river during the rains without obstruction from an enemy on either bank. But of this there is not a syllable in our author's narrative; and if the report had been well-founded, still no movement could have been made, as the army were unprovided with boats, and had been able to procure none in the country.

But we resume our author's most interesting narrative:—Our little army had been but a few days in possession of Rangoon, when their situation became most anxious and distressing; and from that epoch the appearance of affairs grew for many months continually more gloomy. As soon as the unexpected news of their debarkation reached the court of Ava, the most vigorous preparation commenced for their expulsion. An invasion from the southern coast had never been contemplated by the Burmese authorities; and the main force of the empire appears to have been assembled, under their most esteemed general, Maha Bandoola, to menace the Chittagong frontier. But now 'the war tocsin was sounded in every part of the kingdom;' and every town and village within three hundred miles of Rangoon poured down its complement of armed men, to drive the audacious and *rebel* strangers (for so were they designated), back into the ocean. Whole fleets of boats full of warriors were continually descending the stream of the Irrawaddy to the scene of rendezvous; and towards the end of May, their audacity increasing with their vast numbers, the enemy gradually appoached nearer and nearer to the British position, and commenced stockading themselves in the jungle, within hearing of our advanced posts.

Their advance met with every encouragement from the skilful and gallant commander of our little army, who, unable to undertake any distant operation, desired above all things to give full scope to their arrogance; and he silently awaited the moment when they should place themselves well within his reach, that he might damp their temerity by some effectual chastisement. They had stockaded an advanced corps almost within musket shot of the British piquets, before, on the 28th of May, he sallied upon them for the first day's encounter; driving them, with a body of only six or seven hundred men and two field pieces, for about five miles before him, through their unfinished works in the jungle, carrying two of their completed stockades by the bayonet, and leaving four hundred of them dead upon the field, before he returned to his quarters. The wet season had already set in, the troops had marched knee-deep in water, through the inundated rice-grounds, the artillery could not be dragged forward, and torrents of rain rendered fire-arms almost unserviceable.

This first encounter made some impression upon the spirits of the Burmese, and produced the arrival of two deputies from their camp, with hollow proposals to negociate, which were evidently, however, designed but to gain time. But the check had only rendered the barbarians more wily and cautious; day and night they were still busily employed in fortifying their positions in the forest; their sharpshooters and small parties, under cover of the darkness, constantly harassed our outposts, and allowed the weary soldier no respite or repose; and within a fortnight from the first partial attack, a more serious assault upon their lines had become necessary. The ordinary defences of these barbarians were stockades, or stout palisading, varying from eight to twenty feet in height, loop-holed for fire arms, strengthened by transverse beams, and furnished with raised stages or ramparts of scaffolding in the interior, for the defenders to occupy. These works were generally erected in the forest or jungle, and the approach to them obstructed by abattis, or felled and projected trees. They seem to have been constructed with a rapidity that could scarcely have been surpassed by the skill of American woodsmen; and they were generally defended with stubborn resolution.

The enemy had now formed a chain of stockades, extending across the forest, about three miles in front of Rangoon, to the village of Kemmendine on the river; and upon this position another attack was made on the 10th and 11th of June. One advanced stockade was so strong, that it was necessary to breach it with artillery; our troops rushed into the yawning chasm with an impetuosity which nothing could resist; and the work was in a few minutes carried: but not before the dead bodies of two hundred of the enemy had attested the obstinate courage of the defence. At the village of Kemmendine itself, it was determined to try the effect of mortars upon the principal stockade; and after a short bombardment, the enemy, unaccustomed to these destructive engines of modern warfare, and panic stricken at the dreadful havock made by shells on their crowded garrison, fled in dismay.

But even the salutary terror and discouragement into which the enemy were thrown by these operations, gave only a temporary relief to our troops, by deterring the Burmese parties, for a short time, from repeating their nocturnal inroads upon the British lines. In two or three weeks, having received large reinforcements, they again began to advance and press upon the British position; and, in a single day, eight thousand men were computed to have crossed above Kemmendine to the Rangoon side of the river. The jungles around seemed animated by an unseen multitude of people; clouds of smoke marked the encampments of the different corps of the Burmhan army in the forest; and their noisy preparations for attack, formed a striking contrast to the still and quiet aspect of the British line. Having received positive commands from their king to delay no longer driving the British into the sea, they at length ventured,

on the 1st of July, to become the assailants, and commenced a general attack near the Great Dagon Pagoda, in front of Rangoon, which, in itself a fortress, was occupied by a king's regiment, and formed the key of the British position. It is needless to say that they were totally defeated.

From this epoch, the Burmese leaders, convinced of the hopelessness of coping with the invaders in the field, reverted for some time to their much more formidable system, of fortifying themselves in the most inaccessible parts of the forest, straitening the quarters of the British, and harassing our worn out troops by desultory skirmishes and nightly inroads. It was once more necessary to force them to a general encounter; and on the 8th of July, in the most inclement part of the rainy season, Sir Archibald Campbell moved out to attack their stockaded camp, at Kummeroot on the river, five miles from the town, by land and water. Ten stockades were carried by escalade; with the capture of thirty pieces of cannon, and with a loss to the Burmese of their chief commander and eight hundred killed, while all the surrounding jungles were filled with their miserable wounded and dying.

This sanguinary defeat seems at length to have made a deep impression upon the enemy, though it produced no solicitation for peace. The British were no longer so closely molested; their quarters and foraging parties had a wider range, and a portion of the peaceable inhabitants of Rangoon, being freed from the confinement in which their own army had kept them, began to return to their homes. The rains, however, were now at their height: and Sir Archibald Campbell, being still without the means of advancing a day's march into the interior, made the best use which he could of this forced inaction, by detaching small expeditions by sea to seize some of the maritime possessions of the enemy. In this manner, Tavoy, Mergui, Martaban, and the whole coast of Tenasserim, southward of Rangoon, were reduced by our arms. But these conquests were found to have no effect upon the obstinacy of the court of Ava; disease was already making fearful ravages in the British cantonments; and the prospect of a successful termination for the contest, became every day more uncertain and cheerless. But amidst all the appalling difficulties which surrounded him, it is very honourable to the British general, that his constancy of purpose seems never for an instant to have faltered; by the government of India he was worthily supported; and by the troops themselves, even the severest privations and the heaviest sufferings were patiently endured. Still the epidemic was raging among them with increasing violence; those who yet crawled to their posts, were reduced to emaciation and debility; and by the end of September, although the original army had been reinforced, scarcely three thousand duty-soldiers were left to guard the lines.

The time had now arrived when the war was to assume a new feature. Finding all their efforts before Rangoon terminate only in

the defeat and dismay of successive armaments, the court of Ava were driven to their last resource; and Maha Bandoola and his numerous army, all the veteran warriors of the empire, were suddenly recalled from the borders of Bengal, to proceed against Rangoon. The army of Bandoola broke up from the Chittagong territory, and disappeared in the course of one night; our own frontiers were thus relieved from the presence of the force which had created so much alarm in Calcutta; and the whole weight of the barbarous empire was thrown upon the Irrawaddy, to crush and overwhelm Sir Archibald Campbell's little army. Reduced and enfeebled as they were, this handful of gallant men still hailed with delight the hope of at last measuring their strength, in one final struggle, with the aggregate force of the enemy.

This Maha Bandoola, the favourite and most able general of the Burmese, appears really to have been a leader not unworthy of the confidence reposed in him by his nation. By the end of November, he had assembled in front of the British, an army the largest and best equipped which the court of Ava had ever sent into the field: 60,000 fighting men, a large train of artillery and elephants, and a body of Cassay horse. Of the infantry, 35,000 were musketeers, and many were armed with jingals, a small but most annoying piece, carrying a ball of from six to twelve ounces, and mounted on a carriage which two men can manage and move about at pleasure; the rest were spearmen: and all were well provided with implements for stockading and entrenching. With this immense force, Bandoola, moving forward, in a single night filled the forests on the British front within musket shot of our position. In the same manner was the opposite bank of the river occupied and entrenched; and thus, in the course of a few hours, says Major Snodgrass, we found ourselves completely surrounded, with the narrow channel of the Rangoon river alone unoccupied in our rear, and with only the limited space within our lines that we could call our own. The manner in which this investment was performed, is very deserving of notice.

'The line of circumvallation taken up by the enemy, obviously extended a very considerable distance, and divided as it was by the river, injudiciously weakened his means of assailing us on any particular point; but as far as celerity, order, and regularity are concerned, the style in which the different corps took up their stations in the line, reflected much credit on the arrangement of the Burmese commander. When this singular and presumptuous formation was completed, the soldiers of the left columns also laying aside their spears and muskets, commenced operations with their entrenching tools, with such activity and good will, that in the course of a couple of hours their line had wholly disappeared, and could only be traced by a parapet of new earth, gradually increasing in height, and assuming such forms as the skill and science of the engineer suggested.

'The moving masses, which had so very lately attracted our anxious attention, had sunk into the ground; and to any one who had not witnessed the whole scene, the existence of these subterranean legions would not have been credited: the occasional movement of a chief, with his gilt

chattah (umbrella), from place to place, superintending the progress of their labour, was the only thing that now attracted notice. By a distant observer, the hills, covered with mounds of earth, would have been taken for any thing rather than the approaches of an attacking army; but to us who had watched the whole strange proceeding, it seemed the work of magic or enchantment.

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'When a sortie had interrupted their labours, the trenches were found to be a succession of holes, capable of containing two men each, and excavated, so as to afford shelter, both from the weather and the fire of an enemy; even a shell lighting in the trench could at most but kill two men. As it is not the Burmese system to relieve their troops in making these approaches, each hole contained a sufficient supply of rice, water, and even fuel for its inmates; and under the excavated bank, a bed of straw or brushwood was prepared, in which one man could sleep while his comrade watched. When one line of trench is completed, its occupiers, taking advantage of the night, push forward to where the second line is to be opened, their place being immediately taken up by fresh troops from the rear, and so on progressively, the number of trenches occupied varying according to the force of the besiegers, to the plans of the general, or to the nature of the ground. The Burmese, in the course of the evening, re-occupied their trenches, and re-commenced their labours, as if nothing had occurred; their commander, however, took the precaution of bringing forward a strong corps of reserve to the verge of the forest, from which his left wing had issued, to protect it from any future interruption in its operations.'—pp. 101—104.

The British had, meanwhile, not been inactive in preparing a warm reception for the perpetual assaults, which were now to be expected from the overweening confidence of an enemy prodigiously superior in numerical strength. So fearfully had disease already done its work among the Europeans, that their diminished ranks were totally inadequate to cover the extent of position which they unavoidably had to maintain; and to remedy this evil, as far as possible, a chain of posts had been constructed, of redoubts and fortified pagodas, well garnished with artillery, and held by small garrisons. It was on the 1st of December, that the enemy, working their approaches so close to every part of the British position that our soldiers were often wounded as they lay in their beds, commenced along the whole line a series of furious attacks, which gave our troops no rest for several days and nights, and did not terminate without many obstinate conflicts. At Kemmendine, the post which rested on the river, and formed the shoulder of the British position, was so repeatedly attacked, that for some days there was never peace above two hours at any time. The ultimate attempts of the enemy were here directed to the destruction of our shipping by their fire-rafts. With the possession of Kemmendine, they could have launched these tremendous engines into the stream, from a point where they must have reached our shipping, in the crowded harbour of Rangoon; but while we retained that post, they were

obliged to dispatch them from above it, and the setting of the current carried them upon a projecting point of land, where they invariably grounded; and this circumstance, no doubt, much increased Bandoola's anxiety to drive us from so important a position. Major Snodgrass has very vividly described a night attack by these fire-rafts, as well as their formidable construction:

'Already the wearied soldiers had lain down to rest, when suddenly the heavens and the whole surrounding country became brilliantly illuminated by the flames of several tremendous fire-rafts, floating down the river towards Rangoon; and scarcely had the blaze appeared, when incessant rolls of musketry and peals of cannon were heard from Kemmendine. The enemy had launched their fire-rafts into the stream with the first of the ebb-tide, in the hope of driving the vessels from their stations off the place; and they were followed up by war-boats, ready to take advantage of the confusion which might ensue, should any of them be set on fire. The skill and intrepidity of British seamen, however, proved more than a match for the numbers and devices of the enemy; entering their boats, they grappled the flaming rafts, and conducted them past the shipping, or run them ashore upon the bank. On the land side, the enemy were equally unsuccessful, being again repulsed with heavy loss, in the most resolute attempt they had yet made, to reach the interior of the fort.

'The fire-rafts were, upon examination, found to be ingeniously contrived, and formidably constructed, made wholly of bamboos, firmly wrought together, between every two or three rows of which a line of earthern jars, of considerable size, filled with petroleum, or earth-oil and cotton, were secured; other inflammable ingredients were also distributed in different parts of the raft, and the almost unextinguishable fierceness of the flames proceeding from them can scarcely be imagined. Many of them were considerably upwards of a hundred feet in length, and were divided into many pieces attached to each other by means of long hinges, so arranged, that when they caught upon the cable or bow of any ship, the force of the current would carry the ends of the raft completely round her, and envelop her in flames, from the deck to her main-topmast head, with scarcely a possibility of extricating herself from the devouring element.'—pp. 105, 106.

Through the particulars of the enemy's assaults upon our lines, we need not follow our author's most animated narrative: it is needless to say, that they were everywhere repulsed. Then, the enemy having expended their ardour in vain attacks, and having fairly committed their *materiél* and their men within his reach, the British general, on the 5th of December, became in turn the assailant; and on that, and the four following days, he successively defeated all parts of the enemy's lines in detail, and with immense slaughter, capturing every gun which they had, and the whole *materiél* of their army, and making a route so complete, that, on the 9th, the whole of their vast multitude had entirely disappeared from before the victors. The account of these operations varies little from that of the preceding attacks; and of such we have already extracted a sufficient account to illustrate the peculiarity of

the warfare in which our troops were engaged. The repetition of similar circumstances would here be useless: but it is impossible to contemplate, without pride and wonder, the picture presented by these operations, of the immense superiority of the European over the Asiatic mind. Here, totally enveloped and hemmed in by an enemy deficient neither in valour nor ingenuity, were a small band of our countrymen, numbering fewer hundreds than their assailants numbered thousands; and yet, coolly and undauntedly repulsing every attempt to dislodge and overwhelm them; returning, with terrific vengeance, the attacks of this immense multitude; and totally destroying or routing them, at the bayonet's point. For defeated as the enemy had been, it was not the mere fire of our troops that could dislodge them from their entrenchments. In the imagined safety of their cover, they firmly maintained themselves and returned the British fire: it was only at the decisive and intrepid charge, that they quailed to the courage of the European, and refused to encounter him hand to hand.

The final retreat of Bandoola, and his discomfited legions, left the field open for the advance of the British up the Irrawaddy towards the capital; which in February, the season also at length permitted. For this active prosecution of the war, the Indian government had meanwhile been making the most vigorous preparations. Five hundred native boatmen had arrived at Chittagong, and boats had been diligently prepared for river service; seventeen hundred draught cattle and means for field transport had been landed from British India; and the army was now reinforced by four regiments of European infantry, several battalions of Sepoys, two squadrons of cavalry, a troop of horse-artillery, and another of rockets. Yet so defective was still the materiel of transport, and so small the numbers of our disposable force, that inspired by any less energy and courage, they might have seemed strangely inadequate to the deep invasion of a vast and populous kingdom. The advance was made in two divisions, by land and water: after leaving sufficient garrisons in Rangoon, and the other maritime conquests, the land column, under Sir Archibald Campbell in person, could not by any effort be increased beyond thirteen hundred European, and a thousand native infantry, with the cavalry, horse-artillery, and rockets; the marine column, under Brigadier-General Cotton, consisted only of eight hundred European infantry and a small battalion of Sepoys, but it was embarked in a powerful flotilla of sixty boats, carrying, all one, and some two, pieces of heavy ordnance, and escorted by a detachment of British seamen in the launches of the men-of-war.

The plan of operations provided that the combined columns should advance upon the line of the Irrawaddy towards the capital; while, from the south-east frontier of Bengal, a large and well appointed force under General Morrison, after seizing the capital of Arracan, should cross the lofty mountain-range of that country,

and penetrate to the Irrawaddy, to form a junction with the army from Rangoon. But general Morrison's advance from Arracan was rendered impossible by the frightful mortality which broke out in his camp, and by the difficulties attending a movement across the mountains. Rangoon became, therefore, the only base of operations; and a body of less than five thousand men, the only disposable army for the conquest of a great empire.

It was on the 11th of February, 1825, that the second campaign of the war opened with the breaking up of our army from their quarters. Our author's brief sketch of this little band on their advance, has something very picturesque and impressive.

'On reaching camp on the first day's march,' says he, 'the scene which presented itself was at once grotesque and novel; no double-poled tent bespoke the army of Bengal, or rows of well-pitched rowties that of the sister presidency; no Oriental luxury was here displayed, or even any of the comforts of an European camp, to console the traveller after his hot and weary march; but officers, of all ranks, couching under a blanket, or Lilliputian tent, to shelter themselves from a meridian sun, with a miserable, half-starved cow or pony, the sole beast of burden of the inmate, tied or picketed in the rear, conveying to the mind more the idea of a gipsy bivouac, than of a military encampment. Nothing of the pomp or circumstance of war was here apparent; nor would even the experienced eye have recognised in the little group that appeared but as a speck on the surface of an extensive plain, a force about to undertake the subjugation of an empire, and to fight its way for six hundred miles, against climate, privations, and a numerous enemy. At five in the morning the drum beat to arms, and the tawdry camp speedily disappearing, a gallant line alone remained, animated by the finest feeling, and prepared to encounter every difficulty which might present itself.—pp. 138, 139.

The bold undertaking of a scheme of such disproportionate conquest, and its undaunted accomplishment, form indeed a spectacle to excite admiration and astonishment; and all the circumstances of the enterprise are of a nature to recal to the imagination the romantic achievements of a Cortez or a Pizarro. Maha Bandoolah, with his army, reduced by losses and desertion to about fifteen thousand men, was now strongly stockaded and entrenched at a place called Donoobew, on one of the branch rivers of the delta of Rangoon, about sixty miles above that place; and here the invaders received the last check in their operations. The water division were repulsed in an attack of the enemy's stockades, and proved too weak in numbers to carry them; and Sir Archibald Campbell, who, with the land column, had already passed on and reached the main stream of the majestic Irrawaddy, at Sarrawah, was compelled to retrograde to general Cotton's support. Bandoolah and his army were now invested in their works at Donoobew by the combined divisions; batteries were raised against their position; and every indication was given of a resolute defence, when, on the 1st of April, the brave leader of the Burmese was

fortunately killed in his lines by one of our rockets. This man had evidently possessed native talents and qualities for martial command, uncultured and stained by cruelty as they were, of no common order; and he had been the sole stay of a sinking cause. With his fall, expired the resolution of his followers; and on the succeeding night, his whole dispirited army silently evacuated their works and fled, leaving behind one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon mounted on the defences. After the death of Bandoolah, the invaders encountered no opposition of moment in their rapid advance to Prome, which they reached on the 25th of April; and at that place, a large city on the Irrawaddy, about two hundred and fifty miles from Rangoon, the British found excellent winter quarters, which the return of the rainy season soon after rendered it necessary to occupy.

Thus terminated our second campaign in Ava; and still, notwithstanding all their heavy losses, the despot and his government had breathed no syllable of peace or submission. Nor, in the defence of the empire, had they been wanting in all the resolution, and a great deal of the skill, which the councils of more civilised states could have adopted in a similar emergency. Wherever it had been found hopeless to encounter the invaders in the field, a well laid and systematic plan had been steadily pursued to obstruct and paralyze their advance. The Burmese leaders, by the terror in which their authority was held by the peasantry, kept all their operations veiled from the invaders in the most impenetrable mystery: the country was every where desolated and fired before them; the population and cattle were driven; provisions and resources were totally destroyed. And all this was done systematically, and with no appearance of panic or haste. Not even Russia (says Major Snodgrass), in her memorable resistance to the armies of Napoleon, could have offered to the invading host such a continued scene of desolation: neither man nor beast escaped the retiring columns; and heaps of ashes, with groups of hungry howling dogs, alone indicated where towns and villages had stood. The unexpected fall of Bandoola, and the rapid advance of the British, amidst the consternation produced in the enemy by that event, alone happily saved the district around Prome from destruction; and that city was already in flames, when our army took possession of it. To this system, justifiable as we must admit it to have been in a war of national defence, were added all the less excusable resources of oriental perfidy; and now began repeated attempts to lull the invaders into security and inaction, and to gain time by hollow, faithless negociations. While, at the same time, every effort was strained by the still obstinate monarch and his ministers, to raise a new and a yet more numerous army, than that which had melted away before the irresistible course of our invasion.

By the end of November, an unwieldy array of seventy thousand men was thus assembled in front of Prome: where, at the close of

the wet season, our army, after every reinforcement, could still muster no larger a field force than five thousand men. There were now present eight British regiments of infantry, whose original numbers alone would have counted up as many thousands: but such had been the ravages of death in their ranks, in a war of eighteen months, infinitely less by the sword than by disease, that these eight European battalions could produce only three thousand bayonets! They numbered to their barbarian foes but as one to twenty, yet were they the eager assailants; and the rains having ended, the third campaign was opened by the British, with a general attack upon the enemy. Again was a total defeat, on the first days of December, inflicted upon this immense host; but again not without the heavy cost on our part of many gallant lives. The route, however, to the capital, was once more open; and now, alternately fighting and negociating, but always advancing, our army vigorously followed up its successes, until the court of Ava was at length terrified into a sincere submission. In this manner, by a continuous march of near three months, our victorious little band had traversed as many hundred miles, and approached within only *fifteen leagues*, or three days' distance, of Amarapora, before its monarch finally, on the 24th of February 1826, ratified the articles of peace which had been dictated to his envoys.

By this treaty, the king of Ava ceded to the East India Company the provinces of Arracan already conquered by our arms, and, farther south, the coasts of Tavoy, Mergui and Tenasserim; and he also submitted to pay the sum of a crore, or one hundred lacs of rupees—about a million sterling—as an indemnification for the charges of the war. It was stipulated that one quarter of this sum should be paid on the spot, and another instalment to the same amount before our evacuation of Rangoon; and that the remaining half should be discharged in two years. The first certainly, and we believe the second instalment, was duly received:—the remaining half million will probably never be seen.

Such has been the honorable, and therefore the fortunate, termination of this arduous and dangerous war; and judging, as mankind ever judge, from the result only, it may be deemed an advantageous circumstance for the safety of our eastern empire, that we were forced into hostilities, which have humbled an arrogant and ambitious power, and given its barbarous rulers, for the first time, so salutary an impression of our strength. The perilous crisis through which our eastern dominion passed in the operation will be over-looked or forgotten. Whether the severe chastisement which the Burmhan power has received will, however, have made an impression so lasting as to deter its government from all future aggressions, time alone can determine; but there can be no doubt that the possession of Arracan, and the throwing back of our eastern frontier from Bengal to the distant mountains of that country, must tend to the security of our empire. The policy of having

added the more southern maritime conquests of Tavoy and Tenasserim to our already overgrown empire appears to us, we confess, far more problematical. A few commercial advantages can scarcely recompense us for the charge of maintaining those distant and detached possessions, and for the fruitful occasions of a new rupture with our barbarous neighbours, the hazard of which must be much increased by so long a continuity of frontier.

The engrossing interest of the principal subject of Major Snodgrass's volume has so occupied our attention and limits, that we have not been enabled to find room for any of the collateral matter which he has ably blended with his narrative of military operations. But we cannot conclude without observing, that the work is full of the most desirable and amusing information, on the national character and manners of the Burmese, the state and form of their political and civil institutions, and the geographical and commercial features of their country. It is not a little creditable to the intelligence and mental activity of the gallant author, that, in the midst of a contest so harassing, and in the incessant occupation of official duties, he should have found means to accumulate this mass of unprofessional knowledge; and he has thus rendered his little work, independently of its military merits, second only in value for its statistical details to Symes's excellent account of *his* more peaceful mission to Ava.

ART. XI. *Personal Narrative of a Journey from India to England, by Bussorah, Bagdad, the Ruins of Babylon, Curdistan, the Court of Persia, the Western Shore of the Caspian Sea, Astrakhan, Nishney, Novogorod, Moscow, and St. Petersburgh, in the Year* 1824. By Captain the Hon. George Keppel. Second edition. 8vo. 2 vols. London. Colburn. 1827.

MR. KEPPEL is, we understand, the second son of the Earl of Albemarle, to whom he has affectionately inscribed this his first feat in the fields of literature. In those of war he had already earned distinction, having been present at the battle of Waterloo, when he had scarcely numbered his sixteenth year. After that period, he appears to have served in India, as aide-de-camp to the late Marquis of Hastings; and upon returning to England, instead of taking the common track homeward, by the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena, he preferred the novelty and perils of the land journey, from the Persian Gulph to St. Petersburgh. We have here the results of such observations as he noted in his progress through the Persian and Russian dominions; and although we cannot congratulate him upon any very important discoveries, or any learned research with respect to the various objects of antiquarian or national interest which he encountered on his way, yet we must admit that his Narrative displays considerable talent, a just and discriminating habit of thinking, and a chivalric spirit of enterprise,

which we are always delighted to see among the prominent characteristics of an English gentleman.

We remark with particular pleasure, that in exploring those countries, whose fate has been predicted, or related, in the sacred writings, Captain Keppel has uniformly pointed out the proofs which still remain in the manners or the ruins of those countries, to attest the wonderful correctness of the divine prophets and historians. Unlike other travellers, whom we might mention, he has despised the mean affectation of that French philosophy, which can tread on consecrated ground with sneering indifference, if not with open blasphemy; and without the slightest tinge of bigotry, he has borne witness in many instances to the execution of some of the most awful decrees of Providence. In this respect his work is highly creditable to his education and habits, as a scholar and a soldier.

Gladly acknowledging thus much, we cannot at the same time refrain from observing, that throughout his journey, Captain Keppel seems to have been in too great a hurry. Naturally anxious, as we know from experience, every Englishman is to get home, after he has satiated his curiosity abroad; yet it betrays a great want of tact to display that anxiety too openly, whenever the traveller chooses to become an author. The reader seldom imagines that instead of criticising, it is really his duty to feel grateful to those, who may be pleased to detail their peregrinations for his instruction and pleasure, after they have returned to their fire sides. He expects something more from the traveller than mere notes; and although the various works which have already shed abundant light on the overland route from India to Europe, might well excuse the absence of more minute details in the volumes before us, yet we cannot but feel that they are in many respects dry and superficial. The style is plain, without any attempts at elegance of narrative, or beauty of description. Little is told us which we had not learned before, and that too from writers who had the rare fortune to blend felicity of diction with profound historical knowledge and fondness for research. In the only part of Captain Keppel's route, in which he deviated from the path usually pursued by English travellers, namely, in that part of it which led him to Bakou, and along the shore of the Caspian Sea to Astrachan, and thence to Moscow, he has been only very recently anticipated by two very intelligent and able writers, Mr. Henderson, and the chevalier Gamba*. These travellers have fully described much more of the peculiarities of that portion of the Russian empire, than Captain Keppel appears even to have noticed. As to the rest, his route from Bussorah to Tabreez has even less of novelty in its details. The uninteresting face of the country, and the unvarying manners of the people inhabiting it, are familiar to most of our readers; and were it not that there is

* For reviews of their works, see the M. R., vol. III., p. 113 and 447.

something in the personal history of every traveller to diversify and colour his narrative, they would have little to expect even from the youthful gallantry, enterprise, and indefatigable good humour of the writer before us.

Accompanied by Mr. Ker Baillie Hamilton, Mr. Lamb, and Captain Hart, our author sailed from Bombay in the month of January 1824, in His Majesty's ship Alligator, commanded by Captain Alexander, who kindly granted his countrymen a passage to Bussorah. Among their fellow passengers was Futteh Ali Khan, a son of the last Persian king of the Zund dynasty, who was murdered by Aga Mohummud, in 1794, and who, in the song and poetry of that country, is celebrated as one of the greatest of its heroes. The Prince was attended by a Persian Syyud, a man of some information, who paid a compliment to our nation worth mentioning for its whimsicality. It was remarked, that upon the first introduction of the steam-boat at Calcutta, the Indians called it "Sheitaun ko noo," *the Devil's boat*. But the Syyud was still more flattering. He observed, that, "when arts were in their infancy, it was natural to give the Devil credit for any new invention; but now so advanced are the English in every kind of improvement, that they are more than a match for the Devil himself!"

After a favourable voyage of two or three weeks, the party landed at Bussorah, where they were received very civilly by the Pasha. In visiting him they were allowed not only to wear their hats, conformably to the eastern custom of always keeping the head covered, but even to wear their shoes, a privilege exclusively granted to Englishmen. We agree perfectly with Captain Keppel, that this latter might with great propriety be dispensed with.

'Without entering into the merits of that John Bull policy, which exacts from the natives of the country in which we are residing a conformity to our customs, instead of our adopting theirs, the privilege we Englishmen claim, both at Bagdad and at this place, of keeping on our shoes in the presence of the Pasha, certainly does appear an useless acquisition of privilege on our parts, and one that cannot but be highly offensive to their Asiatic feelings.

'It is scarcely necessary to mention, that throughout the East, the mere act of a native entering a room with shoes on, is the greatest possible insult, as it is on the floor that all meals are eaten. Let us put the question to ourselves. Would any of us be pleased, if a foreigner were to claim the right of coming from the streets, in his dirty boots, and of dancing up and down our dinner-table?'—vol. i., pp. *55*, *56*.

After spending some pleasant days at Bussorah, Captain Keppel and his companions engaged a boat, and proceeded by the Euphrates and the Tigris to Bagdad. Shortly after entering the latter river, distinguished for its "arrowy course," they reached Il Jezeera (the island), which is supposed to have been the seat of Paradise. It is at present a miserable, deserted, barren spot, and so indeed is the whole surrounding country, though described by

Pliny as *solum orientis fertilissimum.* On the banks of the Tigris, our travellers observed, of course, several Arab encampments, which they visited, and which Captain Keppel describes. He gives us also an account of the present state of the numerous ruins of cities and towns, which he and his friends examined on their approach to Bagdad. Arrived at that ancient capital, all his recollections of "The Arabian Nights," are awakened in his mind. Indeed, during the whole of his progress through Persia, the fascination of those immortal tales hang like a spell upon his faculties, and give to his narrative the only romantic tints which it exhibits. He was necessarily much disappointed in not finding the gardens of Bagdad as splendid as the Arabian novelists had painted them; but he appears to have derived some compensation for this misfortune, from being shewn a house that was said to have been the residence of the celebrated Haroun Alraschid, and a mosque, said to have been erected by that exemplary caliph. He visited also, with due devotion, the monastery of the Calendars, a sect of Mahometan dervishes, into which, it may be remembered, the three sons of kings, all blind of one eye, entered, as we find it recorded in the authentic histories above mentioned.

We look upon that part of Captain Keppel's narrative, in which he describes his visit to the ruins of Babylon, as the most interesting and valuable portion of his work. He follows, for the most part, the footsteps of Rich, and confirms the accuracy of that most able and intelligent antiquary. We must find room for his reflections on the ruins of Babel.

'The total circumference has been found to be two thousand two hundred and eighty-six feet, which gives to the ruins a much greater extent of base than to the original building. The surplus is very great, when one considers the quantity that must have been removed by the Macedonian soldiers, and how much, in the course of ages, must have been taken by the workmen employed in digging for bricks. The elevation of the mound is irregular: to the west it is one hundred and ninety-eight feet high. On the top is that which looked like a castle in the distance; it is a solid mass of kiln-burnt bricks, thirty-seven feet high, and twenty-eight broad. The bricks, which are of an excellent description, are laid in with a fine and scarcely perceptible cement. At regular intervals, some bricks are omitted so as to leave square apertures through the mass; these may possibly have been intended to procure a free current of air, that should prevent the admission of damp into the brickwork. The summit of the mass is much broken, and the fractures are so made as to carry conviction that violence has been used to reduce it to this state.

'Distinct from the pile of bricks just described, and lower down on the north face of the large mound, is another mass exactly similar. Pieces of marble, stones, and broken bricks, lie scattered over the ruin. The most curious of the fragments are several misshapen masses of brickwork, quite black, except in a few places where regular layers of kiln-burnt bricks are discernible: these have certainly been subjected to some fierce heat, as they are completely molten—a strong presumption that fire was used in the

destruction of the Tower, which, in parts, resembles what the Scriptures prophesied it should become, " a burnt mountain."*

' Travellers who have visited this spot, have been struck with the curious appearance of these fragments, and, having only seen the black surface, have altogether rejected the idea of their being bricks. In the denunciation respecting Babylon, fire is particularly mentioned as an agent against it. To this Jeremiah evidently alludes, when he says that it should be " as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah," on which cities, it is said, the Lord rained brimstone and fire."† Again, " I will kindle a fire in his cities, and it shall devour all round about him;" and in another place, " Her high gates shall be burned with fire, and the people shall labour in vain, and the folk in the fire, and they shall be weary."

' Taking into calculation the brick mass on the top of the large mound, the ruins are two hundred and thirty-five feet high, which gives nearly half the height of the Tower in its perfect state. Rich thought he could trace four stages, or stories of this building; and the united observations of our party induce the same conviction.

' Wild beasts appeared to be as numerous here as at Mujillebè. Mr. Lamb gave up his examination, from seeing an animal crouched in one of the square apertures. I saw another in a similar situation, and the large foot-print of a lion was so fresh, that the beast must have stolen away on our approach. From the summit we had a view of the vast heaps which constitute all that now remains of ancient Babylon; a more complete picture of desolation could not well be imagined. The eye wandered over a barren desert, in which the ruins were nearly the only indication that it had ever been inhabited. It was impossible to behold this scene, and not to be reminded how exactly the predictions of Isaiah and Jeremiah have been fulfilled, even in the appearance Babylon was doomed to present: that " she should never be inhabited;" that " the Arabian should not pitch his tent there;" that she should " become heaps;" that her cities should be " a desolation, a dry land, and a wilderness!"‡'—vol. i., pp. 193—197.

Captain Keppel had the good fortune, by the assistance of some workmen, to raise from the ruins a colossal piece of sculpture, which had been imperfectly seen by Beauchamp and Rich. It represents a lion standing over a man, and we own that we are much inclined to credit our author's suggestion, that it was intended to commemorate the miraculous preservation of Daniel in the lion's den.

From Bagdad, Captain Keppel and his companions proceeded through Curdistan to Tehraun, the seat of the Persian government. In this part of his journal we meet nothing new or striking. The following account of the high character which our countrymen bear generally throughout Persia, will, perhaps, be acceptable to our readers:—

' Mr. Lamb, wishing to draw a bill upon Bagdad for the sum of one

* 'Jeremiah, chap. li., ver. 25.'

† ' Some of the Jewish Doctors say, " that God overturned the tower (Babel) by a terrible tempest, or burnt it by fire from heaven."—Hewlett's Annotations on Scripture, vol. i., p. 194.'

‡ ' Jer. li. ver. 37, 43.'

hundred tomauns, for our common expenditure, sent a servant into the town, to know whether any of the shraufs (merchants) would be willing to give him money for it. After a short time, a miserable half-starved-looking wretch made his appearance, and said he should be willing to advance us any sum we might require: at first we were inclined to laugh at his proposal, thinking, from his appearance and garb, that he was more like an object of charity than a lender of money. He soon undeceived us; for, disencumbering himself of a few of his rags, he unstrapped from his body a black leathern belt, and having cut it open, counted out the hundred tomauns in gold. Mr. Lamb wrote a draft, in English, upon a merchant in Bagdad, which this man took in lieu of his money, contenting himself with merely asking the name of the merchant on whom the bill was drawn, and declaring himself to be the party obliged; "for," said he, "if I am robbed, I shall at least be spared this piece of paper." While we were wondering both at his ability to serve us, and his confidence in our honesty (for we could easily have deceived him), he said he had had too many proofs of English probity to entertain any alarm on that head. "The *Feringhees* (Franks) are not so worthy of being trusted, but the *Ingreez* (Englishmen) have never been known to deceive."

'This circumstance reflects not a little on the general good conduct of our countrymen in Persia; for in this, as well as in many other examples, it might be shewn that it is to Englishmen only that this confidence is extended. Of the *Feringhees*, as it is their custom to distinguish other Europeans from us, the *Ingreez*, they are as distrustful as they are of each other. Why we should have so excellent a character, I know not, though I have heard it somewhat oddly accounted for. It is said, that some time ago, an American vessel, in a trading voyage up the Red Sea, bought a considerable quantity of coffee, and paid for it in Spanish dollars, but the ship had not long sailed, when it was discovered that the money was counterfeit, and the merchants, in their indignation, vowed they would have no dealings with the English, for (as these sailors spoke our language) such they supposed them to be. Some one said that they were not English, but *Feringhee dooneaine noo*, "Franks of the New World," by which name the Americans are designated in these countries. As the mart where this transaction occurred was on the road to Mecca, the story rapidly spread, and numerous pilgrims, on their return home, were of course glad to promulgate any story detrimental to the Christian character. It is not to be supposed that our countrymen are always immaculate; but now, if an Englishman misbehaves, he is not designated a native of England, but a "Frank of the New World." This is rather hard upon brother Jonathan, who is to the full as honest as John Bull; but, as in many other cases, the roguery of an individual is oftentimes felt by a multitude.'—vol. ii., pp. 112—115.

The Persian court and royal family have been so often described, that we need not dwell on that subject. At Tabreez, Captain Keppel separated from his companions, as he wished to visit the celebrated fires of Bakou. His description of them, and of their various worshippers, exactly coincides with that of the chevalier Gamba, which may be seen in our last Appendix. Having gratified his laudable curiosity on this point, our author pursued his journey to Astrakhan. We may easily suppose the feelings

which were awakened in his mind, upon accidentally discovering in that populous city, a small congregation of his countrymen. The sentiments which he expresses on this occasion, do equal honour to his head and heart.

'The Kizliar merchants had spoken of *Khanee Fering*, an English inn: by repeating these words, I was at last directed to a spacious house, at the door of which was playing a rosy-cheeked boy, whose features were so English that I spoke to him in our own language. He told me he was the son of the Rev. Mr. Glen, and that this was the Scotch Missionary-house. I had scarcely recovered from the satisfaction of hearing the welcome accents of my native land, when his mother, a handsome woman, begged I would come up stairs, and remain with her family during my stay. I partook of a slight refreshment, and soon after there was a general summons to prayers. The congregation consisted of twenty English persons, including women and children. Psalms were first chanted. One of the missionaries then put forth an eloquent extempore prayer to the Almighty, into which he introduced a thanksgiving for my safe arrival, and escape from so many dangers.

'At no period of my life do I remember to have been impressed with so strong a feeling of devotion as on this evening. Few persons of the same general habits will understand my particular feelings. Few have ever been placed in the same situation under similar circumstances. Quitting countries once the most rich and populous, now the most desolate and lone, fulfilling in their calamities the decrees of Divine Providence; safe from the dangers of the desert, and from the barbarian tribes with whom every crime was common, I found myself in a religious sanctuary, among my own countrymen, in whose countenances, whatever were the trivial errors of their belief, might be traced the purity of their lives, and that enthusiasm in the cause of religion, which has caused them to become voluntary exiles; whose kindness promised me every comfort, and whose voices were gratefully raised to heaven in my behalf.'—vol. ii., pp. 258—260.

From the account which Captain Keppel gives of the Scotch missionaries, it appears that although they enjoy peculiar privileges from the Russian government, they have made no progress in the great object of their labours. He mentions a curious fact, that several of the missionary families had transferred themselves from Leith to Astrakhan *by water*. The Wolga is navigable from that city to St. Petersburgh, and may be traversed in seventy days.

We shall conclude our extracts with one or two highly characteristic traits of Russian manners.

'The city (Astrakhan) contains a population of sixty thousand Russians, numerous tribes of Tartars, Armenians, Indians, Kalmucks, and natives of Bokhara. As every one retains the dress of his country, the grand square at the time of daily market has a very picturesque appearance. It was curious to observe so great a variety of costume and feature crowded into so small a space. I was delighted again to hear the fair sex enjoying one of their greatest privileges, that of speech, which they here used with noisy volubility, in haggling their wares with the natives of nearly every Asiatic country. While watching the various groups, I saw a prisoner heavily

ironed, and guarded by a file of men, going round the market begging; numbers gave him a trifle. It was amusing to observe the ceremonious behaviour of the giver and receiver on these occasions. Both took off their hats, made a profusion of low bows, and then embraced each other with a politeness that accorded oddly with their half savage appearance.

'Charity is a very prevalent virtue amongst the Russians, though they appear to care little whether the object be worthy or not. I have not unfrequently seen a Russian give a coin of five farthings value to a professed beggar, who returned him two farthings in exchange.'—vol. ii., pp. 264, 265.

Before we take leave of Captain Keppel, we believe that we can afford him some information on a subject which he mentions in his first volume. He says (p. 309), that while he was examining the ruins of Kisra Shereen, he was informed that about two years and a half ago an European had made an accurate survey of all the buildings, and had taken with him a stone covered with inscriptions. Who the European was, he adds, he has yet to learn. The latter question we cannot distinctly answer, but we suspect that the stone was that from which Mr. Vescovali copied part of an inscription, containing a considerable portion of Diocletian's edict* for fixing a *maximum* of prices throughout the Roman empire. This district of Persia was included in that empire, under the reign of Diocletian. The copy of the inscription was brought not long since to England by Mr. Vescovali, who informed Colonel Leake that he had taken it from a stone "which he found in the possession of a gentleman who had been travelling in the Levant."

ART. XII. *A Letter on the Medical employment of White Mustard Seed.* By a Member of the London College of Surgeons. London, 8vo. pp. 31. Carpenter. 1827.

THE Materia Medica has, upon its list, an amazing number of simples whose original pretensions have been long exploded, and which are at present but rarely employed, unless it is to give safe convoy to some delicate freight of precious virtue. And yet there is scarcely one of these names that had not its day of celebrity: coming out in a first-rate character, receiving the applauses of a packed crew of mercenary partizans, and at last subsiding into its natural position amidst the lumber of the laboratory.

White mustard seed has been long, and continues to be the rage amidst all classes of invalids in Paris. With us, the phrenzy has assumed a milder form. We see no colours leading the multitude astray---no bounty offered for acclamation. Indeed, we cannot trace amidst our population any very sanguine apostle of the new light, beyond an occasional proprietor of a Thames-street warehouse, who feels within him a thorough admiration of the blessings of white mustard seed, after rising from the contemplation of a considerable stock in hand. Above all, the faculty does not seem alarmed, except now and then in the case of some superseded family-doctor, who has lived too long to witness the preference which is bestowed on

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* Lately published by Murray. † See the M. R., vol. iii., p. 326.

so empty a pretender. We are haunted with a suspicion that some such victim of the ignorance of a patient, may be found in the author of this pamphlet. We should wish also that he had vouchsafed some test of authenticity on this occasion, and not have left his very important assertions to the spontaneous adoption of his readers.

With such preliminary impressions as arise from what has been just mentioned, we proceed to state the testimony of this surgeon. He says, that in chronic complaints, or such as are of long standing, the seed was altogether powerless and of no effect, even in doses of considerable magnitude---whilst in fevers and disorders where any of the coats of the stomach or intestines are hurt, it may produce the worst symptoms. He then mentions a case in which the exhibition of white mustard seed was attended with fatal consequences. Notwithstanding so much experience, our author was subsequently induced to make a personal trial of its properties, or, to use his own expression, to dive into its very essence. He took it for three weeks, and whatever tendency it has at all, was rather to constipate than relax, to produce a sensation of fulness in the stomach, and to render a thousand degrees more offensive that which was sufficiently repulsive before. He adds, that the pores of the skin became the channels of an effluvium of the like disgusting odour. Determined to see the experiment out, the patient courageously increased the quantity.

'My daily potion,' says he, 'then, of this delectable trash was gradually augmented, aided by tea, and the diluent help of barley water, until, finding my stock of amiability decline, even to the loss of temper, I made one grand and desperate effort, and engorged at a meal as much as sufficed me for both breakfast and dinner. In proportion as the bulk was increased, the 'flatulence,' costiveness, and 'oppression' were multiplied; and at last to such an unbearable extent, that had it not been for the timely assistance of a friendly Seidlitz, I might have had good cause to rue so silly an exploit.'

The author then submitted the drug to chemical analysis. All medicines that possess a peculiar property will yield it in some form or another, by means of heat or some of the other applications which are capable of effecting decomposition. But white mustard seed gives out nothing, either in the form of extract, spirit, or sublimation, which varies in efficacy from the negative character of the article itself. The conclusion, then, at which our author has arrived, from what he has seen in cases wherein he himself was agent, and those in which he was sufferer, is, that white mustard seed is possessed of no virtue, that it has no significant or manageable operation. This position he maintains at some length; and, admitting his facts to be true, in an unanswerable manner. He concludes his examination of the pretensions of this drug, by a challenge, addressed to all the respectable physicians in Europe, to produce a case of actual disease which was permanently cured by the internal exhibition of it under any form.

We have objected to the want of authenticity with which the very material facts in this pamphlet may be met. It is fair to state, for we presume that the marks were intended to guide the curious, that the pamphlet bears the signature of B., that the address is "Spring Gardens," and that the author declares he does not write to screen himself behind an anonymous signature, and that if any person feel aggrieved at an inadvertency of expression, his name is as 'come-at-able' as his personal abode.

ART. XIII. 1. *Sacred Specimens, selected from the early English Poets, with Prefatory Verses.* By the Rev. John Mitford. 12mo. pp. 237. 8*s.* 6*d.* London. Baldwin, Cradock and Joy. 1826.

2. *Specimens of sacred and serious Poetry, from Chaucer to the present day.* By John Johnstone. 16mo. pp. 560. 5*s.* 6*d.* Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd. London. Whittaker. 1826.

THESE two little publications are framed nearly on the same plan, with the exception that the latter includes specimens of serious, as well as of sacred poetry. Mr. Mitford has indeed admitted some verses which belong rather to the serious than sacred class, and has added to them a poem or two of his own, which may be fairly said to augment the value of his work. He has, moreover, limited his specimens to the writings of the early English poets, whereas Mr. Johnstone has taken a wider range, and brings down his compilation even to the writers of our own day.

From the mere statement of their titles, it is obvious, that the two compilers have necessarily trodden over a considerable portion of the same ground. They have both, however, produced two very pleasing volumes. That of Mr. Mitford is more *recherché*, and contains a greater number of rarities than the other; *en revanche*, Mr. Johnstone's book seems to us likely to be the more popular of the two, since his subjects are more diversified and treated for the most part in a more modern style. We shall present the reader with a single specimen from each. The following quaint verses are given by Mr. Mitford, from 'Emblems Divine and Rural, together with hiero-glyphicks of the Life of Man. By Francis Quarles. A. D. 1644.'

'Always pruning, always cropping,
Is her brightness still obscur'd?
Ever dressing, ever topping,
Always curing, never cur'd?
Too much snuffing makes a waste:
When the spirits spend too fast,
They will shrink at ev'ry blast.

'You that always are bestowing
Costly pains in life repairing,
Are but always overthrowing
Nature's work by over-caring:
Nature meeting with her so,
In a work she hath to do,
Takes a pride to overthrow.

'Nature knows her own perfection,
And her pride disdains a tutor,
Cannot stoop to art's correction,
And she scorns a co-adjutor.
Saucy art should not appear
Till she whisper in her ear:
Hagar flees, if Sarah bear.

'Nature worketh for the better,
If not hinder'd that she cannot;
Art stands by as her abettor,
Ending nothing she began not;
If distemper chance to seize,
Nature, foil'd with the disease,
Art may help her if she please.

'But to make a trade of trying
Drugs and doses, always pruning,
Is to die for fear of dying;
He's untun'd, that's always tuning.
He that often loves to lack
Dear-bought drugs, hath found a knack
To foil the man, and feed the quack.

'O the sad, the frail condition
Of the pride of nature's glory!
How infirm his composition,
And at best how transitory!
When this riot doth impair
Nature's weakness, then his care
Adds more ruin by repair.

'Hold thy hand, health's dear maintainer,
Life perchance may burn the stronger:
Having substance to sustain her,
She untouch'd, may last the longer:
When the artist goes about,
To redress her flame, I doubt,
Oftentimes he snuffs it out.'---pp.136---138.

Mr. Johnstone appears to be indebted for the following animated fragment to Simon Wastell, a native of Westmoreland, who was born about 1562. The title is 'On Man's Mortality.'

'Like as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
E'en such is man;—whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.—
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes,—and man he dies!
Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan,

E'en such is man;—who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death,—man's life is done!
* * * * * pp. 225, 226.

ART. XIV. *A Charge delivered at the Triennial Visitation of the Province of Munster, in the year* 1826. By Richard, Archbishop of Cashel. 8vo. pp. 24. 2*s*. Dublin. Richard Milliken. London. Rivingtons. 1826.

IN this short but elegant and judicious charge, Dr. Lawrence, archbishop of Cashel, calls the attention of the clergy of his province to the Catholic question. He does not attempt to decide upon the expediency of the proposed measures, he even avoids declaring his own opinion upon the subject; but he endeavours to prepare the way for a proper discussion of its merits, by softening down the asperities of party-spirit, and by exhibiting the contest as one not of a religious but of a political nature.

Adapted as his arguments are to the body of men to which they were originally addressed, they are, however, well calculated to produce a beneficial effect on a much wider sphere. It is not in the remote parts of Ireland alone, that men require to be called on to view the subject in its proper form, undistorted by the false medium of prejudice or animosity. There are many persons in England, who hold it a point of conscience, as members of the established church, to reject every proposition in favour of those who adhere to the church of Rome; who imagine that it would be deserting the cause of Protestantism to grant the Catholics any further relief; and who think it incumbent on them, to throw every impediment in the way of a religion which, without any sort of inquiry, they believe to be founded only in superstition. This blind and ill-directed zeal, meets not with the approbation of the archbishop; and in the course of his charge, he more than once maintains, that the claims preferred by the Roman Catholics ought not to be resisted on the ground of their imputed religious errors; and that it is the duty of a true Protestant to bear in mind, not so much the points in which they differ from him, as those in which they join with him in acknowledging the common basis of Christianity. 'We, my reverend brethren, in this province,' says the Archbishop, 'situated, as it is, in an extreme part of the United Kingdom, differ in our religious creed from the majority of those around us. In many points, however, and those of the most importance, we perfectly coincide. Would to God, that where we differ from each other, we always differed in charity, and abstained from calumniating what we cannot approve; persuaded that railing is not reasoning, nor ridicule argument. Let me not, however, be misconceived as insinuating that the great party-contest in this kingdom is one altogether of a religious description. It certainly is not. For it is a contest against the presumed injustice of withholding civil rights from any body of persons of any religious tenets. The peculiar differences of creed among us cannot, in reason, form a subject of complaint on either side; and consequently, ought not to be dragged into discussion.'—p. 7.

A little further on, after touching on the mischievous effects of party-spirit, especially 'in a country where there appears to exist an habitual propensity to strength of language, and display of argument, to the most uncompromising expression of feeling, and the most uncontrollable declaration of opinion, without the slightest calculation of consequences;' he notices, with marked approbation, the harmony existing between the two contending parties in the province of Munster.

It appears to us, we own, incontrovertible, that the rights of individuals can be justly restrained, only so far as is requisite for the well-being of the community; and that the Catholic claims are well founded, so far as they can be granted without danger to the state. There are those, indeed, who maintain, that in the time of William III. (not to recur to the more distant æra of Elizabeth), it might have been properly deemed a necessary precaution to abridge the civil rights of men, from whom so great dangers had recently been apprehended, and who still clung, with romantic attachment, to the exiled monarch of their faith; and that, even as long as there existed a remnant of the house of Stuart, prudence might still seem to justify the exclusion of Roman Catholics from all military command, and from the civil administration of affairs. To whatever weight such opinions may be entitled, it is indisputable, that all these causes of alarm have now, happily for our country, ceased to exist. Still there are many who imagine the proposed measure to be big with evil: it would far exceed the limits of this article, to demonstrate the futility of their apprehensions; we cannot, however, let slip this opportunity of declaring (with all due deference to the many distinguished individuals who are of a different opinion from ourselves), that we look upon the present fears of the Protestant alarmists, to be utterly devoid of any foundation in reason.

Besides the vulgar topics drawn from the power of absolution and the power of the Pope, from the fires in Smithfield, and the horrors of the Inquisition, we are everlastingly told, that *if this bill is once passed, the Catholics will get into power, and then farewell to the established Church and the Protestant succession.* So then, we are to believe, that if the Irish and English Catholics were but just upon the same footing with Protestants, the former would take the lead of the latter in every path that calls for the exertion of talent, or tends to the acquisition of authority!—If the measure were once put to the test of experience, we should not hesitate to predict, that not many years would elapse, before the nation would look back upon its present fears, with the same degree of shame that a man who has passed the night in a haunted chamber, feels, on the return of day, at the imaginary terrors which have disturbed his repose.

In the present state of public feeling, we cannot but rejoice at any attempt made to procure a dispassionate examination of this much-agitated question; but it is not only from the intrinsic merits of the work before us, or even from the weight it may derive from the acknowledged talents and high station of its author, that we are inclined to augur well for Catholic emancipation; but when we consider to whose interest Dr. Lawrence is indebted for the preferment he enjoys, and with what part of the ministry he is connected by the ties of gratitude and friendship, we cannot help entertaining a hope, that in this little pamphlet may be traced the first symptoms of such a change of opinion in a powerful party in the cabinet, as will soon be shewn by the adoption of a more liberal and enlightened policy.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

MARCH, 1827.

ART. I. *Sermons, explanatory and practical, on the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, in a series of Discourses delivered at the Parish Church of St. Alphage, Greenwich.* By the Rev. T. Waite, D.C.L., &c. London. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy. 1826. 8vo. pp. 576.

THE number and nature of the books which yearly issue from the English press, furnish a valuable measure, or, at least, an important symptom, of the state of society in this country. Independently of elementary works, the two most remarkable departments of modern literature for extent, and, perhaps, for character, are novels and sermons. The former prove the existence of that demand for amusing and exciting trifles, which they are so completely, and, in many cases, so innocently, calculated to gratify;—while the latter furnish, we think, a most convincing testimony, that the desire of sound knowledge and religious instruction, has fully kept pace with the appetite for sentiment, and description, and heroic story. For notwithstanding the alarms of many good men, and the clamours, long and loud, against the frivolous tastes of modern readers, we can see no reason to believe, that mankind have committed any worse iniquity, than the exchange of one relaxation for another, and the substitution of the tales of the author of Waverley, for cards and dice,—for the three-bottle sittings of our grandfathers,—and the scandal-flavoured tea-cup which consoled their wives. On the other hand, the innumerable volumes of sermons,—to say nothing of other works, which annually "spread their *grey* wings, and in a moment fly," from one end of the country to the other, are ample demonstrations, that there still exists amongst us a goodly remnant of those sober and time-honoured propensities, which were gratified, in other generations, by Hooker, and Baxter, and Barrow.

This enormous mass of religious writing, the work of so many different sects, the record of so many discordant modes of feeling, erecting such opposite conclusions on such various premises, and adorned by such fantastic diversities of imagination, may all, we think, be divided into two great classes. These we would distin-

guish by the names, for want of better, of the *excursive*, and the *technical*. And first, of the *excursive* sermon.—In this kind of composition, Christianity being given as the basis, we often see a powerful mind delighting to build up a vast superstructure of reasoning, and speculation, and general philosophy; and wonder at the height to which he rears his pile of fancies, and feelings, and metaphysical casuistries, and moral declamation. The argument sometimes becomes a mighty edifice of enthusiasm and subtlety; and towers into airy pinnacles of thought, far elevated from the earth, and reaching high above the concerns of man. The word of Scripture is the centre from which his intellect radiates to the extremities of the universe; and he stretches the wide net-work of his theology across the farthest abysses of creation. Christianity does not come to us from his hands with unmixed simplicity; but he presents to us, in a cup of gold and gems, a wine which he has drugged with the spices of the east; and for which he has ranged earth, sea, and air, to discover fresh elements of intoxication and new flavours of delight. All existence supplies him with analogies;—all science teems with his illustrations;—and the world, the universe; every idea, and feeling, and aspiration of the human breast, becomes a text for his piety. He boldly enters that shadowy, internal region, which is as yet scarcely open to the human eye, and attempts to seize, amid the vast obscurity, the deepest principles of the mind, and to use them as the weapons of his warfare, and the springs of his complex mechanism.

It is a noble and an useful boldness, which seeks to connect Christianity with all our innumerable sensations, and with every movement of our intellects; to unite, under all circumstances, its consolations with our sorrows, and to blend its promises with earthly hopes. It is an enterprise worthy of the most extensive learning, and the loftiest abilities, to stamp the forms, and spread the colours of religion over the whole creation, and to draw all being into its sphere, as to the great centre of moral attraction. It is by such broad and expansive views, that the truths of the gospel may most clearly be shewn: not as afterthoughts in a finished plan, not as excrescences on a complete system; but as eternal and universal manifestations of that pervading spirit, the life and the law of all that is.

In the hands of genius, how powerful is this boundless armoury! how irresistible these varied engines! But they require to be handled with the nicest delicacy; and can only be wielded by surpassing strength. One step beyond the great boundaries of human knowledge, beyond the limits where pause alike the imagination and the reason; one hair's breadth of exaggeration in fancy, or of unsupported daring in argument, at once dissolves the connection between the spirit of the preacher, and the sympathies of the audience.

This style of preaching, or something very nearly approaching

to it, is, we think, fast spreading; and likely to spread still faster, with the advancing knowledge of the age. The more intelligence and the more general information that can be brought into the service of Christianity, the better for religion, and for mankind. But there is some danger, that incautious men may unite revealed truth to erroneous philosophy; and a peril more imminent, and more formidable, that they may still attempt to mix up theological feeling with political speculation; and pollute the one, while they misdirect the other. It is the peculiar excellence and glory of the Christian doctrine, and alone almost a sufficient proof of its divine origin, that it is fit alike for all times and countries—that no variations in the mechanism of political society, can render its precepts either inapplicable or superfluous—and that even the dreams of the wildest enthusiasts, and of the most imaginative philanthropists, have never pictured the ideal felicity of an unborn commonwealth, without framing an example of the very virtues insisted on in that gospel, which it has been their aim to undervalue and revile. By far the most deadly injuries which religion can sustain, result from the efforts of its mistaken, or pretended friends, who set up their own bigotry as the rule of government, and think that the Deity is in need of their assistance, to give the victory to truth, and add weight to revelation.

The *technical* sermon, if we may be pardoned for using so quaint a name, is comparatively limited in its range—easy of execution—and free from the tendency to extravagance, and to mere declamation. It rises under the pen of a man of talent, into a work of great excellence and usefulness; and there are many divines of our country, who have clothed it in a high degree of elegance and finished beauty. Their compositions, clear, simple, and practical, transfusing the spirit of Christianity into the language and modes of feeling of our own day, are intelligible to the most ignorant, and interesting to the most educated of their hearers. This is, in fact, the only kind of sermon which can be addressed with effect to an *ordinary* English audience. All men can understand a plain exposition of the claims, and the sanctions, of their religion; but it must be an assembly of cultivated minds before which a preacher can venture to display metaphysical research, or historical allusion, or scientific analogies, or the difficulties that encumber, and the coincidences that strengthen, the alliance of reason and faith. Even the evidences of our creed should be entered upon with great caution, before a mixed congregation; as the weak and the ignorant are often too little familiar with the nature and force of moral reasoning, to receive any impression from the best argument on the subject, beyond the idea that the truth of their religion is liable to doubt, and in need of demonstration. Many therefore of the most eminent divines of this country, have judged, we think, with great wisdom, in selecting that mode of theological composition, which imitates the

discourses of the REDEEMER, and his apostles, in its strict and intimate relation to the great thesis of their preaching—in the earnestness of its exhortations—and the perpetual recurrence to a few simple principles:—The law, and the prophets; the will of God, and the weakness of man; faith, hope, and charity. The last century and a half has produced many excellent models of that mixture of doctrinal and practical discussion—that simple and sinewy style—and that judicious economy in the use of strong and lively illustration, which form the most useful kind of address, to by far the larger number of congregations.

In *this* class of pulpit compositions, the Sermons of Dr. Waite are worthy of an honourable station. They have, indeed, nothing of the vast and tumultuous eloquence of Chalmers—they have less minute and controversial learning than Horsley—and not such finished and musical elegance as Alison, or Massillon: but they are full of good sense, and good feeling; at once spirited, candid, and pious; and instinct, as it were, with the life-blood of Christianity. As to the body of doctrine which they expound and vindicate, there are, and must be, innumerable differences of opinion. There can, however, we think, be no doubt of the fairness, the ability, and the learning, with which our author has discussed it. His style is singularly clear, correct, and idiomatic; and furnishes an admirable example of the mode in which theology may be written, so as to interest and instruct the educated, without puzzling or fatiguing the ignorant. The Church of England would be fortunate indeed, if it always had the power to obtain, or the willingness to reward, supporters so wise and so temperate; so sure to conciliate by their manners, and so powerful to convince by their earnestness, their ability and their knowledge, as the author of these sermons. We select one passage, on the depravity of human nature, as a specimen:

'Many imagine nothing to be sinful but gross and notorious vices; and indulge hatred, animosity, and corrupt inclinations, without suspecting that they are thus rendered sinners. But our Redeemer hath taught us, that the prohibitions of the divine precepts are not to be confined to outward actions, but extended to the desires and dispositions of the heart. "He that hateth his brother is a murderer," saith St. John*. We may, therefore, be very guilty in the sight of God, though considered blameless by our fellow-creatures.

'Men measure the heinousness of sin by the evils it brings upon society; God estimates it by its opposition to his law—a law which regards not partial, but general good; which promotes the happiness of individuals, indeed, but embraces in its comprehensive design the interminable felicity of the universe.

"Great and many are the practical uses of this grand, this awful and important doctrine. Grand and awful may that justly be called, which

* 1 John iii. 15.

involves in one magnificent view the condition and destiny of the whole human race; and while it shews our declension from man's primitive integrity, opens a prospect of return to his original perfection. Important must that be, which gives us a just perception of our lost and ruined state, and leads us rightly to value the redemption of the Gospel.

'A proper sense of the depravity of our nature may be considered, indeed, the foundation of personal and practical religion; the only ground on which a solid superstructure of faith and piety can be built. The man who considers himself as innocent and upright as our first parent when he was formed in the image of his Maker, cannot have a just conception of his need of a Redeemer, nor ever be sufficiently upon his guard against the bias of his natural inclinations.

'Humility and watchfulness against the encroachments of sin, are the virtues that proceed from a sincere belief of this doctrine. Impressed with a strong sense of our infirmity, we learn to distrust ourselves, and to place our dependence upon God. Convinced that we have an enemy within ever watching for an advantage over us, we are put upon our guard against the insidiousness of his attacks, and are taught to detect and extirpate those secret suggestions of evil, which prove to many the beginning of awful transgressions.

'The fact, "that this infection of nature doth remain in them that are regenerate," affords an easy solution of a difficulty that frequently occasions distress to the minds of the pious. Regeneration is considered by many as a state of comparative perfection. Brought by the grace of God to sincere repentance, and led to embrace the blessed hope of everlasting life, which he has given us in Jesus Christ, their first impressions of the value of these inestimable blessings fill the soul with love and peace and joy. Animated with the glorious prospects before them, they press forward in the way that leadeth unto life, and imagine that nothing will ever damp their ardour or retard their progress. Perfection seems almost within their reach, and they are eager to grasp the splendid prize. But alas! this ardour and exertion after a while begin to abate. The law of sin in their members warring against the law of their minds, produces a dulness of soul and coldness of the affections, which make them imagine that none ever possessed hearts so wicked and so insensible as their own. From this doctrine they may learn that there is nothing peculiar in their case.

'Men may differ, indeed, in the degrees of their infirmity, but the influence of religion, is, by the effect of our natural corruption, rendered variable and imperfect in all. As long as we continue in the body, we shall experience opposition from it to our spiritual progress: perfection is reserved for that happy state, in which "this corruptible shall put on incorruption; and this mortal shall be clothed with immortality, and death be swallowed up in victory."

'The doctrine of human depravity has always been a distinguishing character of Christianity. It stands between the world and the church, like the cloud and pillar of fire between the camp of Israel and the host of the Egyptians. To the world it appears only a mass of mystery and darkness; to the church it is a guide to our steps amidst the brightness of day, and in the darkest night of temptation and sin, a light to illuminate our path.

'May we all have grace to follow its sure direction: and neither pervert it into an excuse for our transgressions, nor use it as a justification of indifference to our religious duties. Sinful though we are by nature, we cannot complain that we are without the help of divine grace. As great as has been our fall, so great has been our redemption; and if we fail to attain the heavenly inheritance, it will not be owing to our natural inability, but to our neglect of that great salvation.'---pp. 158---161.

We are not inclined, at present, or on this arena, to fight for dogmas inch by inch. We leave to other opportunities and combatants, the spear and the trumpet—the ambuscades and the treacheries, and poisoned arrows of theological controversy. We shall not quote texts, or fling around us the shafts of polemical invective, either in support of Dr. Waite, where we agree with him, or in refutation of his opinions, where we dissent from them. But we cannot help expressing our gratification, when we see that Christian doctrine begins at length to be discussed with Christian charity; or avoid hailing with delight, the spectacle of an able and a zealous divine, who is evidently far more anxious to convert opponents by argument, than to crush them by persecution.

Art. II. *Paul Jones; a Romance.* By Allan Cunningham, author of 'Marmaduke Maxwell,' &c. 3 vols. 31*s.* 6*d.* Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Longman and Co. 1827.

Before the modern novel came into repute, two kinds of prose fiction had been popular—so far, at least, as the eras in which they flourished allowed of popularity; and each gave rise to a satire upon itself, from which the principal part of whatever knowledge the generality of readers possess, concerning these compositions, is derived. The first of them was the romance, which owed its fall, and owes a great part of its celebrity, to Don Quixote. When the tale of pure chivalry lost its attractions, it was succeeded by a species of maritime romance, which bore the same relation to voyages and travels, that the romance did to history. This class of works usually came forth under the titles of Lives and Adventures; and gave rise to a satire, not less famous, perhaps, than that of Cervantes himself, in Gulliver's Travels. The romance originated in that state of society, when the study of every man was almost exclusively war; the tale of maritime adventure sprung up, when much of the attention of nations had been turned to such subjects, by the discovery of the New World; and when it is considered, that this discovery is the most extraordinary recorded in the history of human events, it may at first seem surprising that it had not a stronger effect in turning the stream of fiction into that direction. But if we examine a little deeper, it will be found that the effect produced was too strong to evaporate in idle sallies of fancy; and gave birth to a spirit of enterprize

which still subsists, and which, as it is more rational in all respects than that of knight-errantry, seeks also a more sober kind of renown. Another reason why fiction has not found employment for herself here, in proportion to the apparent magnitude of the field, may be, that the real narratives of adventurers to foreign shores possess most of the attractions which imagination could have bestowed: consequently, the scope for fable was materially lessened.

But fiction never found out her legitimate object, till society arrived at that pitch of refinement, when the study of individual passions became more interesting than the naked relation of incidents, either of adventure or suffering. The history of the human heart, and of every-day life, came to be, in the eyes of most, of more importance than onslaughts, sieges, and shipwrecks, in which they never had any part, and which, therefore, might astonish for a moment, but could not engage their lasting attention. They turned to matters more familiar: and first, the drama presented the prominent features of the social character; and afterwards, the desire of a minuter knowledge, gave rise and encouragement to the novel. The French, however much they might be behind in a poetical point of view, for a long time preceded us in social improvements: and as that people have not a great sense of personal dignity, they took the readiest way of gratifying the curiosity which this improvement generated, by a detail of their own private affairs, in their memoirs. The prouder Englishman, now that he has the same curiosity to provide for, strives to accomplish it by bringing the knowledge derived from observation in society to bear upon a set of fictitious incidents and actors. Hence the novel may be aptly enough distinguished as the fiction of Memoir.

It is no easy matter to determine to which of all these classes of fictitious narrative, Mr. Cunningham's present work most properly belongs: the plot of it, if plot it may be called, is similar to those of the old romances; the scene is as varied as in the most rambling Life and Adventures; and the conversations and exhibition of character are much in the style of the novel. The author himself has termed it 'a romance;' but we have some doubts of the propriety of this designation. Strictly speaking, a romance cannot now be written: the time for it has long passed away, else why are not some of the old works which bear that name still familiar? The modern romance is, in fact, essentially a novel: the subject of it is ancient manners: and passages of arms, and other characteristics of the age of chivalry, may be introduced; but nevertheless, the whole is so moulded, that it becomes a novel, and is misnamed romance. Another use made of the term Romance is, that it is applied indiscriminately to such works of imagination as do not readily come under any other description. When an author finishes a work out of the common rules of composition, he says to himself,—"What am I to do with this production? the

most extraordinary licenses are taken in it, and I shall be abused at all hands on account of them. The critics will never allow that it is a novel.—Oh! I have it," he continues; "I'll get rid of all these difficulties, by calling it a romance;" and a romance he writes it down, and thinks himself secure from censure. We very much suspect that Mr. Cunningham stands in this predicament. But not to dispute about names, we shall state briefly in what points *Paul Jones*, considering it simply as a work written with a view to please the public, appears to us defective.

In the first place, the frequent transition from one country to another, is a grand fault of the performance. We would not impose, rigidly, upon the writer of prose fiction, unities either of time or place; but still there are certain bounds which must be observed with respect to both of these particulars. The man who sits down comfortably by the fire, to enjoy himself over a work of this description, and opens with a scene in some quarter of Great Britain, does not like to be whirled away to Paris—to be twitched from Paris to America—to be transferred, after a turn or two among the half-bloods, to the storming of a Turkish city on the Liman sea—brought back thence to St. Petersburgh, and from St. Petersburgh to Paris. It is clear, that so many violent changes of situation, cannot admit of any regularity of plot; characters must be taken up, and dropped again, before we gain much acquaintance with them, and the reader soon comes to regard the majority of *dramatis personæ* with the same indifference that he feels in gazing at a passing crowd. One writer can scarcely be supposed conversant enough with the characters of men of so many different regions; and, granting that he were, unless that part of his story relating to each, were made complete in itself, we do not see how it is possible, with the same change of place and of character, to combine all that knowledge in one work, and carry the interest unimpaired through the whole of it.

This want of proper connection in the parts of his story, is undoubtedly the primary defect in the present work; though there are other faults which Mr. Cunningham must sedulously avoid, if to the praise of an eminently gifted, he would add that of being an eminently successful writer. He introduces supernatural appearances, and scenes of bloodshed, with much too great a profusion. Incidents like these, as most authors well know, must be sparingly and cautiously used. With respect to spiritual visitations, their "reign of terror" is completely over: they may still continue effective in some old authors, because we are aware that they wrote of times when the belief was unquestioned, and in times when it was very little so. But a modern ghost story is the most precarious of all attempts, unless for the purpose of ridicule. In a very little time, it will no longer suffice even for that purpose; for we are now just at that point, when it is very good sport to laugh at the fears which have held so long a tyranny over the mind. It is

still easy to conceive, that under certain circumstances, a man may think he has seen a spectre; and therefore, if the writer accounts to his reader for the appearance, it may be allowed to have much the same effect in the tale, as if the author and reader both were parties to the belief. But if no clue to the natural explanation is supplied, a displeasure arises in the reader, that he should be treated like a child, and the book is apt to be laid aside in disgust. Now Mr. Cunningham offends in two ways, by the use of supernatural agency: for, in the first place, he resorts to it when there is not an adequate occasion, and when there does not follow any proportionate result; secondly, he leaves the mystery without a word of elucidation. In fact, he seems to consider a ghost in a man's way, to be nearly as much a matter of course, in some situations, as a lamp-post is in others, and not much more to be minded. But he should beware how he tempts the reader to the same conclusion, respecting the incidents he finds it necessary to employ. If he listens to our advice, he will never hereafter write, "enter ghost," without telling us who acts it. The precaution recommended by Bottom, to prepare the audience for the roaring of his lion, is no less necessary in this instance. The aptitude with which his personages come to daggers and blood, is the next objection. The number of his battles, by land and water, we find no fault with; for men think less of the carnage of a general engagement, than of one individual act of slaughter; and it is with people's feelings on the subject, and not the exact amount of cruelty, that we have to do. But habitual brawling and stabbing, are no more agreeable in fictitious narrative than in real life. A rencontre, or two, to give a new spirit to the lagging interest, may be permitted; but when they are made cheap by their frequency, they not only fail when they might be resorted to with some success, but they do material injury elsewhere.

The public may know in what estimation we hold Mr. Cunningham's talents, when we take such pains to inculcate rules so obvious, but which he is, unaccountably, in the habit of most completely disregarding. He possesses a name not inconsiderable in our literature; he has been praised by the author of Waverley, and is besides, received by the world as a man of genius: but after all, we suspect, that his fame with posterity will rest neither upon the work which procured him the former enviable distinction, nor upon those productions with which the reading public is at present most familiar. The most unquestioned reputation which he has yet attained, he derived long ago, from his lyrics in his native Scotland. That he may still add something to that fame, is extremely probable; for he is a man of undoubted genius. We know of few writers gifted with such fulness of mind as Mr. Cunningham: indeed, he is full to a fault, and overflows upon every subject he touches, without possessing the power of condensing his energy, and making it all bear upon one point. No man has

said more fine things, to less purpose. He fires off his guns at all hands, with a tremendous noise and brightness; but though well served, they are badly pointed, and when we get from among the fire and smoke, and begin to estimate the result of the engagement, we find that a great deal of real powder and shot has been expended, but no wall knocked down, nor fortress gained. He has a thorough contempt for small arms, and if a sparrow comes in his way which must be shot, he fires artillery at it. But these things do not appear to cost him effort; the display is not studied, and the reader, in place of being disgusted with having it forced upon him, is only sorry that it should be made upon an incommensurate occasion. It is because there is not room for amplification in a song, that Mr. Cunningham has succeeded so well in that kind of composition, the very nature of which requires that the diction be succinct, and the thoughts be wound up speedily to a close. Whenever his imagination is not subdued by this restriction—when he enters, for instance, upon a three-volume work, and finds ample scope and verge enough, there is, in fact, no end of him. He does not fatigue, it is true, by writing whole pages of common-place; but he leads us on, and on, and says abundance of fine things, which are most of them well said, if considered by themselves, but unfortunately do not fall in with the main aim of the narrative. His exuberance of imagery necessarily brings along with it a too great diffuseness of language—a love of indicating things by circumlocutions, or fitting them with holiday terms, that savour rather too much of the ancient days of *euphuism*. It is high time that these affectations of language were abandoned, and that not only Mr. Cunningham, but other popular authors, were convinced, that a good style, like a fine woman, ought to be *simplex munditiis*. That they will be so convinced ere long we cannot doubt, for the inferior scribes, having been tinged with the metaphor-mania, are now figuring away with their tropes at such a rate, that respectable writers must be ashamed to be seen in such company. It is thus that the poor abused tenants of Grub Street are of infinite use to the republic of letters; for no sooner does any piece of bad taste gain admittance in higher quarters, than they instantly lay claim to it, and generally succeed in convincing the world that it is their own. We wish them all manner of success in their present efforts.

Mr. Cunningham appears to possess in general a very accurate perception of character, which is unusual perhaps in one with so large a share of imagination. His *Paul Jones* would have been considered an excellently supported character, provided the interest of the rest of the work had been such as to draw general attention to it. Mr. Cunningham is the first that has ventured among these latter times of revolution for the materials of a historical novel; and he has forcibly pourtrayed the indefinite aspirings after an imaginary state of perfection in government, by which many agents in

the recent revolutions are supposed to have been actuated. He has made his hero, born a peasant, war against the pride of descent, with more pride in his own heart and love of distinction, than if he had boasted a hundred generations. The disappointment of his ill-directed ambition is no less ably delineated, and furnishes a moral more obvious and more directly instructive than can be drawn from most fictions; and, on this account, there is greater reason to regret that the author has been less successful in the other parts of his work.

Of one portion of *Paul Jones*, we cannot help remarking, what every one that has read both it and *Don Juan* cannot have failed to observe,—that the prose-writer seems to have taken the poet as his authority. We allude to the greater part of what is said on Russian affairs. Mr. Cunningham might be forced into this coincidence by the necessity of adhering to the leading facts in the history of his hero; but the necessity was, to say the least of it, unfortunate.

It has been suggested, that our author has erred in the same way that Lucan did, by choosing a point in history too recent to be made the subject of a work of imagination. If the mere length of time be considered, Mr. Cunningham has been even more daring in this respect than his alleged prototype. But this is not at all the real question;—the notoriety, and not the recency of events, is what makes them improper objects of fiction. Whatever is indistinctly known, is equally the property of the poet and novelist, whether it happened yesterday or five hundred years ago. Lucan has been more censured for the choice of his subject than he ought perhaps to have been. We judge of the matter in reference to the state of letters among ourselves, without remembering the very different nature of the Roman reading public. The details of even the greatest achievements in their history, must have been so imperfectly known to the best informed among them, that we believe these details are in all respects better known to us than they were to their contemporaries; and, therefore, if Lucan chose to impede the flow of his genius by too strict an adherence to facts, it was an error of his own judgment, and what the state of information among those for whom he wrote, did not require at his hands. With regard to Mr. Cunningham's hero again, people assuredly know very little about him or his exploits. The name is familiar to every one, indeed, and perhaps also what the song says of its owner, namely, that—

> "He was a murderer,
> And kill'd his carpenter;"—

but the history of Paul Jones is really involved in obscurity, and some mystery besides. It is true that the general history of the time in which he lived, and of the men with whom he acted, is yet fresh in the memories of all; but by taking care not to contradict what is known, our author was at liberty to make the personal

adventures of the pirate of any nature almost that he chose to invent. It may be alleged, too, that although a sufficient degree of uncertainty attaches to the principal incidents, still the manners of the period are too familiar to be introduced either in what is called a romance or a historical novel. Modern manners are frequently enough displayed in pure fictions; and if they are to be admitted here, it may be asked, why object to them in a historical novel? or how should they be too familiar for the one, when they do not appear so in the other? In answer, we would observe, that the novel of pure fiction is usually made the vehicle of satire, while the historical partakes something of the dignity of genuine history,—and that things may be important enough to be ridiculed, which yet would seem impertinent to be in a manner put upon record. But this objection, though it might have been valid in a case where the author wrote to Englishmen of English manners, does not hold good in the one before us; for Mr. Cunningham's characters consist of Scotchmen, Americans, Russians, and Frenchmen, while nine-tenths, at least, of the novel readers of Great Britain are to be found south of the Tweed, whether the work be of English or Scotch publication; and, consequently, as the manners are those of a strange people, antiquity is a matter of no moment. We conceive, then, that if *Paul Jones* be an unsuccessful work, it must be for other causes than the too recent date of the events;—and these causes we have already endeavoured to point out.

In conclusion. Although we cannot favour the publishers with a passage transferable to their advertisements, setting forth that *Paul Jones* ought to be found in every drawing-room, and that no select collection of modern books can be perfect without it—we think that it is a production which the public ought by no means to neglect. It contains much of what constitutes an excellent novel; and we shall be no way surprised if, at some future period, Mr. Cunningham produce one most excellent. Let him only choose a subject that he is master of, and give his judgment, not his imagination, the management of it,—above all, let him think twice of his metaphors and expletives, and there is no fear of him.

Art. III. 1. *A Plain Statement in support of the Political Claims of the Roman Catholics; in a Letter to the Rev. Sir George Lee, Bart.* By Lord Nugent, M. P. for Aylesbury. 8vo. pp. 84. 2*s*. London. J. Hookham. 1826.

2. *Three Months in Ireland.* By an English Protestant. 8vo. pp. 284. 8*s*. 6*d*. London. Murray. 1827.

3. *The Civil Articles of Limerick, exactly printed from the Letters Patents: wherein they are ratified and exemplified by their Majesties under the Great Seal of England.* Published by Authority. Dublin; printed by Robert Thornton. 4to. pp. 11. 1692.

Of all its public acts, there are none that so deeply concern the honour of a nation, as the faithful maintenance of its treaties: and,

we believe, that of all the nations on the face of the globe, there are none which boast so proudly of their scrupulous adherence to the obligations of such solemn compacts, as Great Britain. It was but very lately that, under circumstances of more than ordinary difficulty and peril, we were called upon, in virtue of our ancient treaties with Portugal, one of them as old as 1661, to enable her, by the aid of our arms, to resist a most wanton and infamous aggression on the part of Spain. The whole voice of the country was raised, as that of one man, to meet the *casus fœderis* on the instant, and even the delay of a moment was not unnecessarily incurred, lest it should seem to sully the fair renown of England. It was not at all certain at that period, that by sending an armament to Portugal, we were not putting to imminent hazard the tranquillity of the whole Continent: but even for that result we were prepared, sooner than allow it to be proclaimed in the face of Europe, that we had deliberately departed from the faith of treaties.

Those who attempted, on that occasion, to question the expediency of our compact with Portugal, will not soon forget the shout of manly indignation with which their opinions were received throughout the country; not indeed that doubts might not well be entertained on the subject, but because the expression of them, at such a moment, evinced a disposition to divert the government from the high and straight-forward path of its duty. "This is no time," it was justly and wisely answered, "for weighing the terms of the compact: there it stands ratified and confirmed: by that compact we must now stand or fall." Does any man doubt at the present moment, that by acting promptly on such upright sentiments, the best interests of this country were consulted, and new bulwarks raised round its independence and glory?

One would imagine that, leaving out of view the advantages which always attend the strict performance of engagements, the mere existence of an obligation ought, in all cases, to be a sufficient and irresistible reason for discharging it. The announcement of the proposition, is its demonstration. It needs no argument to explain or support it. Let a lax and dishonest doctrine be for a moment upheld on this subject in our legislature, and we may bid farewell to our relations with the old world and the new. Those relations are all conducted under the guidance of treaties, the supreme laws of nations; if they cease to be inviolable in one country, how can we expect that they shall be held sacred in another?

Ireland forms at present a part of the United Kingdom; but the period is not very remote when it was a separate nation, and had for its lawful sovereign an individual different from the then equally lawful sovereign of England. A war is commenced between the two monarchs: armies are assembled to sustain their respective objects; battles are fought with alternate success; towns are besieged and taken; a city of peculiar importance, well fortified, is among the last holds of one of the adversaries; it is surrendered, under the

guarantee of a solemn treaty, securing certain advantages to the Irish nation: the treaty is duly ratified by the conqueror, and after he has received the consideration for which it was so made and ratified, he violates every one of its most important stipulations.

Is this a romance, or is it history? Is it not well known that James II., after he abdicated the throne of England, was still the lawful and acknowledged sovereign of Ireland? He proceeded thither in March, 1689, to maintain his rights. William took the field against him in the year following, and though successful at the battle of the Boyne, his forces were defeated before Athlone, and he himself was defeated before Limerick. The state of his affairs having recalled William to England in the autumn of 1690, he left his troops in Ireland, under the command of general De Ginckle. This officer, after taking Athlone, had the good fortune to defeat the Irish army at Aughrim; after which he laid siege, on the 25th of August, 1691, to that city of Limerick, which had already repulsed William. On the 29th day of the siege, the garrison beat a parley, and after three days' negociation, general De Ginckle proposed conditions; these were accepted, and reduced to a treaty, which was sanctioned by the Lords Justices of Ireland, and duly ratified by William, on the 24th of February, 1692. We shall copy the first, second, third, seventh, ninth, and tenth articles of this treaty, from a gazette 'printed by authority,' in Dublin, in the year 1692, which now lies before us.

'I. The *Roman Catholicks* of this kingdom, shall enjoy such privileges in the exercise of their religion, as are consistent with the laws of *Ireland*; or as they did enjoy in the reign of King *Charles* the II.: and their Majesties, as soon as their affairs will permit them to summon a parliament in this kingdom, will endeavour to procure the said *Roman Catholicks* such farther security, in that particular, as may preserve them from any disturbance, upon the account of their said religion.

'II. All the inhabitants or residents of *Lymerick*, or any other garrison now in the possession of the *Irish*, and all officers and souldiers, now in arms, under any commission of King *James*, or those authorized by him to grant the same in the several counties of *Lymerick*, *Clare*, *Kerry*, *Cork*, and *Mayo*, or any of them; and all the commissioned officers in their Majesties' quarters, that belong to the *Irish* regiments, now in being, that are treated with, and who are not prisoners of war, or have taken protection, and who shall return and submit to their Majesties' obedience, and their and every of their heirs, shall hold, possess and enjoy all and every their estates of free-hold, and inheritance; and all the rights, titles and interest, privileges and immunities, which they, and every, or any of them held, enjoyed, or were rightfully and lawfully intituled to, in the reign of King *Charles* the II., or at any time since, by the laws and statutes that were in force in the said reign of King *Charles* the II., and shall be put in possession, by order of the government, of such of them as are in the King's hands, or the hands of his tenants, without being put to any suit or trouble therein; and all such estates shall be freed and discharg'd from all arrears of crown-rents, quit-rents, and other publick charges incurred and

become due since *Michaelmas* 1688, to the day of the date hereof: And all persons comprehended in this *article*, shall have, hold, and enjoy all their goods and chattels, real and personal, to them, or any of them belonging, and remaining either in their own hands, or in the hands of any persons whatsoever, in trust for, or for the use of them, or any of them: and all, and every the said persons, of what profession, trade, or calling soever they be, shall and may use, exercise and practise their several and respective professions, trades and callings, as freely as they did use, exercise and enjoy the same in the reign of King *Charles* the II.: provided, that nothing in this *article* contained, be construed to extend to, or restore any forfeiting person now out of the kingdom, except what are hereafter comprized: provided also, that no person whatsoever shall have or enjoy the benefit of this article, that shall neglect or refuse to take the oath of allegiance made by act of parliament in *England*, in the first year of the reign of their present Majesties, when thereunto required.

'III. All merchants, or reputed merchants of the city of *Lymerick*, or of any other garrison now possessed by the *Irish*, or of any town or place in the counties of *Clare* or *Kerry*, who are absent beyond the seas, that have not bore arms since their Majesties' declaration in *February* 1688, shall have the benefit of the second article, in the same manner as if they were present, *provided* such merchants, and reputed merchants, do repair into this kingdom within the space of eight months from the date hereof.

'VII. Every nobleman and gentleman comprized in the said 2*d* and 3*d* article, shall have liberty to ride with a sword, and case of pistols, if they think fit: and keep a gun in their houses, for the defence of the same, or for fowling.

'IX. The oath to be administred to such *Roman Catholicks* as submit to their Majesties' government, shall be the oath abovesaid, and no other.

'X. No person or persons, who shall at any time hereafter break these articles, or any of them, shall thereby make, or cause any other person or persons to forfeit or lose the benefit of the same.' pp. 1—8

Upon the first article we shall only observe, that the 'laws of Ireland,' as they stood in the reign of Charles II., were utterly incompatible with the free exercise of the Catholic religion in that country, and unless an undertaking to get them repealed was implied in the terms of the latter part of that article, it was a mere nullity—a form of words not intended to have any real meaning. It is hardly necessary to say, that not only were those laws not repealed, but the Irish parliament added to their number, acts for depriving the Catholics of the means of educating their children at home or abroad, and of the privilege of being guardians to their own, or to any other person's children. The parliament also banished the Catholic priests, and, in point of fact, removed numbers of them from Ireland. Thus the first article of the treaty was much more than violated—it was *reversed*.

These acts were passed too by the same parliament which undertook to confirm such parts of the treaty of Limerick, as required the sanction of the legislature. But they did something more. In *confirming* this treaty, they altogether omitted, besides others not

necessary to be mentioned, the seventh, ninth, and tenth articles, which we have copied above; and they garbled the second article in such a way as to neutralise its provisions. In the ratification of the treaty by William, the words, "And all such as are under their protection in the said counties," are authorised to be inserted in the second article, after the words Limerick, Clare, Kerry, Cork and Mayo, as they had been omitted in the engrossed treaty, through the error of the copyist. Not only were these words left out by the parliament in the act of confirmation, but also that part of the article which guarantees to the Catholics the free exercise of their several trades and professions. Thus did the Irish parliament take upon itself to re-model a treaty which, by the constitution, it was and is competent to the crown alone to negotiate, to conclude and ratify.

It is admitted that the king is not authorised to ratify a treaty, which contains provisions inconsistent with any *preceding* law. But it is his peculiar province to make war or peace: he is the sole treaty-making power acknowledged by the constitution, and there is no branch of the legislature legally entitled to rescind or alter his contracts, when they do not violate any pre-existing law. In the United States, the treaty-making power is vested in the president, by and with the consent and advice of the senate. But with us, the power is entirely confided to the executive.

Admitting this doctrine even in its strictest sense, we find that the laws in force against the Catholics of Ireland, passed in the reign of Charles II., did not exclude them from sitting in parliament, nor from voting at elections. The oath of supremacy was not then necessary to qualify a person in Ireland to discharge either of these functions. It was indispensible, indeed, where the person was to fill an office under the crown, or in a corporation; and from such offices the Catholics were thus excluded by law. But it was clearly the intention of the ninth article of the treaty, to relieve them from this oath, since it promised, that 'the oath to be administered to such Roman Catholics as submit to their Majesties' government, shall be the oath above said (of allegiance), and *no other!*' Nothing could be more simple than the terms of this oath. "I, A. B., do sincerely promise and swear, that I will be faithful, and bear true allegiance to their majesties King William and Queen Mary." The parliament was, undoubtedly, competent to confirm or reject this article; because it was inconsistent with laws already in existence, taking the doctrine of the constitution in its strictest sense. But on the other hand, the King was bound to use all the influence of his power, in order to get those laws repealed, which militated against his treaty. He certainly did no such thing. Not only was the oath of supremacy continued, but the parliament proceeded to disarm the Catholics, and to pass other laws, calculated to affect the Catholics in every relation of life.

We have spoken of the strict doctrine of the constitution as to treaties. But in the particular case before us, that doctrine should be construed in the most beneficial sense for Ireland. The garrison of Limerick was surrendered upon the most solemn pledge that a sovereign could give, of the faithful performance of the terms mentioned in the treaty. It is admitted by the very title of the treaty, that the Irish officers signing that document, represented the inhabitants, of at least the five counties therein mentioned. So much territory, therefore, yielded to the king's arms, upon the terms specified in the compact, and the Irish army ceased to exist as such. After the document was signed, there was no longer a competent, or at least an acknowledged, authority in Ireland, to insist upon the due fulfilment of its stipulations. The Irish who signed, as well as those whom they represented, became *ipso facto* subjects of William, and were no longer in a situation to treat with him. They relied upon his royal word. The parliament, therefore, according to all the notions of honour and justice, or at least of generosity, that we are acquainted with, looking to the consideration which had been actually paid, should have scrupulously carried into effect every syllable of a treaty made under such circumstances. Had the garrison of Limerick held out three days longer, as it was perfectly able to do, it would most probably have separated Ireland for ever from the British crown. For the third day after the treaty was signed, the French fleet arrived in Dingle Bay, and the besieging army would have been easily destroyed.

The guilt, however, of violating this treaty, belongs not only to William and his parliaments, but to every one of his and their successors, down to the present hour. For this treaty remains unexecuted, while we still write, and must so remain, as long as any political oath shall be tendered to the Irish Roman Catholics, other than the oath of simple allegiance. Were there no arguments in favour of Catholic emancipation, save those only which arise out of this treaty, they appear to us, we own, abundantly sufficient to convince any reasonable man of the justice of that measure.

Had the treaty been honestly adhered to from the period of its ratification, how different at this moment would have been the condition of Ireland! Had there been no causes of discord and discontent among the people of that country, is it to be doubted that the growing capital of England would have long since found its way thither, and have spread manufactures and commerce over every part of that fertile territory? No year has passed, since the first penal laws were enacted against the Catholics, that the people of Ireland have not grown poorer and poorer, and more disaffected to the rule of this country. And why, it may be asked, is this system of hostile legislation pursued?—Does it benefit England? On the contrary, it brings a grievous burthen upon Whom then does it serve? We feel no hesitation in saying,

it is beneficial only to the Orangemen of Ireland—in other words, to a few families, whose interests, it seems, the government of Great Britain, for some undiscoverable reason, prefers to those of the great body of the Irish community. Is this just? Is it politic?

We agree with the author of 'Three Months in Ireland,' a Protestant of high respectability, whose reflections confer great credit upon his discernment and wisdom, that 'the great majority of the opponents of the Catholic claims in England, and a large share of those in Ireland, are influenced by none but pure and honourable motives.' His distinction between Anti-Catholics and Orangemen, as elucidated by the evidence of Colonel Verner and the Rev. Mr. Waring, shews, that although he spent so short a time in Ireland, he was enabled to form a very accurate notion of the state of parties in that unhappy country.

'The terms, it is true, are often confounded by violent demagogues, or in common conversation; yet nothing can be more essentially distinct. The one opposes from fears for the Protestants, the other from hatred to the Catholics. The one wishes to prevent farther concessions, the other to recall those already granted. The one is an honourable antagonist, the other a malicious enemy; and while the one may be convinced by reasoning, the other will constantly remain deluded by passion. There are, in fact, very few Orangemen in England—they are reserved for the sister country, which they long ruled with tyranny, and still agitate with faction. Their fatal effects may be traced in every department of the state, in every institution of the law; but fortunately, they are now almost reduced to fruitless rancour and impotent malevolence. Unable to persecute any longer, they must content themselves with calumniating their former victims. It is they to whom we owe the enactment and support of the penal code; it is they to whom all the abuses of the magistracy, the mal-administration of justice, the peculations and cruelties of the charter-schools, should mainly be ascribed. After fomenting and exciting the rebellion of 1798, they now avail themselves of it, to charge their adversaries with sedition and disloyalty. How widely, thank Heaven! does this character differ from the conscientious and public-spirited feelings, which, generally speaking, are the motives that induce any Englishman to oppose the Catholic claims! When we convince his judgment, we at once obtain his support; whilst the Orangemen are too often actuated by the same ignorant and unconquerable zeal that induced, as I understand, one of their leaders lately to admit, that not even the descent of an angel from heaven would be sufficient to convince him.'—pp. 24, 25.

We have hitherto considered this question as one relating only to Ireland. But many of our readers will probably be surprised to hear, that there are, according to a recent calculation which we have seen, nearly one million of Catholics in England, whose condition is still more painful than that of their brethren in Ireland. For instance, Catholics in Ireland can vote at elections, can be magistrates, can hold situations in the excise; while in England they are deprived by the oath of supremacy, not only of these, but of all other rights and privileges which their fellow subjects

enjoy. A still more glaring anomaly is this, that in Ireland the marriage of Catholics by a Catholic clergyman is valid in law, whereas if it were so celebrated in England, it would have no legal effect whatsoever.

But perhaps the case of the English Catholic peers, is, of all others, the most severe and unjustifiable. These peers are, we understand, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Surrey, the Earl of Shrewsbury, Lord Clifford, Lord Arundell, Lord Stourton, Lord Dormer, Lord Petre, and Lord Stafford. These noble lords enjoy their estates and their titles by virtue of their birth; to those estates and titles are annexed the right of sitting and voting in the house of peers; but this right they are prevented from exercising, because they will not take the oath of supremacy, or because, in other words, they will not disavow their religion. Now is not this a grievous oppression, that eight noblemen of the oldest families in the country, shall be stripped of their most precious hereditary rights, simply because they adhere to the religion of their ancestors! By a curious anomaly, which demonstrates the injustice of these disqualifications, the Duke of Norfolk has been enabled, by a special bill, to exercise his hereditary office of Earl Marshal of England. That is to say, he is qualified by law to stand upon the right hand of the King, at his coronation, and to tender to his Majesty the fealty of all the peers of the realm, of whom his grace is the first; and yet this same noble individual is not deemed fit to be trusted with a vote in the house of peers. He may sit at the foot of the throne, but if he were to pass the brass railing which separates the throne from the body of that house, he would incur a premunire! It is obvious that there can be no just cause for perpetuating a line of distinction which has already been reduced to such a hair's breadth by the legislature itself. And if there be no good reason for continuing it with respect to one Catholic nobleman, surely it would be the height of injustice and insult, to continue it as to the rest.

With respect to the mass of the Catholics in this kingdom, they are placed, as we have seen, in a situation much more degraded than those of their brethren in Ireland. It is true, that they are not absolutely disturbed in the exercise of their religion; but, like the Protestant Dissenters, they cannot be said to enjoy toleration. Upon this point, the reasoning of Lord Nugent seems to us unanswerable.

'It is said that the Roman Catholics "enjoy perfect toleration, because they are permitted to worship God in the manner the most agreeable to the dictates of their own conscience." I should admit that this is "perfect toleration," could we conclude the sentence thus, "without thereby incurring penalty or privation." But here lies the whole matter of complaint. A man is clearly not left to do that which if done subjects him to punishment. The Catholics, then, are not free to exercise their religion. No syllogism, as it appears to me, can be clearer than this.

'But let us not be mistaken. It is not toleration only that we ask for

the Roman Catholics and for Protestant Dissenters: we ask liberty. The very term toleration implies that you possess a power which no human creature ought to claim over the mode in which another worships that Being, "in whom," according to the words of the Church of England Liturgy, than which man never devised better, "in whom standeth our eternal life," and "whose service is perfect freedom." Toleration is but as a scabbard to cloathe the sword of persecution: whilst it covers the keenness of the edge, it preserves for use the weapon within, and retains its form. That weapon it is which a government, conforming to the spirit of Christianity or of Liberty, must cast away and renounce for ever.'—pp. 13, 14.

Equally clear and cogent is the argument used by his lordship, in order to prove that the footing of equality with their fellow-subjects, which is all that they seek, is not political power. 'Mere eligibility to civil office, is not power; it is privilege. Privilege is what belongs to a member of the state; *power is what belongs to the state itself.*' We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of extracting from this well-reasoned and spirited production, another passage, in which the dangers apprehended by some persons, as likely to attend Catholic emancipation, are shewn to be utterly futile.

'Parliament, I have heard it said, *might* be filled with Catholics; all places of trust and honour *might* be filled with Catholics; and England *might* by degrees become again a Catholic country. Indeed!—If the House of Commons were to be filled with Catholics, whose fault would it be? The fault of the electors. I have known the having *voted for* the Catholics urged with some success as an objection to a candidate at an election. I do not think that the *being* a Catholic would in many places be a successful recommendation of one. What power is it apprehended is to deprive the people, after Catholic Emancipation shall have passed, of the means of returning Protestants to the House of Commons, if they choose it? And if any where the people should prefer the electing a Catholic, I only ask a free choice for the people. But it appears to me that the answer to the whole objection is simpler yet. A religion can prevail in a state only from one or more of these three causes,—its own intrinsic truth and excellence, or the property and talents of its professors, or a simultaneous inclination and consent of the majority of the people. If, then, we say, that by the removal of the present restrictive laws, the Roman Catholic religion would, in any natural, or probable, or even possible event, ultimately prevail, we must admit that our alarms are founded on one at least of these three premises; either that we are now by penal power oppressing the cause of Truth; or that we are excluding the majority of the property and talents of our country; or that we are counteracting the general wish of the people. Now, in fact, I do not believe, nor would our antagonists admit, any one of these positions; and therefore I do not apprehend the prevalence of the Roman Catholic religion. Indeed, it is a supposition which I should reluctantly adopt, because insulting to Protestantism itself, that there is any danger that a form of church government, which the spirit and energy of the people overthrew at the beginning of the sixteenth century, should be re-established by common

consent in the nineteenth. It would, in other words, be to suppose that the advances of civilization, learning, and liberty, have impaired the popularity, and therefore endangered the security of the Protestant faith. When we argue the right to exclude the Roman Catholics, we represent them as a contemptible minority; but when we argue the danger of admitting them, we suppose them a formidable majority. Both cannot be true. But then it is said, "What is now a minority, contemptible for the smallness of its numbers, and contemptible for the bigotry and folly of its professors, may in process of time become a majority." No high compliment this to the zeal, talents, virtue, or popularity of the Established Church.

'"If, then, says a minister of our own church, the Rev. John Fisher, rector of Wavendon, in this county, in a sermon published some years ago, and entitled, "The Utility of the Church Establishment, and its Safety consistent with Religious Freedom,"—"If, then, the Protestant religion could have originally worked its way in this country against numbers, prejudices, bigotry, and interest; if, in times of its infancy, the power of the prince could not prevail against it; surely, when confirmed by age, and rooted in the affections of the people,—when invested with authority, and in full enjoyment of wealth and power,—when cherished by a sovereign who holds his very throne by this sacred tenure, and whose conscientious attachment to it well warrants the title of Defender of the Faith,—surely any attack upon it must be contemptible, any alarm of danger must be imaginary."'—pp. 16—18.

It is not difficult, we think, to provide securities against all these imaginary dangers; we shall mention one, which has been suggested by a most respectable divine, and which appears to us quite unobjectionable. If complete emancipation be granted to the catholics, let the noblemen and gentlemen of that persuasion, who may have seats in either house of parliament, be *precluded by law from voting on any question essentially connected with the property or other concerns of the Protestant Church.* This would be a simple, but a most effectual barrier against all the dangers which conscientious protestants apprehend.

The charge of a divided allegiance has been lately revived against the Catholics, after it had slumbered more than a hundred years. It is a charge difficult to be dealt with, because it relates entirely to an operation of the mind, viewless and intangible. Lord Liverpool admits, that the Catholics take the oath of allegiance in its plain and manifest sense. But he insists, that while they acknowledge the spiritual jurisdiction of the pope, they cannot pay so full an allegiance to the king as a Protestant does. It is true that the Catholics do not acknowledge the king as the head of their church, but neither do the Dissenters; and, therefore, the charge of an imperfect, though not perhaps of a divided allegiance, falls as heavily upon the latter as the former. But the truth is, that obedience to the king, as the head of the established church, is an act wholly distinct from allegiance. The latter is a civil tie, which has nothing whatever to do with spiritual matters; moreover, it is a tie which a subject contracts at the moment of his birth, and it is not

in his power to divest himself of it, to tamper with it, much less to *divide* it, even if he had any desire to do so, unless, indeed, he chose to expose himself to the consequences of high treason. But let us see the sort of answer which the *conduct* of the Catholics has given to this metaphysical charge; and here again we avail ourselves of the eloquent and forcible reasoning of Lord Nugent.

'But it is said, and from high authority too, that to a king who is not a Roman Catholic, they cannot bear other than a divided allegiance. I say the charge is unsupported by fact; and if it were true, would not be a very discreet charge to make against more than seven millions of people, now living within the allegiance of the king of this empire. I say, further, that it is disproved wherever Roman Catholics are admitted (and that is every where but here), to a full enjoyment of civil rights under sovereigns not of their creed. I say that it is disproved in Prussia, disproved in Denmark, disproved in Sweden, disproved in Hanover, disproved in the Netherlands, disproved throughout the Russian empire, and proved no where.

'It is a charge not imputed by the laws of England, nor by the oaths which exclude the Catholics; for those oaths impute only spiritual errors. But it is imputed, which is more to the purpose, by those persons who approve of the excluding oaths, and wish them retained. But, to the whole of this imputation—even if no other instance could be adduced; as far as a strong and remarkable example can prove the negative of an assumption which there is not a single example to support,—the full, and sufficient, and incontestible answer is Canada. Canada, which, until you can destroy the memory of all that now remains to you of your sovereignty on the North American continent, is an answer practical, memorable, difficult to be accounted for, but blazing as the sun itself in sight of the whole world, to the whole charge of divided allegiance. At your conquest of Canada, you found it Roman Catholic; you had to choose for her a constitution in church and state. You were wise enough not to thwart public opinion. Your own conduct towards Presbyterianism in Scotland was an example for imitation; your own conduct towards Catholicism in Ireland was a beacon for avoidance; and in Canada you established and endowed the religion of the people. Canada was your only Roman Catholic colony. Your other colonies revolted; they called on a Catholic power to support them, and they achieved their independence. Catholic Canada, with what Lord Liverpool would call her half-allegiance, *alone* stood by you. She fought by your side against the interference of Catholic France. To reward and encourage her loyalty, you endowed in Canada bishops to say mass, and to ordain others to say mass, whom, at that very time, your laws would have hanged for saying mass in England; and Canada is still yours, in spite of Catholic France, in spite of her spiritual obedience to the Pope, in spite of Lord Liverpool's argument, and in spite of the independence of all the states that surround her. This is the only trial you have made. Where you allow to the Roman Catholics their religion undisturbed, it has proved itself to be compatible with the most faithful allegiance. It is only where you have placed allegiance and religion before them as a dilemma, that they have preferred (as who will say they ought not?) their religion to their allegiance. How then stands the imputation? Disproved by history, disproved in all states where both religions co-exist, and in both

hemispheres: and asserted in an exposition by Lord Liverpool, solemnly and repeatedly abjured by all Catholics, of the discipline of *their* church.' —pp. 34—36.

We really feel ashamed for our country, when we think of the mass of prejudice, which still exists amongst us upon this question of the emancipation of the Catholics. It is not for them alone we contend, but for all persons dissenting from the religion of the state. It is the principle of civil and religious liberty which we advocate; a principle acknowledged and acted upon *now* in every country in Europe, except Spain and England. Does not the reader blush to see the two countries thus placed in juxta-position? So dissimilar in every other respect, so immeasurably beneath us in laws, in commerce, in power, in wealth, in every thing that can constitute the pride of national character; must it be admitted that in matters of religion, England is as intolerant, as inquisitorial as Spain? Let us hope, in the name of justice and common sense, that this question is now to be agitated in parliament for the last time. For ourselves, we are tired of it. It would be a positive relief to us to see it removed for ever from the arena of political discussion. Session after session comes this eternal topic, and feeling is wasted, and time exhausted, in appealing to public opinion, against the continuance of these monstrous laws, which oppress seven millions of our fellow-subjects, and defame the remainder. And again and again we ask, to what useful purpose do they serve? Is it useful to England that discontent shall reign through every county of Ireland? That a million of Englishmen, with the Duke of Norfolk at their head, shall feel dissatisfied and indignant that they are deprived of their due station in the community to which they belong? Is it useful to the state, to set men about inquiring into the religion of their neighbours, and instead of teaching them, in the spirit of Christianity, to treat each other with kindness, rather to diffuse among them topics of discord and animosity? In any case, such policy is at least questionable; but when religion is made the instrument of such unseemly hatred, can a government that permits it be otherwise than criminal?

Art. IV. *A Complete View of the Joint Stock Companies formed during the Years* 1824, 1825; *being Six Hundred and Twenty-four in Number: shewing the Amount of Capital, Number of Shares, Amount Advanced, Present Value, Amount liable to be called, Fluctuations in Price, Names of Bankers, Solicitors, &c.* By Henry English. 8vo. pp. 43. Boosey and Son. 1827.

Future historians will find themselves under great obligations to Mr. English, for having, in this pamphlet, brought within a small compass, and exhibited in a clear and luminous manner, the symptoms of the most extraordinary mercantile hallucination which is contained in the annals of the world,—a hallucination which un-

settles, or, at least, tends to unsettle, our belief in that increase of judgment and discretion which is supposed to proceed, and which, by hypothesis, ought to proceed, from an increase of the means of knowledge, and the rapidity and uncertainty of its diffusion. If the details of this hallucination had been found in the chronicles of our ancestors, or if some scrutinising traveller had brought them from China or Japan; they would, to a certainty, have been set down, either as romances of the chronicler, and a license of the traveller, or they would have been considered as characteristic of a people in gross ignorance of the principles upon which business ought to be done, and among whom political economy, as a science, had never been so much as hinted at. But the thing has actually taken place before our eyes; we can no more question its existence, than we can question our own; and we still continue to give ourselves the same credit for wisdom and foresight, as if no such proof of the opposite qualities had taken place.

Between this malady and that which afflicted the country in 1719 and 1720, there are several points of resemblance: both lasted for nearly the same period, and both were fraught with disastrous consequences. The mania of the last century was, however, comparatively limited in its mischievous effects; and though it produced, probably, more instances of absolute destruction than the recent one, yet the wound which it inflicted upon the general commerce and prosperity, does not appear to have been so deep. This may be accounted for from the different circumstances of the times. In the eighteenth century communication was slow, and thus the connexion, the habits, and the ambition of the people were much more confined to their particular districts; and in this way, while the people of London were suffering severely the consequences of their own folly, those of the remote provinces were comparatively untouched. Nor is the difference confined to the greater facility with which people from every quarter of the country could, in the latter case, be more speedily involved in the bubbles; for now, also, the trade of the country partakes much more of the swiftness and the simplicity of one great engine, than it did a century ago. The system of credit, too, is incalculably wider; not only taken on the whole, but absolutely, in proportion to the whole business done at the two periods. Hence the machine of the national industry being extended in its dimensions, accelerated in its speed, and resting, in a great part at least, upon a much less secure foundation than it did then, is much more liable to get out of order, and, probably, also less easily put to rights, in consequence of its very immensity and speed.

Viewing the two manias in this light, it is easy to see the real difference between them: that of the last century was throughout a complete gambling concern, interfering with the general industry of the country in hardly any other way, than by absorbing the savings of that industry: while the gambling of the present century actu-

ally mingled itself with the business and industry of the country; and instead of merely taking away the savings, drained and destroyed the capital itself. Both were diseases of the most foul and malignant nature; but that of the former century what medical men term a topical disease, while that of the present was, to a great extent, constitutional.

Thus, when we look at the real difference between the two calamities, and find that the most recent one was decidedly the most pernicious in its nature, we cannot help wondering, why people generally have profited so little by the clear and philosophical light which has been thrown upon the theory, and even the practice of business, during the interval. The commencement of the last century was a time when monopolies were in their full vigour—when restrictions were the order of the day—when it was supposed that ministers would be just as successful in telling men what they should do, and how they should do it, as in telling armies where they should march, and against whom they should fight. The commencement of the present century found matters very different. No doubt in that century was hatched that most stupid of all monopolies—that most ruinous of all restrictions, the Corn Bill; but, like Satan among the sons of God, it, commercially speaking, stood nearly alone: and in almost every other part of the law relating to industry, a more wholesome spirit--a spirit more in accordance with sound principles and judicious experience, had made its appearance. It had begun to be found out, that nations are not naturally the enemies of each other, any more than individuals; but that it is as conducive to the comfort and prosperity of a nation, as it is to those of a man, or a family, to be on good terms with his neighbours, inasmuch as in this way the advantage, though mutual and reciprocal, is greater to each of the parties, than it could be upon the old principle of "catch and keep." But, notwithstanding the theory of Adam Smith, the general practice of the commercial world, and the example of an administration just beginning to shew, that administrations can do other and better things than levy taxes and spend them in the purchase of glory; the men of the 19th century evinced really less judgment than their ancestors a hundred years before, and seemed to court folly and destruction as their inheritance and their reward.

It may be true that the late war, which had certainly excited the energies of this country in an extraordinary and unprecedented manner, and of which the ultimate result had been so much at variance with the diagnostics of the progress, had unsettled a little the faith of men in the maxims of philosophy, as well as left a large portion of speculative activity without any legitimate means upon which to work. To whatever it was owing, the feeling was, that combination could effect any purpose whatever, without the agency of the ordinary means of success—knowledge and indus-

try; and unprincipled men, taking advantage of this feeling, and finding it profitable in the first instances, led astray that activity which, if properly husbanded, might have wonderfully increased all the comforts of the British people.

Whatever may or may not be the effect of a national debt upon the union of a people and the security of a government, it is very clear that the funds, in as far as they are made matter of gambling, tend to nothing but evil; and as this gambling forms the sole occupation of a very numerous, and not very philosophical, or perhaps moral class; it always tends to debase the knowledge and destroy the rectitude of every one who is in any way connected with it. It is time, however, that we should proceed to give some account of the contents of Mr. English's pamphlet.

In about forty brief pages, it contains details of one hundred and twenty seven joint stock companies, formed in 1824 and 1825, which are still existing, which have drawn from the capital of the country, either in cash actually advanced, or in debts which are still hanging over the parties, a sum exceeding fifteen millions sterling; it shews that of this sum, nearly five millions are already totally squandered and lost—and, that the holders of shares in those companies, are liable to be called upon for nearly eighty-eight millions more. The following summary exhibits the classes of those companies, with the leading particulars of each :—

SUMMARY.

No.	Company.	Capital.	Amount Paid.	Present Value.	Amount liable to be called.	No. of Shares
44	Mines . . .	26,776,000	5,455,100	2,927,350	21,320,900	358,700
20	Gas	9,061,000	2,162,000	1,504,625	6,899,000	152,140
14	Insurance . .	28,120,000	2,247,000	1,606,000	25,873,000	545,000
49	Miscellaneous .	38,824,600	5,321,850	3,265,975	33,502,750	562,500
127		£102,781,600	£15,185,950	£9,303,950	£87,595,650	1,618,340

p. 10.

Of the mines, the first item in this summary, a very limited portion indeed is situate on this side of the Atlantic; and we are not prepared to say, that, as being useful, or as ever to be useful, there is as much of the remainder on the other side. Out of the nominal capital of nearly twenty-seven millions, about twenty-two millions are applicable to speculations named after, if not existing in, the American mountains; of the fifteen millions paid, nearly fourteen millions have been paid for those transatlantic speculations; and consequently, of the six millions lost, nearly five and a half have been squandered upon them. Unfortunately, there are no means of separating the operations of vice and folly, and assigning to each its portion of this mischief; and so we cannot tell what has been seized by rapacious attornies, sage projectors, and sapient directors; and what has been expended in the construction of machinery and the transporting of workmen, now rusting and rotting together, in the inhospitable slopes of the Andes. But this much is certain, that the whole of the money has

been withdrawn from the honest industry of the country, and even the portion of it which gave a momentary stimulus to a few engine makers, and other mechanics, did mischief, by exciting a demand which, instead of being permanent, is not likely to be repeated in even another instance. The accounts which are every day arriving of the state of the mines, are any thing but favourable: the mines are inaccessible, or exhausted, or flooded with water, or not worth working, or have no existence but in the prospectuses and share tickets; the machinery is exposed to the corroding influence of a tropical climate, and the workmen are returning famished and feverish, with their spirits broken, and their health impaired, claiming a scanty remuneration in the mean time, and probably each and all destined to be, for the remainder of their lives, maintained by their respective parishes.

The gas and insurance companies, together with some of the miscellaneous ones, do not look so perfectly absurd as the mines: but upon glancing one's eye at the table, we find, that they also have decreased sadly in nominal value; and probably, if one were to seek for the six millions and a quarter, at which their present value is estimated by Mr. English, one would be puzzled to find out in what it consists. Besides, for those gas, insurance, and miscellaneous companies, the enormous sum of sixty-five millions is liable to be called for from the public. No doubt calling for any such sum in real value, would be like Glendower's calling "spirits from the vasty deep;" it "would not come;" but some of it might come, and the non-appearance of the remainder might be a pretext for laying violent hands upon the portion within their grasp. In round numbers, the mines have fallen in value upon the capital actually advanced, nearly one half; the miscellaneous companies about one third; and those for gas and insurance, more than one fourth.

The second division of Mr. English's pamphlet, treats of those companies which have been already abandoned; and these, it will be seen from the annexed summary, have taken from the public about two millions and a half, all of which may be considered as completely dissipated.

SUMMARY.

		Capital.	Amount advanced.	No. of Shares.
16	Mines.....	5,585,000	400,900	98,200
9	Investment	8,550,000	746,000	78,500
20	Canal Rail Roads,&c.	19,135,000	393,375	246,000
20	Steam.....	2,927,500	79,900	35,650
43	Miscellaneous	20,409,000	799,500	390,250
118	Total....	£56,606,500	£2,419,675	848,600

p. 16.

The third division of the pamphlet, treats of those companies whose projectors had not brains or brass enough to bring them into regular play. They are as follows:—

SUMMARY.

		Capital.	No. of Shares.
14	Mining Companies	6,009,000	80,300
9	Gas.....ditto	3,016,000	48,800
19	Investment ditto	44,050,000	608,000
6	Insurance ditto	7,700,000	106,000
11	Trading.. ditto	10,450,000	85,000
26	Building..ditto	13,781,000	164,900
18	Dock, Canal, &c. Companies.....	13,851,000	164,410
16	Rail Road..... ditto	11,065,000	131,800
37	Steam.....ditto	5,628,000	89,570
23	Provision ..... ditto	8,360,000	674,000
57	Miscellaneous .... ditto	19,700,000	382,600
236		£143,610,000	2,535,380

p. 26.

A fourth division contains "a commodity," (we cannot say) "of good names;" which appear to have taken no further form than that of a name, and this seems to have cost nothing more than some paper and ink, a few advertisements, and that necessary concomitant—an attorney's bill.

To render his view of the whole joint stock companies, as well as the whole drain upon the capital of the country, during these two memorable years, complete, Mr. English has subjoined a list of all the companies existing previous to 1824, and a statement of the loans raised for foreigners, and money actually advanced and sent out of the country for them, in 1824 and 1825. Of the former, he remarks, the majority are of a description for which individual capital is hardly adequate; and by the latter it appears, that upwards of twenty-five millions found their way to foreign powers during the two years.

Now, if we collect the items, we shall find that, taking the companies and the loans together, they form a drain, which is fully sufficient to account for all the distress that has subsequently ensued in every department of the trading world,—the sum total being very nearly forty-three millions sterling, and that too, exclusive of an enormous amount, for the ascertaining which there are no data, or at least, no data which could be acquired without the labours of a Hercules. This consists in the gambling profits of the projectors and dealers in shares, while those shares were at a premium; and we are sure that we are within the amount, considering the number of times that many of the shares were transferred, and the large profits that were made upon several of these transfers, when we say, that the total loss in capital alone is fifty millions sterling; a sum so enormous, that it is difficult to imagine how the country should have borne it, without being absolutely ruined.

Great, however, as is this pecuniary waste, it contains not the whole of the evil: for time and talents which might the while have been profitably employed in the furtherance of the national pros-

perity, have been squandered; men have been diverted from the honest pursuit of gain, and employed in plundering their neighbours; and thus, along with the diminution of fortune, there has been a debasement of character. Men who had previously moved in what was accounted the honourable spheres of society, and who had received, and probably deserved no small consideration in the eyes of their countrymen, have been classed with common gamblers and sharpers; and if they have not actually become tainted with the vices of these characters, they have lent them their names, and divided with them the dishonourable gain, and the disgrace. These are circumstances the more to be regretted, that they have, for a time at least, unhinged that confidence between man and man, which is the surest bond of a nation's prosperity, and have laid those open to suspicion, whom it is always desirable to preserve, and to believe to be, perfectly pure and incorruptible.

How the delusion acquired such strength, and made such progress, it is not very easy, and would not perhaps be very profitable to inquire; but still there remains the humiliating lesson of being "wiser next"—of "locking the stable door after the steed has been stolen;" and as this lesson is all that remains, the best way is to con it well, with a better accompaniment of repentance. The grand error seems to have been, total ignorance of the real value of a joint-stock company; and the error now may be a dislike of such companies, even in the cases where they may be useful. The sound theory of this subject lies in a narrow compass; for every joint-stock company professing to do only that which could be done by individuals, is, *prima facie*, an evil, inasmuch as it is a monopoly against the public, and as from its very nature, it must perform its functions at a much greater expense. Take any joint-stock company in existence, and compare the expense at which it is carried on, with that of an individual doing business upon his own account, and it will be found that the advantage is greatly upon the side of the latter. The reason is obvious: in every well-conducted business, there must be an unity of purpose—a single commander; and that commander must be uniformly disposed to make the expenditure a *minimum* at every point. But not one of these attributes can be predicated of a joint-stock company, where there must be "an honourable board of directors," paying occasional attention to the association, and receiving their fees; a manager taking his cue from those directors, and also pocketing his salary; and secretaries, clerks, and sub-clerks, auditors, treasurers, barristers, and attornies, very often appointed by jobbing influence, and all of them caring nothing more for the property of the concern, than that it shall pay their salaries. But a joint-stock company, instituted for carrying on any trade or undertaking which might be within the compass of an individual's means, is not merely a clumsy, expensive, and inefficient engine in itself, it acts as a sort of extinguisher upon that general mass of talent which

the public is entitled to, and always willing to reward. With its nominal capital, its sounding names, and its being an object of minor interest to most of the shareholders, it is enabled to keep the field against individual competition, and thus to compel the public to pay heavily for slovenly service; whereas, were it taken out of the way, and men allowed to bring their abilities fairly to the market, competition would have its proper effect, and the greatest possible good would be done at the least possible expense.

That there are instances in which a joint-stock company may be desirable, we do not deny; but in all cases where that which it professes to do could be done without it, it is a nuisance, a conspiracy against the liberty and the prosperity of mankind; and the cases to which it ought to be restricted, are those in which a number of men may lessen the embarrassment or divide the loss which would be ruinous to individuals; or where the object in view is of such expense, such magnitude, or such doubtful success, as that individuals would be incapable of carrying it into effect, or would shrink from it, as being too hazardous. Of ordinary business, the proper subjects for joint-stock companies are banking and insurance; because, in order to render proper assistance and security, they require larger funds than an individual is supposed to possess. Great public works, too, such as canals and bridges, when they are not constructed at the national expense, and where a life-time may be spent ere they yield any thing like a fair return, are probably better done by joint-stock companies: but even in these cases, the security and the undertaking are always obtained at a considerable expense; and if we take an estimate of even the best regulated of them, we shall invariably find that there is about them an extra expense, which nothing but the impossibility of getting them conducted in any other way, could justify. Of the joint-stock companies of 1824 and 1825, there were but few of this description; and even of these few, there are still fewer that have the appearance of affording much profit to any of the share-holders now living. It is therefore to be hoped, that the lesson will not be lost upon the country; and, certainly, that country is under some obligations to Mr. English, for having brought the result of so much labour, and, we may add, the exposure of so much mischief, into so small a compass.

ART. V.—*Memoirs of Zehir-ed-din Muhammed Baber, Emperor of Hindustan, written by himself, in the Jaghatai Turki, and translated, partly by the late John Leyden, Esq. M. D., partly by William Erskine, Esq.; with Notes, and a Geographical and Historical Introduction: together with a Map of the Countries between the Oxus and Jaxartes,* &c. 4to. pp. 501. London: Longman and Co. 1826.

WE opened this volume with little affection for its probable contents. The history of the Tartarian-Muhammedan dynasties of

Asia is written in blood, and the mind is fatigued with contemplating only the shifting limits of vast empires which had no durability, and disgusted with the unvaried tale of desolation and slaughter, that were relieved by no fairer intervals of civilization and happiness. We track the exterminating course of Zingis and Timour, and their successors, horror-striken, indeed, at the immensity of pitiless carnage, and the tremendous waste of human life, but not otherwise interested in the circumstances and the issue of their ephemeral conquests. We are accustomed to view these Tartarian sovereigns and their followers only as the destroyers of mankind. The scholar acquaints himself with all this portion of Asiatic history, once in his life, as a duty, and a task: but few readers desire to recur to its study in search of pleasureable occupation.

A closely-printed quarto, devoted only to a fragment of this history, and narrating the reign of but a single Tartarian prince, promised, therefore, no inviting associations; and the first sight of these Memoirs of Baber appalled us by a chaos of barbarous names, that seemed to float in hopeless confusion throughout every page. We called to recollection all the experienced infelicities of the subject, and applied ourselves with many misgivings to this new encounter with Tartarian etymologies, pedigrees, and dynasties. But in truth we have found ourselves rather agreeably disappointed by the event: the book is one of the most lively pictures of oriental life which has ever fallen in our way; and the reader, who shall have courage to enter on a narrative so interlarded with unspeakable appellations of persons and places, may be assured of being rewarded with a great deal of entertainment in its perusal. As partially illustrating the geography of certain regions of Tartary which are least known to Europeans, and as connecting, in some measure, the contemporary history of Persia, Hindostan, and the interjacent countries, the work will unquestionably have its utility. But it is its unpremeditated development of a curious condition of oriental society, that constitutes the charm of the volume. It is a vivid exhibition of Tartarian manners and life, in that stage of advancement, in which the restless hordes had modified their wandering habits into some taste for the possession of cities and palaces, and the cultivation of arts; while their love of adventure and their passion for extending their conquests, were yet ardent and triumphant; and before the corruption of luxury, indolence, and servitude, had destroyed the impatient freedom and bold simplicity of character, which are the only virtues of the migratory tribes of the deserts. But we shall best be enabled to give an idea of the tenor of the narrative before us, by some explanatory reference to the historical fortunes of the imperial auto-biographer.

Zehir-ed-din Muhammed Baber was the founder of, what has rather inaccurately been termed, the Moghul empire of Hindostan. He was a Tartarian prince, lineally descended from the imperial

line of Zingis and Timour, and was born in the year 1482 of the Christian æra. His father was the sovereign of the petty Tartarian kingdom of Ferghana, (situated about two hundred miles north-east of Samarkand) to the possession of which Baber succeeded at the age of twelve years, on his parent's decease in the year 1494. His youth and early manhood were passed in incessant activity, and innumerable reverses of fortune, amidst the perpetual wars and turbulent revolutions of Tartary. Three times he adventurously and successfully asserted in arms some questionable rights to the throne of Samarkand itself; and each time was he ejected from his unstable conquests. Meanwhile his own hereditary kingdom of Ferghana was as often lost and won; and at length, in the year 1504, before he had "begun to apply the razor to his face," the youthful sport of high destinies was overpowered by the Uzbeks and their Khan, and compelled to bid adieu for ever to his native country and paternal throne. He was then attended, in his flight, as he informs us, by a wretched train of no more than between two and three hundred followers; and, so great was his destitution and theirs, that among them all they had only two tents. Crossing the mountains from Ferghana southward, Baber boldly sought, notwithstanding his weakness, to seat himself in some new possession; and his object was accomplished with that incredible rapidity which in the oriental world characterizes the flight of revolution and the march of conquest. By intrigue and by violence, by the junction of disaffected chieftains and the array of arms, he established himself, in the course of a few months, in the kingdom of Cabul, which he preserved to the termination of his life; and before the end of the very year in which he had been expelled a fugitive and a wanderer from Ferghana, his indefatigable activity and restless ambition had already prompted him to make his first triumphant forage into Hindostan. The horses of his predatory cavalry had drunk of the waters of the Indus, before he returned to Cabul.

It was some years after this that he made his last attempt to place himself on the throne of Samarkand; but after gaining possession of the country, with the aid of the Persians, in the year 1511, he was finally expelled by an immense army of his old enemies the Uzbeks. From this epoch, he seems to have abandoned all views on Tartary, and to have seriously turned his whole thoughts to the more inviting conquest of India. After trying his strength at intervals for several years, in desultory incursions, he ultimately, in the year 1525, descended for the last time into the plains of Hindostan, with an army of only 12,000 men, crossed the Indus, and advanced upon Delhi, then the capital of the degenerate dynasty of the Gaurian Afghans. On the plains of Panipat, which, two centuries and a half later, were to become the scene of a more tremendous defeat of a Mahratta host, Baber encountered the whole force of the Afghan empire of Hindostan. The army of

Sultan Ibrahim numbered one hundred thousand fighting men, with a thousand elephants: the adventurer Baber counted only twelve thousand followers of all kinds. Yet the Tartar prince and his little army gained a complete victory, and inflicted so bloody a slaughter in the pursuit, that forty thousand of their enemies were computed to have fallen by their swords. The sultan himself was among the slain; and Baber took possession of the imperial throne, which his descendants were to fill through near two centuries of splendour and power, and a third of degradation and imbecility. Thus, the founder of a new, and, as it was to prove, the last, Muhammedan empire of all Upper India, Baber had reached the summit of his glory. The remaining five years of his life were passed in extending his authority and consolidating his dominions; and he died in 1530, at the early age of forty-eight years.

Such formed the prominent vicissitudes of Baber's life, and the conspicuous part which he played in oriental history. His character certainly stands the fairest of any among the Tartarian conquerors; and it has been drawn, upon the whole, with so much truth and judgment, by the surviving translator of his memoirs, that we shall merely abridge and adopt his estimate:

'Zahîr-ed-dîn Muhammed Baber was, undoubtedly, one of the most illustrious men of his age, and one of the most eminent and accomplished princes that ever adorned an Asiatic throne. Having been early trained to the conduct of business, and tutored in the school of adversity, the powers of his mind received their full developement. He ascended the throne at the age of twelve, and before he had attained his twentieth year, the young prince had shared every variety of fortune; he had not only been the ruler of subject provinces, but had been in thraldom to his own ambitious nobles, and obliged to conceal every sentiment of his heart; he had been alternately hailed and obeyed as a conqueror and deliverer, by rich and extensive kingdoms, and forced to lurk in the deserts and mountains of his own native kingdom, as a houseless wanderer. Down to the last dregs of life, we perceive in him the strong feelings of an affection for his early friends and early enjoyments, rarely seen among princes. Perhaps the free manners of the Tûrki tribes had combined with the events of his early life, in cherishing these amiable feelings. He had betimes been taught, by the voice of events that could not lie, that he was a man, dependent on the kindness and fidelity of other men; and, in his dangers and escapes with his followers, had learned, that he was only one of an association, whose general safety and success depended on the result of their mutual exertions in a common cause. The native benevolence and gaiety of his disposition, seem ever to overflow on all around him; and he talks of his mothers, his grandmothers, and sisters, with some garrulity, indeed, but the garrulity of a good son and a good brother. Of his companions in arms he always speaks with the frank gaiety of a soldier; and it is a relief to the reader, in the midst of the pompous coldness of Asiatic history, to find a king who can weep for days, and tell us that he wept, for the playmate of his boyhood. Indeed, an uncommon portion of good nature and good humour runs through all his character, and even to

political offences he will be found, in a remarkable degree, indulgent and forgiving.

'In the character of the founder of a new dynasty, in one of the richest and most powerful empires on earth, we may expect to find an union of the great qualities of a statesman and general; and Baber possessed the leading qualifications of both in a high degree. But we are not, in that age, to look for any deep-laid or regular plans of civil polity, even in the most accomplished princes. Baber's superiority over the chiefs to whom he was opposed, arose principally from his active disposition and lively good sense. Ambitious as he was, and fond of conquest and of glory, in all its shapes, the enterprise in which he was for the season engaged, seems to have absorbed his whole soul, and all his faculties were exerted to bring it, whatever it was, to a fortunate issue. His elastic mind was not broken by discomfiture, and few princes who have achieved such glorious conquests, have suffered more numerous or more decisive defeats. His personal courage was conspicuous during his whole life, but it may be doubted whether, in spite of his final success, he was so much entitled to the character of a great captain, as of a successful partizan and a bold adventurer. In the earlier part of his career his armies were very small. Most of his expeditions were rather successful inroads than skilful campaigns. But he shewed a genius and a power of observation, which, in other circumstances, would have raised him to the rank of the most accomplished commanders. As he had the sense to perceive the errors which he committed in his earlier years, so, with the superiority that belongs to a great mind, conscious of its powers, he always readily acknowledges them. His conduct, during the rebellion of the Moghuls of Kâbul, and the alarm of his army in the war with Rana Sanka, bears the indications of the most heroic magnanimity. The latter period of his life is one uninterrupted series of success.

'But we are not to expect in Baber that perfect and refined character which belongs only to modern times and Christian countries. We sometimes see him order what, according to the practice of modern war, and the maxims of a refined morality, we should consider as cruel executions. We find him occasionally the slave of vices, which, even though they belonged to his age and country, it is not possible to regard in such a man without feelings of regret. We are disappointed to find one possessed of so refined an understanding, and so polished a taste, degrading both, by an obtrusive and almost ridiculous display of his propensity to intoxication.—It may palliate, though it cannot excuse this offence, that it appears to have led him to no cruelty or harshness to his servants or those around him, and that it made him neglect no business, and that it seems to have been produced solely by the ebullition of high spirits in his gay and social temper. We turn from Baber, the slave of such vices, which probably hastened on a premature old age, and tended to bring him to an early grave, and view him with more complacency, encouraging, in his dominions, the useful arts and polite literature, by his countenance and his example. We delight to see him describe his success in rearing a new plant, in introducing a new fruit-tree, or in repairing a decayed aqueduct, with the same pride and complacency that he relates his most splendid victories. No region of art or nature seems to have escaped the activity of his research. He had cultivated the art of poetry from his early years, and his Diwân,

or collection of Tûrki poems, is mentioned as giving him a high rank among the poets of his country. Of this work I have not been able to learn that any copy exists. Many of the odes in it are referred to in his Memoirs, and quoted by the first couplet. A few specimens of his Persian poetry are also given, which shew much of that terseness and delicacy of allusion so much admired in the poets whom he imitated.'—pp. 429—431.

The brief explanation which we have here given of Baber's fortunes and character, may afford a sufficient illustration of the interest of his personal memoirs. A few words will contain the history both of the original work, and of the translation which is before us. Of the authenticity of this piece of autobiography by Baber, we apprehend that there cannot be the shadow of a doubt. Independently of the internal evidence contained in its lively narrative, which is too strong to be mistaken, the genuineness of the memoirs has been recognised in Hindostan, ever since the age of the imperial writer. They were composed in the Jaghatâi Tûrki, or vernacular tongue of the Tûrki tribes, from which the existing dialects of the Turkomans of Asia Minor, of the Cossacks, of the Uzbeks, of the Constantinopolitan Turks, &c., are all derived. The Jaghatâi Tûrki, in short, is the parent language of all these races, simply because they are themselves all descended from a common stock. Having had, originally, no alphabet of its own, this oral Tûrki language, has always, since any cultivation of letters was introduced among the tribes in Tartary, been written with the Arabic character; and in this manner did Baber employ it as his native tongue,

At what precise period of his life he began to compose his memoirs, it is not easy to determine. But it is certain at least, that he must have revised the earlier parts after his last invasion of India, since even in them he refers to that event. The latter portions seem never to have been finished; and there are several chasms in the work, one of which embraces no less a period than twelve years. It is strange, too, that twice he abruptly breaks off the narrative at the most interesting and critical moments of his fortunes, when his life is in imminent danger, as if desirous, like the Arabian story-tellers, of exciting to the highest pitch the curiosity of his reader or hearer, and then suddenly leaving the mind in a state of awakened suspense. That he appears to have been satisfied with the state of his MS., is, however, certain; because we find him sending a copy of it from Hindostan to a friend in Cabul. After his death, his memoirs continued to be held in the greatest veneration at the court of his successors. There is evidence that his son, the emperor Humâiûn, transcribed them with his own hand, even after he had ascended the throne. And it is well known, that in the reign of the illustrious Akber, the grandson of Baber, the memoirs were translated into Persian, at the court of that truly great prince. It is of this Persian version that copies are still to be found in the many public libraries of Europe, and more rarely, in India itself.

The present English translation, however, has been composed chiefly from one of the copies in the original Jaghatâi Tûrki, and collated with two others of the Persian version. The undertaking was commenced by the late Dr. Leyden, whose name, as an oriental scholar, is never to be mentioned without the highest respect. Having fortunately possessed himself of a Tûrki copy of the memoirs, he eagerly commenced the translation from it; and obtaining also the Persian version, he proceeded, from a comparison of the two, to complete a great portion of his undertaking before his premature decease. With remarkable judgment and taste, he clothed his translation in a simple and picturesque style, which might have appeared to affect too quaint and obsolete a phraseology for most other purposes, but which is here in admirable keeping with the characteristic spirit and naïveté of Baber's narrative. The completion of his task has evidently fallen into worthy hands. His friend, Mr. William Erskine, a gentleman we presume of the Company's civil service, offered after his death to continue his unfinished MS.; and to him, the surviving translator, are the world indebted for the appearance of the volume. Mr. Erskine modestly expresses his fear that 'he engaged too rashly in the undertaking;' but it is due to him to declare, that he has so successfully followed up the plan, and emulated the manner of Leyden, as to render it not easy to distinguish their respective shares in the performance. The possession of a second Persian copy enabled him, by comparing the three exemplars, to correct many erroneous variations between the Persian texts, to establish an accurate version, and to supply, by the result, the loss of many fragments in the incomplete copy of the Tûrki original.

Mr. Erskine has also contributed an useful historical introduction to the memoirs, and some 'supplements,' as he terms them, to fill up the various blanks in the narrative, as far as possible, from Khâfi Khan and such other oriental chroniclers as were within his reach. He has also given a respectable geographical memoir, chiefly from materials supplied by Mr. Elphinstone, on the great region of Turkistân; and the volume is illustrated by a map of the countries of Ferghana and Bokhara, which seems to have been compiled with very praise-worthy care and industry, by lieutenant Waddington, of the Bombay engineers. In fact, the manner in which the work has altogether been translated and elucidated, has every appearance of being highly creditable to the learning and industry of all the parties concerned.

Thus, then, have the Memoirs of Baber descended to our times, and been transmitted to our language. To attempt any analysis in our pages, of the "thousand and one" adventures of the hero, however, would be of course out of the question; and the most striking pictures of Eastern life, character, and manners, which abound throughout the volume, are so blended with the narration, that it is impossible to separate them. In this respect, the book

must be read, before any notion can be acquired of the liveliness and graphic expression which Baber has thrown into the most trivial and loquacious details. A single passage we shall extract, to shew his manner of telling his own story, and the dexterity with which our translators have adapted the spirited, yet simple style of their language, to that of his thoughts. We choose for our purpose the story of a skirmish and a pursuit; for Baber may be characterised as quite an oriental Froissart, and he is never so animated as when he is describing scenes of perilous excitement. In the gaiety of his relations, in the hearty delight and good-will with which he dilates on the circumstances of a combat, and in the vivid colouring and picturesque hue which he seems, as if unconsciously, to throw over his descriptions, by a few native touches of expression, the imperial autobiographer has constantly reminded us of the imaginative and enthusiastic chronicler of chivalry; and the same resemblance evidently suggested itself to Mr. Erskine. It is one of these passages that we have selected, because they are certainly among the most pleasing parts of the memoirs. Baber gives us several such pictures of irregular encounters as the following:

'While we were entering the street, Syed Kâsim and Dost Nâsir, with Bâki Khiz, maintained the action, and covered our retreat; I and Ibrâhim Beg, and Mirza Kuli Gokultâsh, had rode on before them. We had no sooner come opposite the gate, than we saw Sheikh Bayezîd, with a quilted corslet over his vest, who just then entered the gateway, with three or four horsemen, and was proceeding into the town. In the morning, when, contrary to my wish, he was seized along with those who were with him, they had been left with Jehangir's men, who, when forced to retreat, carried off Shiekh Bayezîd with them. They once thought of putting him to death, but fortunately they did not, but set him at liberty. He had just been released, and was entering the gate, when I met him. I immediately drew to the head the arrow which was on my notch, and discharged it full at him. It only grazed his neck, but it was a fine shot. The moment he had entered the gate, he turned short to the right, and fled by a narrow street in great perturbation. I pursued him. Mirza Kuli Gohultâsh struck down one foot-soldier with his mace, and had passed another, when the fellow aimed an arrow at Ibrâhim Beg, who startled him by exclaiming, "Hai! Hai!" and went forward; after which the man, being about as far off as the porch of the house is from the hall, let fly at me an arrow, which struck me under the arm. I had on a Kalmuk mail; two plates of it were pierced and broken from the blow. After shooting the arrow, he fled, and I discharged an arrow after him. At that very moment a foot-soldier happened to be flying along the rampart, and my arrow pinned his cap to the wall, where it remained shot through and through, and dangling from the parapet. He took his turban, which he twisted round his arm, and ran away. A man on horseback passed close by me, fleeing up the narrow lane by which Sheikh Bayezîd had escaped. I struck him such a blow on the temples with the point of my sword, that he bent over as if ready to fall from his horse; but supporting himself on the wall of the lane, he did not lose his seat, but escaped with the utmost hazard. Having dispersed

all the horse and foot that were at the gate, we took possession of it.—There was now no reasonable chance of success; for they had two or three thousand well-armed men in the citadel, while I had only a hundred, or two hundred at most, in the outer stone-fort; and, besides, Jehangîr Mirza, about as long before as milk takes to boil, had been beaten and driven out, and half of my men were with him. In spite of all this, such was my inexperience, that, posting myself in the gateway, I dispatched a man to Jehangîr Mirza, to request him to join me, if he was near, and that we might make another effort. But, in truth, the business was over.' —pp. 116, 117.

The account of the hot pursuit which ensued is still more animated and full of circumstance; and we accompany the hero with an eager and increasing interest, which his narrative has the art at last to wind to an intense pitch of anxiety:—

'We retreated with all speed, the enemy being in full pursuit of us. They brought down man after man as they overtook us. Within a kos* of Akhsi there is a place called *Gumbid-e-Chemen* (or the Garden-dome). We had just passed it, when Ibrâhim Beg called out to me for assistance. I looked round, and perceived him engaged with a home-bred slave of Shiekh Bayezîd. I instantly turned my bridle to my back. Jân Kuli Biân Kuli, who was by me, exclaimed, "What time is this for turning back?" seized my bridle-reins, and hurried me on. Before we reached Sang, they had unhorsed the greater part of my adherents. Sang may be about two kos from Aksi. After passing Sang, we saw no more of the enemy in pursuit. We proceeded up the river of Sang, being at this time only eight in all—Dost Nâsir, Kamber Ali Kâsim Beg, Jân Kuli Biân Kuli, Mirza Kuli Gokultâsh, Shahim Nâsir, Abdul Kadûs Sîdî Kara, and Khwâjeh Hussaini; I myself was the eighth. A sort of path leads up the river amidst broken glens, remote from the beaten road. By this unfrequented and retired path we proceeded up the river, till, leaving the river on the right, we struck into another narrow path. It was about afternoon prayers when we emerged from the broken grounds into the level country. A blackness was discernible afar off in the plain. Having placed my men under cover, I myself, on foot, ascended an eminence to spy what it might be; when suddenly a number of horsemen galloped up the hillock behind us. We could not ascertain precisely how many or how few they were, but took to our horses and continued our flight. The horsemen who followed us were not in all above twenty, or twenty-five; and we were eight, as has been mentioned. Had we but known their number when they first came up, we should have given them warm play; but we imagined that they were certainly followed by a detachment sent in pursuit of the fugitives. Impressed with this notion, we continued our flight. The fact is, that the fliers, even thongh the most numerous, can never contend with the pursuers, though the inferior number. As it is said,

(*Persian Verse*)—"The shout of Hûî is sufficient for vanquished bands."

'Jân Kuli said, "We must not go on in this way, or they will take us all. Let you and Mirza Kuli Gokultâsh, therefore, select the two best

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* 'Shirai, rather more than a mile and a half.'

horses of the party*, and galloping off together, keep one another's horses at speed; perhaps you may escape." The advice was not a bad one; for, since we could not engage them, this presented a possibility of escape; but I could not consent, in such circumstances, to leave any of my followers dismounted in the midst of the enemy. At length, however, the party began to separate, and fall behind each other. The horse on which I was mounted began to lag. Jân Kuli dismounted, and gave me his horse. I leaped from my own, and mounted his, while he mounted mine. At this very instant Shahîm Nâsir, with Abdal Kadûs Sîdî Kara, who had fallen behind, were dismounted by the enemy. Jân Kuli also fell behind, but it was no season for trying to shield or assist him. We, therefore, pushed our horses to their utmost speed, but they gradually flagged and fell off. The horse of Dost Beg, too, began to flag, and fell behind; and the horse which I rode likewise began to be worn out. Kamber Ali dismounting, gave me his own horse; he mounted mine, and presently dropped behind. Khwâjeh Hûssaini, who was lame, turned off towards the heights. I now remained alone with Mirza Kuli Gokultâsh. Our horses were too weak to admit of being put to the gallop; we went on at a canter; but the horse of Mirza Kuli began to move slower and slower. I said to him, "If deprived of you, whither can I go? Come, then, and be it death or life; let us meet it together." I kept on, turning from time to time, to see Mirza Kuli. At last, Mirza Kuli said, "My horse is completely blown, and it is impossible for you to escape if you encumber yourself with me. Push on, and shift for yourself. Perhaps you may still escape." I was in a singularly distressful situation. Mirza Kuli also fell behind, and I was left alone. Two of the enemy were in sight; the name of the one was Baba Seirâmi, that of the other Bandeh Ali: they gained upon me; my horse began to flag. There was a hill about a kos off, and I came up to a heap of stones. I reflected with myself that my horse was knocked up, and the hill still a considerable way off. What was to be done? I had about twenty arrows left in my quiver. Should I dismount at this heap of stones, and keep my ground as long as my arrows lasted? But it occurred to me again, that perhaps I might be able to gain the hill, and that if I did, I might stick a few arrows in my belt, and succeed in climbing it. I had great reliance on my own nimbleness. Impelled by this idea, I kept on my course. My horse was unable to make any speed, and my pursuers got within arrow's reach of me; I was sparing of my arrows, however, and did not shoot. They also were somewhat chary, and did not come nearer than a bow-shot, but kept on tracking me.

'About sunset, I got near the hill, when they suddenly called out to me, "Where do you intend going, that you flee in this manner? Jehangîr Mirza has been taken, and brought in; Nâsir Mirza, too, has been seized." I was greatly alarmed at these words; because, if all of us† fell into their hands, we had every thing to dread. I made no reply, but kept on for the hill. When we had gone a certain way further, they again called out to me. This time they spoke to me in a more gracious style than at first. They

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* 'He seems to have wished them to take each a spare horse, as is usual in the forays of the Turks.'

† 'Jehangîr and Nâsir Mirza were Baber's only two brothers.'

dismounted from their horses, and began to address me. I did not attend to what they said, but proceeded in my course, and, entering a glen, I began to ascend it, and went on till about bed-time prayers, when I reached a large rock, about the size of a house. I went behind it, and came to an ascent of steep ledges, where the horse could not keep his feet. They also dismounted, and began to address me in a still more courteous and respectful style, expostulating with me, and saying, "What end can it serve to go on in this manner, in a dark night, and where there is no road? Where can you possibly go?" Both of them, with a solemn oath, asserted, "Sultan Ahmed Beg wishes to place you on the throne." "I cannot," I replied, "confide in any thing of the sort; and to join him is for me impossible. If you are serious in your wish to do me an important service, you have now such an opportunity as may not occur for years. Point out to me a road by which I may rejoin the Khans, and I will shew you kindness and favour, even beyond your highest wishes. If you refuse this, return by the way you came, and leave me to fulfil my destiny—even that will be no mean service." "Would to God," they replied, "that we had never come; but, since we have come, how can we desert you in this desolate situation? Since you will not accompany us, we shall follow you and serve you, go where you will." I answered, "Swear, then, unto me, by the Holy Book, that you are sincere in your offer." And they swore the heavy and awful oath.'—pp. 117—119.

These wretches only perjured themselves to betray him, and he is soon delivered into the hands of his enemies. When, after dreadful suspense, he discovers their design, he confesses with his usual naïveté, 'On hearing these words, I was thrown into a dreadful state of agitation. There is nothing in the world which affects a man with more painful feelings, than the near prospect of death. "Tell me the truth," I exclaimed, "if indeed things are about to go with me contrary to my wishes, that I may at least perform my last oblations." Yûsef swore again and again, but I did not heed his oaths. I felt my strength gone. I rose and went to a corner of the garden. I meditated with myself, and said, "should a man live a hundred, nay, a thousand years, yet, at last, he ——."'

And it is at this interesting crisis, as upon another and similar occasion, that the narrative is interrupted by a sudden and provoking chasm, in the manner before referred to. At the same point, we shall break off our specimen of the memoirs. For longer extracts from the narrative, we cannot afford space; and it is only by such passages that the spirit of a work of the kind can be adequately shewn. But we have probably given a sufficient account of the book, to attract to its contents the notice of those readers who are curious in the details of oriental life.

ART. VI.—*Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind.* By Dugald Stewart, Esq., F. R. R., &c. Volume Third. 4to. pp. 567. £2. 2s. London: Murray. 1827.

A GENERATION may be said to have passed away, since Mr. Stewart gave the first portion of this valuable work to the world. We say literally to the world, for there are few enlightened men in any of the civilised nations, who are not acquainted with the two first volumes of these elements. In fact, there is no name which has worn so well through the period that has elapsed since it first became known to the public, as that of Dugald Stewart. It is intimately associated with a school of philosophy, which, though it has attempted to propagate some erroneous doctrines, has, on the whole, we think, conferred signal benefits on the community—a school, against which the singular reproach has been made, that it referred its principles to the common sense of mankind, as if that were a fallacious and unsatisfactory test of truth, in researches, having for their object the elucidation of the human intellect, and the modes of its operation.

To Professor Stewart, the generations now existing, and those which are to follow, must feel that they owe the greatest obligations, for having devoted his life to this most important science. If he have not succeeded in it, to the extent of his own ambition, he has at least divested the pursuit of the numerous technicalities by which the ancient philosophers, and their followers—the mere scholastic professors of modern times, had perplexed and obscured it. We feel that much still remains to be done, towards raising this science to the perfection of which it is susceptible; but to Mr. Stewart belongs, in a great measure, the enviable merit of having opened those prospects of improvement, in the study of the human mind, of which we are now possessed; and of having rendered them eminently attractive, by the many felicitous ornaments of diction and thought, which they have received from his hand.

But although we thus cheerfully applaud Mr. Stewart's exertions for the improvement of this most interesting, and most valuable of all studies, yet we have never been blind to his defects, nor slow to caution our readers against them. Prominent amongst those faults, appears to be his habit of giving expression to all the vague ideas that he finds floating in his mind upon the subject under his consideration, without at all considering whether they cast upon it the slightest gleam of light. Hence it is, that many students have complained, and we do not hesitate to acknowledge ourselves of the number, that they have often risen from the pages of this writer, captivated by his enthusiasm, and charmed by his style, but unenriched by a single clear perception, as to the meaning of the author, or as to the conclusions which he would wish to establish. The suavity and eloquence with which he addresses us,

seem to aim at something very profound, something hitherto concealed in the interior of the mind, which he has had the good fortune to discover, and the benevolence to disclose. But after we arrive at the end, and reflect on all this fine array of language, we feel disappointed that promises so specious and so engaging, dwindle into mere conjecture, or vanish in some airy vision, upon which no sound superstructure of knowledge can be erected.

That this fault is to be imputed to the subject, more perhaps than to the author, we admit. After all that has been, or may be, written, about the operations of the mind, where is the eye that can trace, or the faculty that can detect them? We can only know them from their external effects; and these are so various, often so contradictory in their nature, that they seldom afford good ground for the formation of a general rule. The subject, however, is always fascinating; and however vague and unsatisfactory the conclusions to which the study of it may lead, it will always be deservedly ranked high among the occupations of intellectual men. So far as it tends to the improvement of logic, it can hardly fail to be of real utility, and, in this respect it cannot be denied, that Mr. Stewart's two former volumes, especially the second one, have contributed to the diffusion of more accurate habits of reasoning, and of greater precision of language amongst us, than prevailed before our times. We fear that we cannot predict results quite so important from the volume now before us: yet we may safely announce, that it contains several disquisitions, eminently calculated to awaken our own thoughts to greater vigilance of observation as to the operations of the mind, than the general heedlessness of mankind on this subject permits them to entertain. It is true that we have here a great deal of conjecture, a great deal of mysticism, many references to the professor's former works, not a few repetitions, some gleanings from his study, some hints of subjects and publications still in embryo, a great mass of foot notes, together with an appendix, and addenda and corrigenda in abundance. We feel perhaps upon the whole, that all that is useful in this volume might well be compressed within less than half the number of its pages, and compressed with advantage both to the author and his readers. Yet there are few of those readers who will not be inclined to overlook the faults of garrulity and occasional whimsicality, which they will encounter in this volume, particularly as even in his highest flights of complacency, the author still expresses himself in the elegant and engaging style, which has obtained so much celebrity for his writings.

The first chapter of the volume treats of language; a subject upon which Mr. Stewart might have thrown great light, had he been acquainted with more of the living languages of Europe or the East, than he appears to have mastered. He has, indeed, collected from other writers several curious facts, upon which he reasons with his usual ability, though, we regret to say, rather with

too marked a disposition for theorizing. He divides languages in general into two heads, natural and artificial: the former consisting in the play of the muscles of which the face is composed, particularly of those connected with the eyes and the mouth; in the change of colour arising from the motion of the blood, &c. Writers on physiognomy insist, that every emotion and every operation of the mind has a corresponding expression of the countenance, which seems to be borne out by the fact, that the passions we most indulge in, and the intellectual pursuits in which we are most frequently engaged, leave traces on the countenance which a close observer cannot fail to distinguish. But, independently of those traces, there are many natural signs, such as smiles, frowns, and tears, which even children understand, and which they use for the purpose of expressing their feelings, before and after they have acquired the power of uttering articulate sounds. Nay, there is even good reason to think, that some of the lower animals, particularly dogs, understand the natural language of the human face, and that, in fact, they are great physiognomists. However this may be, it seems reasonable enough to admit, that the constant operation of the mind on the body should produce other connections, somewhat akin to those for which the phrenologists of our day so stoutly contend. Mr. Stewart considers it a fair object of inquiry, to ascertain how far the opinion of those enthusiasts is correct, that 'corresponding to the varieties of intellectual and moral character, there are certain inequalities or prominences on the surface of the scull.' He justly observes, that

'Hitherto the inquiry has produced nothing more than bold and gratuitous assertions; and the little we know with certainty of the indications of character, as they are exhibited on the exterior of the head, has been inferred, not from the surface of the *cranium*, but from the forms which the face assumes from the play of the muscles. How far the particular rules on this subject, given by Lavater and others, have a solid foundation in experience, I do not pretend to decide. I confess, indeed, I strongly suspect that it is only very gross estimates which can be formed on those mathematical proportions which can be measured by a pair of compasses; and that the traces of the more delicate peculiarities of the mind are too complicated and too fugitive to be comprehended in the terms of any verbal description. On the other hand, I will not affirm, that these traces may not be distinctly visible to those who, by long practice, have acquired a sort of new sense, or rather a new perceptive faculty, analogous to what physicians acquire by long experience, for the more delicate and evanescent symptoms of disease. It seems to be owing to this that so little satisfaction can be obtained from the writings of the ancients, concerning the principles on which their art of physiognomy proceeded; while we have complete evidence of the great success with which they cultivated the study.' —pp. 12, 13.

Besides the natural signs already mentioned, there are several others which will occur to every body. It is a curious fact, that among the American Indians there is a class of visible signs, partly

natural, but chiefly conventional, by which the different tribes understand each other, and to which they have recourse when, under any circumstances, they do not wish to speak aloud, or when one tribe is ignorant of the spoken language of another. These signs form for them a sort of *Lingua Franca*, bordering very closely on the second division of this subject—artificial language.

Artificial language is divided into the *visible* and *audible*: the former consists in conventional signs, addressed to the eye, such as signals by fire, which were in use amongst the ancients; those by flags, said to be introduced into the British navy by James II.; those used in the telegraph, and other preconcerted combinations; all of which bear no comparison in point of importance to those signs which are addressed to the ear, through the medium of speech.

Upon no one subject have philosophical theorists been more at variance with each other, than that of the origin of the various languages which are spoken on our planet. Some insist that the gift of speech was the immediate result of divine revelation. Mr. Stewart agrees with those who contend that the human faculties are capable of forming a language, without the immediate interposition of the Deity; a position which assuredly we may admit without the least impiety. Our author here chiefly follows the theory of Adam Smith, as explained in a dissertation appended to his "Theory of Moral Sentiments," in which that ingenious philosopher endeavours to form a systematic history of the rise and progress of language, according to the growing wants and ideas of mankind. Thus he accounts, from the necessity of the case, for the invention of names, adjectives, prepositions, and most of the common parts of speech. It is evident at once, that mere systematic *histories* must be, of all others, the most fallacious. For instance, it has been ascertained by Dr. Edwards*, that the tribe of American Indians, now called the Mohicans, have no adjective in their language at all; and though this is undoubtedly a defect in their dialect, yet it is one which Mr. Horne Tooke (Grammatica Linguæ Anglicanæ) supposes was originally the case in the rude state of all languages. Thus hypothesis wars with hypothesis, and volumes have been filled with such conjectural disquisitions, without the development of a single fact that can be depended upon.

Mr. Stewart, however, borrows one observation from Smith, which deserves some notice. After shewing that the original languages, at least those of Europe, are extremely complicated in their declensions and conjugations, Smith suggests, that when the different nations came to mingle together, in consequence of conquest or migration, they would naturally endeavour to acquire each other's

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* Observations on the Language of the Muhhekaneu (Mohican) Indians. 1788.

languages, those using the more simple dialects substituting their prepositions, and their substantive and possessive verbs, for the varieties of the declensions and conjugations of the more complex languages. This supposition is as ingenious as it is just. It is besides borne out by the fact, in those countries where the Latin has been moulded into different languages by the tribes who overran the south of Europe. Hence the al Roma and di Roma of the present day, for the dative and genitive cases of the Latin declension. Hence the substitution of Io sono amato for *amor*, I am loved; and Io aveva amato, for *amaveram*, I had loved. Innumerable other instances might be adduced of the changes effected in original languages, by the new dialects which have been engrafted upon them; among those, not the least striking is, the different collocation of the words in the modern tongues, which, though it seems the more natural, is by no means always so. Neither is the change favorable to the harmony of modern composition. By losing the inflections of nouns and verbs, the modern languages are also more verbose and circumlocutory than the ancient, and hence they are less adapted to poetry and oratory, though perhaps, on the whole, better fitted for philosophical communication.

After a brief section upon language, considered as our instrument of thought, in which phraseology, as nearly as possible reflecting the idea, is justly recommended; our author proceeds to offer some miscellaneous observations upon the etymological study of different tongues: a study which has lately been pursued with some attention in this country, Germany, and France, though with what degree of success we are not in a situation to determine. We agree with Mr. Stewart, 'that if any new light is to be thrown upon that very obscure subject, the early migrations of the human race, it will be found in these etymological researches, conducted by extensive learning, under the guidance of sober judgment and good sense.' In some papers read before the Royal Society of Literature, written by Mr. Sharon Turner*, he proves, we think very satisfactorily, from a collection of a great number of words nearly spelt and pronounced in the same way, that the migrations of mankind are in perfect concurrence with the scriptural authority for a common origin. Mr. Stewart offers some advice on this subject, which our etymological scholars would do well to follow; though we cannot but observe, that his attack upon General Vallancey's analogies between the Celtic and certain oriental tongues, is both unnecessary and unjust. His argument against the value of the General's researches, is the strangest we have ever met. He does not attempt to shew where the conclusions of that eminent

* First Part of the First Volume of the Society's Transactions, an interesting and curious publication, which we shall notice in our next Number.

linguist are erroneous, if they be so; but he says, that Mr. Henry Flood left a magnificent bequest to Trinity College, Dublin, for the purpose of enabling scholars to follow up the subject, and that, whereas no person has in fact since attended to it, therefore the General's 'discoveries have not answered his expectations'; and they have, in fact, terminated in a '*philological misadventure!*' A philosopher who boasts of having done so much for logic, should, at least, have paid a little more respect to his own rules, than appears in such a conclusion, drawn from such premises.

The most curious part of the chapter now under consideration, is that which explains the author's conjectures as to the origin of the Sanscrit—a theme which has, of late, engaged the attention of our Indian scholars. He shews, from the authority of several writers, such as Halhed, Wilkins, and Sir William Jones, that there is a striking similarity between that language and the Greek. The fact seems to be placed beyond dispute by the Rev. Daniel Brown, Provost of the College of Fort William, who, in a letter, observes, that "the Sanscrit answers to Greek, as face answers to face in a glass. The translation will be perfect, while it will be almost verbal. A Sanscrit edition of the Gospels will be published, with the Greek on the opposite page, as soon as we can procure Greek types. You will find the verb in the corresponding case and gender. The idiom and government are the same; where the Greek is absolute, so is the Sanscrit, and in many instances the primitives or roots are the same." Sir William Jones, in his usual elegant phraseology, observes, that "The Sanscrit prosody is easy and beautiful. The learned will find in it almost all the measures of the Greeks; and it is remarkable, that the language of the Bramins runs very naturally into sapphics, alcaics, and iambics." Now the question to be decided is, whether the Sanscrit has been derived from the Greek, or the Greek from the Sanscrit. Mr. Stewart, without having any knowledge whatever of the oriental languages, gives us his conjectures upon this subject, and concludes in favour of the former part of the proposition. The subject is one that deserves minute investigation, particularly as the ancient intercourse between the Greek colony of Bactriana and the inhabitants of Hindostan, gives considerable plausibility to the reasoning of our author. It was long since hinted by Gibbon (Hist. vol. vii., p. 294), "that some, perhaps much, of the Indian science was derived from the Greeks of Bactriana." It is impossible to read of the religions of India, without feeling that there is a great deal of the Greek mythology in them, mixed up with the precepts and history contained in the Old, and even in the New Testament. If the researches of the learned shall enable them to prove that the Sanscrit, instead of being older than the Greek, is really framed upon it, they will have solved a problem of great importance, in whatever view it may be considered.

The second chapter of this volume treats of 'the principle or

law of sympathetic imitation,' chiefly in relation to certain phenomena of our constitution, which are matter of daily experience. By 'imitation,' the author tells us, he does not here mean the deliberate process by which a painter copies an original picture, but that *sympathetic* imitation, 'which depends on the mimical powers connected with our *bodily frame;* and which in certain combinations of circumstances, seems to result, with little intervention of our will, from a sympathy between the bodily organizations of different individuals.'

Every body is sensible of the contagious influence of laughter, and of yawning. But how are we to account for the well ascertained fact, that 'a mimic, without consulting a mirror, knows, by a sort of consciousness, or internal feeling, the moment when he has hit upon the resemblance he wishes?' The following observations scarcely answer the question; we suspect that the secret was developed by Shakspeare, in the passage quoted by Mr. Stuart, as fully as ever it will be by any modern school of philosophy.

'This phenomenon (which has always appeared to me an extremely curious and important one) seems to be altogether inexplicable, unless we suppose, that, when the muscles of the mimic's face are so modified as to produce the desired combination of features, he is conscious, in some degree, of the same feeling or sensation which he had, when he first became acquainted with the original appearance which he has been attempting to copy.

'Nor is it the *visible* appearance alone of others, that we have a disposition to imitate. We copy instinctively the voices of our companions, their tones, their accents, and their modes of pronunciation. Hence that general similarity in point of air and manner, observable in all who associate habitually together, and which every man acquires in a greater or less degree; a similarity unheeded, perhaps, by those who witness it daily, and whose attention, accordingly, is more forcibly called to the nicer shades by which individuals are discriminated ftom each other; but which catches the eye of every stranger with incomparably greater force than the specific peculiarities which, to a closer observer, mark the endless varieties of human character.

'The influence of this principle of imitation on the outward appearance is much more extensive than we are commonly disposed to suspect. It operates, indeed, chiefly on the air and movements, without producing any very striking effect on the material form in its quiescent state. So difficult, however, is it to abstract this form from its habitual accompaniments, that the members of the same community, by being accustomed to associate from their infancy in the intercourse of private life, appear, to a careless observer, to bear a much closer resemblance to each other than they do in reality; while, on the other hand, the physical diversities which are characteristical of different nations, are, in his estimation, proportionally magnified.

'The important effects of the same principle, when considered in relation to our *moral* constitution, will afterwards appear. At present, I shall only remark, that the reflection which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Falstaff, with respect to the manners of Justice Shallow and his attendants,

and which Sir John expresses with all the precision of a philosophical *observer*, and all the dignity of a moralist, may be extended to the most serious concerns of human life. "It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving man. Their spirits are so married in conjunction, with the participation of society, that they flock together in concert, like so many wild geese. It is certain, that *either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another;* therefore, let them take heed to their company." '—pp. 157—159.

We add some further observations of our author on this subject, which besides being happily expressed, are, inasmuch as they involve practical truths, connected with education in general:

'In speculations concerning the varieties of the human race, too little attention has been, in general, bestowed on the influence exercised by the mind over the external expression. In consequence of this influence, it will be found, that no inconsiderable diversities in the form and aspect of man, arise from the different degrees of cultivation which his intellectual and moral powers receive in the different stages of society*.

'The savage, having neither occasion nor inclination to exert his intellectual faculties, excepting to remove the present inconveniences of his situation, or to procure the objects which minister to his necessities, spends the greater part of his time in a state of stupid and thoughtless repose. It is impossible, therefore, that his features should acquire that spirit and that mobility, which indicate an informed and active mind. Supposing two individuals to possess originally the same physical form—to be cast, if I may use the expression, in the same mould; and the one to be educated from infancy in the habits of savage life, while the other has been trained to the manners of cultivated society: I have no doubt but that, abstracting entirely from the influence of climate and of other physical circumstances, their countenances would, in time, exhibit a very striking contrast. Nothing, indeed, can place this in a stronger light, than the rapid change which a few months' education produces on the physiognomy of those dumb children, to whom the ingenuity of the present age furnishes the means of mental culture—a change from listlessness, vacany, and seeming fatuity, to the expressive and animated look of self-enjoyment and conscious intelligence. It is true that, in such a state of society as ours, a great proportion of the community are as incapable of reflection as savages; but the principle of imitation, which, in some measure, assimilates to each other all the members of the same group or circle, communicates the external aspect of intelligence and of refinement, to those who are the least entitled to assume it: and it is thus we frequently see the most complete mental imbecility accompanied with what is called a *plausible or imposing appearance;* or, in other words, a countenance which has caught, from imitation, the expression of sagacity.'—pp. 161—163.

* 'For some ingenious and important remarks upon this subject, see an Essay on the Causes of the Variety in the complexion and Figure of the Human Species, by the Reverend Samuel Stanhope Smith, D.D., Vice-President and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the College of New Jersey.'

These observations lead Mr. Stewart to the question, whether this principle of imitation arises from instinct or experience? a question which involves him in a cloud of metaphysical distinctions, without leading him, after all, to anything like a satisfactory solution of the difficulty. He obviously leans to the side of instinct, or rather of *pure* and *mixed* instinct, and depends, in some measure, upon that '*physico-moral* sympathy, which, through the medium of the body, harmonizes different minds with each other.' This, he observes, 'as it is one of the most important, so it is one of the most incontestable facts connected with the theory of our common nature.' Upon this subject we must allow Mr. Stewart to explain himself in his own language. The passage is curious.

'As every emotion of the mind produces a sensible effect on the bodily appearance, so, upon the other hand, when we assume any strongly expressive look, and accompany it with appropriate gestures, some degree of the correspondent emotion is apt to arise within us. Mr. Burke informs us, that he has often been conscious of the passion of anger rising in his breast, in consequence of his counterfeiting its external signs; and I have little doubt, that, with most individuals, the result of a similar experiment will be the same. Campanella, too, the celebrated philosopher and physiognomist (as Mr. Burke farther observes), when he wished to form a judgment of what was passing in the mind of another, is said to have mimicked, as accurately as possible, his appearance at the moment, and then to have directed his attention to the state of his own feelings. In general, I believe it will be found, that these two talents, of mimickry and of physiognomy, have a very close connection. They are said to be united, to a great degree, in the savages of North America; and the same remark has been repeated by some of our late navigators, with respect to the rude islanders of the South Sea.

'In farther illustration of the same principles, a well-known fact obviously presents itself as entitled to particular notice,—that there is often connected with a turn for mimickry, a power of throwing one's self into the habitual train of another person's thinking and feeling, so as to be able, on a supposed or imaginary occasion, to support, in some measure, his *character*, and to utter his language. A remarkable instance of this kind occurred in an English comedian who lived in the earlier part of the last century. The following account of him is given by a very accurate and acute observer, who knew him well. "Estcourt," (says Colley Cibber) "was so amazing and extraordinary a mimic, that no man or woman, from the coquette to the privy-counsellor, ever moved or spoke before him, but he could carry their voice, look, mien, and motion, instantly into another company. I have heard him make long harangues, and form various arguments, even in the manner of thinking of an eminent pleader at the bar, with every the least article and singularity of his utterance so perfectly imitated, that he was the very *alter ipse*, scarce to be distinguished from his original." The statement here given is probably somewhat exaggerated; but instances approaching more or less to the description, must have fallen in the way of every man who has mingled at all in general society.'—pp. 185—188.

It is obvious that the sort of imitation here referred to, could

never enable a mimic to acquire, even for a moment, the imagination of a Shakspeare, or the intellect of a Newton. In truth, we are easily deceived by all external imitations, for the least resemblance will satisfy even the best judges. As to imitations of the mind, they may perhaps lead a good mimic to form a notion of the *temper* of the person whom he has in his eye at the time, but it is absurd to suppose, that the power of mimicry can be carried farther than this, at the utmost. Nevertheless, the power of imitation even to this extent, is undoubtedly 'a very important link in the mysterious chain' of our being, and deserves the attention which our author has bestowed upon it. But we must here break off for the present, as this paper has already exceeded the space we had proposed for it. The remainder of the chapter, as well as of the volume, is so full of interesting matter, that we shall resume the consideration of it in our next number.

(*To be continued*).

Art. VII. *Inquiry into the State of the Indian Army, with Suggestions for its Improvement, &c.* By Walter Badenach, Esq., Captain, Bengal Army. 8vo. pp. 151. 8*s.* 6*d.* London: Murray.

In referring, on a late occasion, to some of the circumstances which attended the Burmese war, we were led to express an opinion, that the state of discipline and the whole condition of the East India Company's army have become such, as urgently to demand the most serious consideration of our government. We promised, at some fitting opportunity, to revert to a subject of such vital influence upon the durability of our Indian empire; and we have now accordingly selected this volume for notice, much more for the general importance of the inquiry into which it professes to enter, than by reason of any great merit or value in the book itself. It is in truth a feeble, desultory, and rather egotistical production; and though it contains many facts well worthy of attention, it enforces them with no ability, and offers very few feasible suggestions upon their obvious tendency. Its statements are framed with a total want of pointed connection and energy; and its arguments are weak, superficial, and often inconsequential. In the few comments upon the state of the Indian army, for which we can find room, we shall therefore make little farther use of Captain Badenach's publication, than for the occasional convenience of quoting notorious and indisputable data; and where we have occasion to go farther, we shall be quite contented to appeal, for the justice of our conclusions on the inefficiency of our present military system in India, to the experience of every dispassionate observer, who has resided or served in the country. We have good reason to know, that our opinions are in consonance with those of authorities which, assuredly, need only to be named, to command the highest weight and respect.

We have before observed, that, during the operations of late years in India, the Sepoy regiments, from whatever causes, had certainly failed to display many of those excellent qualities of soldiership, on which their high reputation during the last century had been deservedly founded. From this conclusion, at least, no eye-witness of the campaigns of Bhurtpore and Ava will, we apprehend, be found to dissent; and, however reluctant the Company's own officers may naturally feel to acknowledge another fact, we know it to be equally incontrovertible, that in the interior discipline and organization of the native regiments of infantry, there has been also a lamentable falling off within the memory of the veterans of thirty years' service. We hold, that the second fact here stated sufficiently accounts for the first: we see no reason to imagine any necessary degeneration in the inherent qualities of the Sepoy soldier; and we are convinced, that, whether he has evinced himself courageous or dastardly, devoted to his officer or prone to mutiny and indiscipline, the result is alike, the praise or the fault of the system under which he has been trained. It is easy to point to a few glaring vices in the existing organization of the Company's army, which must at once fully explain this deterioration of its qualities.

Among these defects, the most palpable are—the totally inadequate numbers of European officers, as compared with the immense native force;—their injudicious distribution to regiments;—the absence of sufficient excitement among them to zeal and ambition, owing to the extreme tardiness of regimental promotion; and, the utter want of an arrangement, which should induce or compel every individual to retire from the service, who is unfitted for it, either by broken health and constitutional infirmity, after long residence in a pernicious climate, or by advancing years, or by natural incapacity and sloth. We shall devote to each of these defects of the existing system, in succession, as much notice as our limits will permit. And first, with regard to the proportion of European officers:—Captain Badenach, whose accuracy we have discovered no room to doubt, has calculated the total amount of the Company's army, including about eighty thousand irregulars, as follows:

Artillery	15,782
Sappers, Pioneers, &c.....	4,575
Cavalry	26,094
Infantry	234,412
TOTAL.....	280,863

Yet this immense force, forming the largest standing army in the world, except perhaps the Russian, is officered by less than four thousand two hundred Europeans! But, if we descend to particulars, we shall find the disproportion between the number of effective officers and men yet far greater. For example, by the present organization of the Company's army, each regiment of

native infantry of above a thousand men, is officered, nominally, by twenty-three Europeans:—*nominally*, for every military officer, whether employed on the proper staff of the army, or in the commissariat, barrack, and clothing departments, or attached to numerous irregular corps, or holding civil or political office, must, under the existing regulations, still be borne on the strength of some regular regiment. The gross number of officers thus taken from the effective strength of the regiments, is accurately counted by Captain Badenach to be near seven hundred; while nine hundred more are absent from India altogether, in Europe or places within the charter, on furlough, or on sick certificates for the benefit of their health. The result of the whole system is clearly proved, by a table in Captain Badenach's book (p. 6), to be, that on an average, each regiment of native infantry *cannot* possibly have more than eight or nine effective officers present and doing duty with it. But the practical fact is even more striking; and it is well known, that there are seldom found more than five or six officers present with a regiment of native infantry. We wish any member of the House of Commons would move for the names and number of European officers actually present with each of the regiments of Bengal native infantry which mutinied at Barrachpore: or, for a similar return of the officers present with *the four battalions* of Madras Sepoys, which, when opposed to the Burmese, near Prome, upon the only occasion of their being trusted without a support of British infantry, were, after the fall of their gallant brigadier, Colonel M'Donall, totally put to rout by the barbarian enemy.

The effects of this inadequate mode of officering the native infantry, are too plain to need exposition. The native of India is totally deficient in that innate bravery and confidence in his unassisted manhood, which, in the British soldier, are constitutional, and almost independent of the accidents of command: in action, the Sepoy requires to be under the immediate eye of an European officer, and needs the inspiration of the presence and example of his superiors. At least, every company of native infantry should be within the sight, the cheering voice, and the guidance of its proper European officer. Yet, while, even for a British regiment of a thousand men, an establishment of forty-seven officers is considered not too many to enforce the duties of command and example, and, of these, more than three-fourths are generally present: the Sepoy battalion of the same strength has only twenty-three officers, and above half the number are but nominally attached to the corps. The remedy for this defective organization is simple: the total establishment of twenty-three officers to a battalion, is but too small in itself; and it should at least be kept complete, by replacing individuals removed to staff or civil employments.

But, proceeding to expose the second evil to which we have referred:—the injudicious distribution of officers to regiments has

even more serious consequences than their inadequate numbers. In the first place it is necessary to observe, that, at present, as soon as a Company's officer attains the rank of major in his regiment, his promotion thenceforward does not proceed in his own corps, but according to general seniority, by his rank in the army; and thus, in the Madras infantry, the chance is fifty to one, and, in Bengal, seventy-four to one, against his succeeding to the command, as lieutenant-colonel, of the same battalion in which he has served, and of the Sepoys whose personal confidence he may have gained. This system, the injudicious change of our own times, is not the same under which the native infantry formerly earned a well-merited reputation, second only to that of British troops. In those days, the Sepoy was wont to serve for years under the same officers; and by long habits of personal obedience and intercourse, he learned to venerate his leader as a lasting protector, and almost as a parent. In the simple language of the native soldiery, they were proud, and fond of designating themselves as the *children* of their commander. On his part, the British officer, living continually with the same men, knew them all individually, and took a natural interest in their welfare: the bond of protection and fidelity was unbroken between him and them. The affections of the natives may be won by the European: but it is always the work of time; and the Sepoy never places much confidence and reliance on his officer, until he has known him long, had experience of his superior courage, and been cherished by his kindness.

But the European officer now is, perhaps, during half his residence in India, separated on staff employment from his men, and thus alienated from their attachment; and the moment he becomes lieutenant-colonel, he, in any case, goes to a new corps, to the soldiery of which he is a stranger, and whose affections he has had no opportunity of gaining. It is evident, that the officer who is destined in the native army to the career of regimental service, should, as far as possible, be confined to the same corps, and ascend through all its grades, from subaltern to commanding officer, among the same men, if it be meant that he shall know them well, and cultivate the love and respect of a soldiery, who are characteristically the willing slaves of habitude.

But the abstraction of so large a proportion of regimental officers from regimental duty, has a yet more injurious result than the mere loss of their number. It has the natural tendency of removing from each corps the most active and intelligent of its members. Every Company's officer, who has either energy or ability to recommend him, struggles to escape from the thankless routine of regimental service and the stagnation of regimental promotion, to staff or political employment, always of additional emolument, and usually of more distinction. The vast increase of our Indian empire, with which the additional establishment of European officers has in no degree kept pace, has created a great number of new

places: the commissariat, and barrack and clothing departments, which alone give extra-appointments to numerous officers, have only been created in India within the last thirty years; and the field of staff, civil, and political office, is so wide in comparison with the total sum of officers, that by far the larger portion of the intelligence and activity which is contained in their body, is directed to those branches of the service. We intend no invidious reproach, when we remark the indubitable consequence, that the regimental duty of the native army is hence necessarily abandoned to the least efficient part of the Company's officers. Let any impartial observer declare, what spectacle a regiment of native infantry usually exhibits:—it is officered at most by half a dozen old or health-broken men, and three or four raw boys: the latter, cadets fresh from England, and, of course, too inexperienced to command the respect of the veteran Sepoy; the former, shattered in constitution, and exhausted in mental vigour, dispirited at the hopelessness of promotion, and wearied and disgusted with the endless routine of subordinate duties, to which men of education are never long chained without losing all pride of emulation and enterprise, and becoming listless and torpid in mind, slothful in habits, and utterly averse from exertion.

If this picture be correct, and we have never found any eye-witness hardy enough to deny its truth, how can it be a subject of wonder, that the character of the native army has undergone a woeful deterioration? Undoubtedly, the extreme tardiness of regimental promotion is one great enduring cause of this extinction of energy and zeal in regimental officers. For this also the displacing from regiments of all individuals holding other employments, would be one great means of cure. The removal of individuals from time to time by such appointments, would prevent stagnation, and at least create a constant, though it should not be a very rapid, flow of promotion. They who adhered from choice or necessity to regimental duty, would have the cheering prospect of rising in their corps; the strength of a regiment would be kept complete, and a large proportion of its officers would not be worn-out or inexperienced men. If the expense of seven hundred or a thousand additional officers for the Company's army be objected to, we would simply rest the whole case upon the inquiry, whether the safety of our Indian empire is, or not, of superior value to such a cost? For its government may be assured, that no less a consideration than this is involved in the condition of the native army.

But since expense *is*, doubtless, a weighty consideration, it may be observed, that the cost need not by any means equal the *full pay* of the additional officers. In the king's service, nominations to staff appointments during the peace have been restricted, for the most part, to officers from the half-pay. The same system might be adopted in India; and every regimental officer accepting extra-office should be placed for the time on unattached half-pay, his army

or brevet rank still advancing. No fear need be entertained that the emoluments of such appointments, by which alone are fortunes now to be acquired in India, would not continue sufficiently inviting. To fill *them*, men of intelligence will always be found: the difficulty is, to improve the prospects, and restore the efficiency and number of regimental officers, on whose exertions and influence over their men, the discipline, valour, and good affection of the native army, and with it the preservation of India, are dependent.

We have pointed, in the last place, to the utter want, in the existing system, of some arrangement which should induce or compel every individual to retire from the Company's service, when unfitted for it by age, ill-health, or other incapacity. Without some improvement in this respect, the mere increase of the effective numbers of officers on regimental establishments, would produce no good whatever. At present every officer, on completing five-and-twenty years' service, including three years' intermediate furlough, *may* retire if he chooses; but there is no compulsion upon him so to do: and Captain Badenach deprecates any departure from this plan of mere voluntary superannuation. We differ from him altogether. In the king's service, if an officer is found to be incapacitated by ill-health, years, or infirmity, he is placed by authority, without his choice being consulted, upon the retired list. In India such a practice is still more requisite; for, after long residence in that tropical country, the European powers, both of mind and body, decay far more rapidly than in our own temperate climate. The age at which a man becomes incapable of active service in India is variable, of course, according to difference of health, temperament, and character; and, generally speaking, an officer whose energies have been excited and kept in action, by elevation to the station and dignity of command, would be likely to continue efficient much longer than he who, without promotion, has dragged on a languid and spirit-broken existence, in the dull monotony of subaltern duty. For the mass of regimental officers in India, we should say that forty-five is the very latest age at which they can be considered effective; and, as they have then generally completed the length of service to entitle them to full-pay retirement, they should be *compelled* by regulation to retire at that period, unless it should be certified, as an exception in any particular case by a commanding officer, that the individual, from good health and activity, is still fully capable of service. This plan would maintain efficiency in the whole establishment of regimental officers, and, what is of not less importance, secure a tolerable rapidity of promotion to those who should be actually serving.

But the retirement should be one of decent competence. That allotted to a captain is less than two hundred pounds a-year; and under the present system, few regimental officers attain a higher rank in twenty-five years. The consequence is, that they cannot afford to retire upon an income which, in England, and after the

luxury of Indian habits, would refuse them the comforts necessary to their condition, and reduce them to absolute penury; and, accordingly, Captain Badenach proves, that not five per cent. upon the total number of the Company's officers do accept their retirement. The remaining 95 per cent., after deducting those who fall by the casualties of service, remain in India to their last hour, for want of means to return home; and the majority of them only encumber the Company's army with valetudinarians of a premature old age. In every other army, some interval is placed between the term of a man's fitness for service, and that of his natural life; in the Company's army, officers are suffered, in the last stages of imbecility, still to cling to their appointments, until they drop into the grave. If a system of compulsory retirement were introduced —and of its necessity we are perfectly convinced—humanity and justice would equally demand the establishment of a decent compensation for long and faithful services, and, too often, for ruined health and constitution. The retired full pay of major, about 300*l.* per annum, is the least sum that should be named, in any case, as a moderate remuneration; and no old captain, whose conduct has been meritorious, should be superannuated after twenty-five years' service, without being at the same time thus promoted to a majority.

But the mere abstraction of the officers incapacitated *by years* would not, of itself, be enough to establish the efficiency of the Company's army. Some yet stronger measure would be necessary, to remove individuals unfitted for the service by various other circumstances: by natural supineness of character, constitutional or chronic ill-health, or general misconduct. Into the ranks of every army, a number of persons must gain admission, who prove themselves, upon experience, to be incapable or unworthy of discharging the duties of their station. Every military man is aware how frequently it is necessary, in the king's service, quietly to displace officers from their regiments, by allowing them to go on half-pay, or to sell their commissions, or gratuitously to resign them, without resorting to the public extremity of a court-martial. Since the commencement of the present century, some thousands even of officers must have been forcibly removed from active service in the king's army in this manner. Now the officers in the Company's army, however respectable in the mass, are certainly, in no degree, more so than those of the king's forces: and yet, it appears by Captain Badenach's calculations (table III. p. 37), that in the course of twenty-four years, only *sixty-eight* Company's officers have been removed from the service for misconduct. What does this prove, and whence does it proceed? Whence, but from a laxity of discipline, which notoriously allows, with impunity, total neglect of military duty, indifference to authority, immersion in debt, habitual intoxication, and, in a word, every species of irregularity and disorder, by which the worst members of the profession

can disgrace their worthier and honourable compeers. We put it to the candour of every Indian resident, if it be not equally notorious, that nothing is more difficult, or rather more impracticable, than to induce a court-martial of Company's officers to cashier an individual, even for the grossest violations of discipline, or of gentleman-like conduct.

We think that, if the Company's regiments were once placed upon an effective footing as to the number and age of officers, all this laxity of discipline and impunity for misconduct among them, might be soon made to disappear. Nothing has been of more utility in the king's army, than the system of half-yearly inspections, by generals of brigades or districts, at which every commanding officer of a regiment is required to make confidential reports of the mode in which the several members of his corps perform their duties and conduct themselves. This course of supervision imposes a most salutary restraint upon the whole body; nor is it easy under it for an unworthy or negligent character long to retain his place. The efficient application of the same system to the Indian army, would be most easy and beneficial: if every Sepoy regiment were regularly inspected by a general, we should never hear of such things as an officer of ten years' standing in India remaining ignorant of the language of his men, and, consequently, unable to learn their wants, or listen to their grievances! It is a frequent, and, we think, a just complaint with the Company's officers, that there are very few openings given to them for aspiring to high stations of command. In fact, very few of them are ever permitted to attain the rank of major-general. Now, there are certainly not nearly a sufficient number of general officers employed on the staff in India, for a proper *surveillance* over all portions of so immense and so scattered an army. Districts and stations should be more subdivided, and smaller in extent, and should each be commanded by a general of division; in each division brigadiers should be appointed, to preside over every five or six regiments; and the completion of such a chain of superintendence and responsibility, must be followed at once by a thousand corresponding and obvious advantages. Not the least of these would be the encouraging prospect—now almost extinct—to the emulation and ambition of the Company's officers, of rising to the station of generals on the staff, in judicious admixture with the general officers of the king's army.

Such, then, are our general opinions of the defects of the existing system in India, and of the manner in which they might wholly, or in part at least, be remedied. Perhaps we may be thought to have dwelt too much on minutiæ: but such details of arrangement are the essence of military discipline. Upon the completeness and efficiency of its body of officers, must depend the character of the Sepoy regiment. Unless well commanded and judiciously treated, no reliance can be placed upon the subordination of the native troops in their quarters, or upon their gallantry in the field. And

upon their fidelity and valour, it should never be forgotten, th
safety of our empire must mainly be poised. It is upon so p
ous a tenure that we hold our dominion; and it is a fearful
deration, how easily, by apathy, or impolitic security, in the
imperfection of our institutions, the splendid fabric of our gr
may silently crumble to ruin, or suddenly be shaken to it
dations. Burke, whose spirit of reflection rendered him one
greatest among philosophical statesmen, and whose keen
gence so often pierced into the futurity of politics, with pr
judgment,—Burke was early led to watch the rapid growt
young empire in the East with eager anxiety, and to predict, p
in anticipation of its gigantic consummation, and easy deca
it was not impossible the fate of England might be deci
India. That which was dimly shadowed out to his pene
vision, has now burst upon the gross understanding of the
mind of Europe. The mere popular rumour of our time
thrown out a dangerous temptation for the most greedy a
bitious power of the world. The idea of an overland inva
India, was among the magnificent dreams of Napoleon; and
one day become the serious project of a Russian autocrat.

Of all the difficulties of such an enterprise, we are as sens
any one can be: but that which is often talked of, may at
attempted; and that which has been more than once effe
past ages, from Persia and Tartary, may be accomplished
from the same quarter. At least, it would be a mere delu
close our eyes to the probability, that the epoch is not very
when Russia will, in fact or effect, reduce the feeble and disor
empire of Persia into complete subjugation to her rule or her dic
It may now well behove us to consider, on what conditions we
then, best hold the dominion of India, against a power at our g
formidable, so insatiable, and so insidious, in its policy, as
The permanent establishment of our native army, on the mo
and efficient system, must be the timely preparation for
crisis: if its improvement be neglected until the moment of
is actually arrived, the work of reform will be attempted too

Nor is the condition or amount of the native army the o
cessary object of attention. The amount of British force re
for overawing that army itself, for supporting the salutary i
sion of our power, upon the minds of the natives of India in g
and for preserving the undisturbed obedience of the penins
much greater than that which we at present maintain in the
try. How inadequate a body of twenty thousand British
may prove to answer all the contingencies that can arise
vast empire, was sufficiently shewn, as we before remarked,
dangerous epoch of the Burmese war. If by possibility a F
army, with a Persian or Tartar host of subject-allies in it
should ever appear on the plains of Paniput, to set the em
India a third time at issue on that fated field, the earliest al

England, might arrive only when the hour for succour was past. A British regiment is not seasoned to the climate of India, or fit to take the field in that country, in less than two years after its departure from our shores. The first shock of encounter with an European invader, must be mainly repelled by the prowess of our own troops, before the Sepoy would meet his new and strange enemy with the confidence inspired by example. One decisive defeat, would suffice for the total overthrow of our empire; and without a nucleus of at least thirty or forty thousand British infantry, no Sepoy army could be safely committed in the struggle.

But, admitting the remoteness of such a contingency, no man can doubt that our present British force in India is deplorably inadequate for the purposes required of it. Forty thousand men could be as easily raised, and spared from the exuberance of our population, and the demands of our army in Europe, as twenty thousand. And even an augmentatian of ten thousand—of ten more regiments—to the present British strength in India, would be a most important addition.

To this, as to the other suggestions which we have ventured to advance, the objection of expense will of course be opposed by those interested and short sighted calculators, who measure every establishment by its present cost, rather than its ultimate prudence. But, we repeat, the question is not one of indifferent choice, but of pressing importance; not one of doubtful expediency, but of absolute, crying necessity. Is India to be maintained at all? Are our eastern possessions worth the cost of permanently preserving? If they be not, our present system may suffice as long as it may chance to endure: but if the maintenance of our possessions in Asia, is associated with our prosperity and grandeur in Europe; if, as we believe, the first ruinous shock which is suffered by our power in the east, will be felt with perilous violence in the most distant extremities of our western dominion; then is there an awful responsibility upon the rulers of our Indian affairs, how they admit the sordid consideration of a partial increase of annual expenditure, to weigh against the honour, the prosperity, and the safety, of the whole of this great and majestic empire.

ART. VIII. *Memoires ou Souvenirs et Anecdotes.* Par M. le Comte de Segur, de l'Academie Françoise, pair de France. Tome 3. Paris: Emery. London: Colburn. 1827.

WHEN noticing the two former volumes of these memoires*, which promise to be almost as protracted as those of Madame Genlis, we had occasion to praise the general precision and occasional elegance of the style in which they were written. We were

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* M. R., vol. ii., p. 484.

compelled, at the same time, to observe that their tone was uniformly frigid, even in those portions of the narrative which were not taken up with political events. The same remarks apply to the volume before us. It would seem rather to be the production of a phlegmatic Dutchman, than of a French Nobleman of the old regime; although the very title of this department of literature we derive from our pleasant and accomplished neighbours. Indeed they have made it almost exclusively their own, in consequence of the native gallantry and mirth, the frank and spirited eloquence which have raised up so many models of such works among them.

Certainly the recollections and anecdotes of Count Segur, are told in a manner extremely different from the generality of those models. Whether this be owing to the striking change which the revolution has wrought in the French character itself, or to the diplomatic habits of the Count, and his apparent anxiety to appear on every occasion in the dignified costume of the ambassador, we cannot presume to judge. But we must say, that of all the memoir writers whom it has been our fortune to meet with, Count Segur is the most stately, the most cautious, and the most didactic. His element is diplomacy; his pride the discretion, the ministerial acuteness, with which he met the exigencies of his mission, and here he must be always acceptable to persons experienced in, or aspiring to, that important profession. But amusement is quite out of his way. If a smile play on his lips, he forthwith dissipates it, lest it should disclose a state secret. Even his jokes are auxiliary to his negotiations; and he boasts more than once, of serving his nation by a well-turned compliment, or a piece of flattering poetry.

We are bound, however, in justice to say that, in our judgment, the volume before us is by far the best of the three now published. The author's account of Catherine's journey to the Crimea, fills up a void in the modern history of Europe, and displays the character of that singular woman, in more striking colours, than any narrative of her reign which we have yet seen. Several familiar conversations are given by the Count, in which the Empress took part, sometimes in the private circle of her palace, sometimes in her travelling carriage, sometimes in her galley while sailing on the Borysthenes. From these disclosures we learn indeed nothing absolutely new, but her remarks bring the eye of an observer nearer, as it were, to her personal demeanour and character. The stiff robes of the empress are removed, and we see her in her womanly attire, and can perceive how she conducted herself in her every-day course of life. Travelling together always makes companions better acquainted with each other, than any other description of intercourse. Ceremony is dispensed with, and we are dependent upon each other for every assistance which may shorten and beguile the way. Thus Count Segur, by accompanying the empress on her journey, enjoyed better opportunities of knowing her, than any that could have occurred to him at Peters-

burgh, and by placing his readers as much as possible in his own situation, he has given them a similar advantage.

This celebrated journey, which at the time justly attracted the attention of all Europe, and excited not a little alarm in some of the southern cabinets, was commenced on the 18th of January, 1787. The empress's personal favourite at that time was Count Momonoff; her political idol, Prince Potemkin. She was attended by a limited suite, and by all the foreign ministers at her court. The carriages were mounted on 'a sort of lofty skates,' and were drawn along with such rapidity, that 'they seemed to fly through the air.' The cold was, as may be supposed, excessively severe; but furs of bear-skin and caps of sable, afforded sufficient means of defence against it. The day gave no more than six or seven hours of light, and was then succeeded by complete darkness. But a magnificent mode of providing against this inconvenience was resorted to. 'At short distances from each other, and on both sides of the road, enormous piles of fir, cypress, birch and pine, had been raised, which were set on fire.'

Our author was at this time in high favour with the empress, for he had just concluded, on the part of France, that commercial treaty with Russia, the negotiation of which occupied so large a share of his former volume. The empress, while on her journey, usually rose at six o'clock, and transacted business with her ministers; she then breakfasted, and received the foreign envoys: the cavalcade set out at nine o'clock, stopped to dine at two, renewed the journey after dinner, and stopped for the night at seven.

'Every where she found a palace or an elegant house prepared to receive her. We dined with her every day. After a few moments at her toilette, her Majesty met us again in the drawing-room, chatted and played with us, and at nine o'clock retired, to employ herself until eleven.

'In all the towns we had commodious lodgings assigned us in the houses of the rich inhabitants, but in the villages I was obliged to stop at those of the peasants; in which the heat, from their closeness and narrowness, was so excessive that it was impossible to sleep. A little window admitted a feeble light during the day-time, into a low room which was almost filled by an enormous stove, surrounded by benches placed near the walls; it was on this stove that the peasant and his wife and children slept, deprived of air, and having no light but that which was furnished by a blazing log of wood.'—p. 11.

The following is a specimen of the manner in which Catherine chatted. Mr. Fitzherbert, we need scarcely premise, was the British minister.

'On the second day of our journey, I was placed with Mr. Fitz-Herbert in the carriage of the Empress. The conversation was lively, gay and varied, and did not flag for a moment. Her Majesty told us, that on learning that she was blamed for having permitted a captain of a ship to marry a negro woman, she replied, "You see that it is the effect of my ambitious views

with regard to the Turks; I have caused a celebration of the marriage of the Russian marine with the Black Sea."

'She delighted in often speaking of the barbarism, the effeminacy and the ignorance of the Mussulmans, and of the stupid life of their sultans, whose horizon did not extend beyond the walls of their Harem. "These imbecile despots," said she, "weakened by the pleasures of the seraglio, ruled over by their ulemas, and captives of their janissaries, can neither think, speak, fight, nor administer public affairs; their infancy is perpetual."

'She said that the eunuchs, who constantly watch during the night near the grand seignor, carry their vigilant, servile and absurd attention so far, as to awake him when they perceive that he has a bad dream; a less dangerous, but quite as sagacious a mark of kindness, as that of the bear so pleasantly related by La Fontaine.

'The conversation having some moments afterwards turned upon the extent of the empire, on the variety of people who inhabited it, and on the numerous obstacles which Peter the Great and his successors must have met with in their efforts to civilize so many men of different manners, Catherine related to us, in detail, a journey which she once made along the banks of the Wolga.

'"There reigns," said she, "such an abundance in those regions, that the progress of industry must necessarily be very slow, for the stimulus of want is seldom felt there, and by that stimulus alone can people be induced to work. Even if the people living near this great river were to neglect their fertile meadows and numerous flocks, the fisheries alone would prevent their perishing from hunger; I have seen a hundred and twenty persons fed with fish which cost no more than thirty-five sous."—pp. 11—13.

The Count justly remarks, that the principal cause of the slow progress of civilization, was the slavery of the people. The serf sunk to the rank of the brute. The cause assigned by Catherine, however, had at least an important effect towards the same end. If the potato had not been introduced into Ireland, we doubt much whether the misery prevailing there would be half so extensive as it is. But in Ireland also the serf-system still co-operates practically with cheap food, to fetter the people to the earth. But we return to the Count, and must permit him to relate an anecdote, which pretty well discloses the estimate he had formed of the virtue of Catherine, and of his own pretensions. Speaking diplomatically, he was on the verge of "a false position." The manner in which he extricates himself, proves that his tactics were of no mean order.

'I think it will not be altogether useless to mention here a fact, in itself of no great moment, but which may contribute to give a just view of the character of Catherine. One day, as I was sitting opposite to her in her carriage, she expressed a desire that I would repeat to her some light pieces of poetry which I had composed.

'The delightful familiarity which she permitted to those who travelled with her, the presence of her young favourite, the remembrance of those who had preceded him in her favour, her philosophy, her gaiety, her correspondence with the Prince de Ligne, Voltaire and Diderot, having led me to suppose that she would not be shocked at a tale of gallantry, I

recited one to her which was in truth a little free and gay, but still sufficiently choice in its expressions to have been well received at Paris by the Duc de Nivernais, by the Prince de Beauveau, and by ladies whose virtue equalled their good humour.

'To my great surprise, I saw the laughing traveller suddenly assume the deportment of a majestic Sovereign. She interrupted me by a question altogether foreign to the purpose, and changed the subject of conversation.

'Some minutes afterwards, in order to shew her that I understood her lesson, I entreated her attention to a piece of verse of a very different kind from the former, and to which she lent the most obliging attention: as if desirous that her weaknesses should be respected, she took care to cover them with a veil of decency and dignity.

'This anecdote reminds me of what my brother said, with so much justness and originality, when speaking of the indulgence permitted by women thoroughly virtuous, and the apparent severity of those who are not quite so perfect. "Where virtue reigns," said he, "the shew of nice decorum is useless.'—pp. 16, 17.

There is no doubt that the great object of Catherine's life, was to expel the Turks from Europe, if she could, and to place one of her own family on the throne of Constantinople. But such an aggrandizement of the imperial house of Russia, would have been agreeable to none of the powers of southern Europe at that day, no more than it would be at the present time. The empress often rallied the Count on the friendship which France entertained for the Sultan. "Yes," said she to him one day, laughing, "you are not willing that I should drive from my neighbourhood your children, the Turks: you have in them, truly, delicate scholars; they are disciples who do you honour. If you had similar neighbours in Piedmont or Spain, who brought you annually plague and famine, and killed or destroyed every year twenty thousand people, would you find it agreeable that I should take them under my protection?" The diplomatist acknowledges that this question was a puzzler.

Our author reports from Catherine's mouth a most ludicrous anecdote of M. Mercier de la Rivière. This *savan* had been formerly intendant of Martinique, and had published a treatise "on the natural and essential order of political society," which was in great vogue at the time among the economists at Paris. Upon the recommendation of Diderot, Catherine sent for him, in order to be made acquainted with his system. The result she related as follows:

'M. de La Rivière, said the Empress to me, commenced his journey with promptitude; and, as soon as he had arrived, his first care was to engage three adjoining houses, the whole of the arrangements of which he speedily altered, converting the saloons into halls of audience, and the rooms into offices.

'The philosopher had taken it into his head that I had sent for him to assist me in governing the empire, and to rescue us from the darkness of barbarism by his enlightened instruction. Upon the doors of the numerous

apartments he had written in large characters: *department of the interior, department of commerce, department of justice, department of finance, tax-office, &c.* At the same time, also, he invited many of the inhabitants, both natives and strangers, who had been represented to him as intelligent persons, to lay before him their pretensions, in order that he might judge of their capabilities for office.

'All this made a great noise in Moscow, and, as it was known that it was by my orders he had been sent for, he had no difficulty in finding a number of credulous people who were eager to pay their court to him.

'While these things were going on I arrived, and the comedy came to a close. I aroused this legislator from his dreams; I conversed with him two or three times respecting his work, upon which I confess that he spoke extremely well, for he was not deficient in ability; vanity alone had for a moment disturbed his brain. I indemnified him properly for his expenses, and we parted good friends. He forgot the cares of the prime minister, and returned to his country satisfied as an author, but a little ashamed, as a philosopher, at the false step which his pride had caused him to commit.'—pp. 32, 33.

The mind of Catherine was, it must be admitted, little addicted to theory.

'More is to be learned, by speaking to ignorant persons about their own affairs, than by talking with the learned, who have nothing but theories, and who would be ashamed not to answer you by ridiculous observations on subjects of which they have no positive knowledge. How I pity these poor *savans!* They never dare to pronounce these four words, *I do not know:* which we ignorant people find so convenient, and which often prevent us from adopting dangerous decisions; for, in a doubtful case, it is much better to do nothing than to do wrong.'—p. 31.

Much as she admired, or rather affected to admire, the French philosophers, whose favourable opinion she courted, she seldom permitted their theoretical doctrines to interfere with her practical notions. Diderot's name was at that period in high repute. It has since found its just station in a degree of neglect that nearly approaches to oblivion. He was as great a fanatic in his incredulity, as intolerent in his Atheism, as other bigots have been who profess to hold the tenets of Christianity. He was in great estimation with Catherine, to whom his eloquent conversation chiefly recommended him. She thus, according to our author, pourtrays his character, and at the same time displays her own.

'I frequently had long conversations with him, said Catherine, but with more curiosity than profit. Had I placed faith in him, every institution in my empire would have been overturned; legislation, administration, politics and finances, would all have been changed, for the purpose of substituting some impracticable theories.

'However, as I listened more than I talked, any one, on being present, would have supposed him to be the commanding pedagogue, and myself the humble scholar. Probably he was of that opinion himself, for, after some time, finding that he had not wrought in my government any of those

great innovations which he had advised, he exhibited his surprise by a sort of haughty discontent.

'Then speaking to him freely, I said: "*Monsieur Diderot, I have listened with the greatest pleasure to all that your brilliant genius has inspired you with; but all your grand principles, which I understand very well, though they will make fine books, would make sad work in actual practice. You forget, in all your plans for reformation, the difference between our two positions: you work only upon paper, which submits to every thing; it is altogether obedient and supple, and opposes no obstacles, either to your imagination or to your pen; whereas I, a poor Empress, I work upon human nature, which is, on the contrary, irritable and easily offended.*"

'I am satisfied that, from that time, he pitied me, and looked on me as one possessed only of a narrow and ordinary mind. From that moment he spoke to me only on literary subjects, and politics disappeared from our conversations.'—pp. 34, 35.

The Empress and her suite stopped in the dull city of Kioff for a couple of months, much to the annoyance of Count Segur, who was oppressed with ennui all the time, though living like a prince, at the expense of the court which he attended. Among the numerous generals who repaired thither on the occasion, was the famous Souwaroff, or Suwarrow. The following anecdote of this veteran is characteristic:—

'I remember I asked him once, whether it was true that, when he was in the army, he seldom slept, subduing nature, even without necessity, lying always upon straw, and never drawing off his boots nor quitting his arms:—Yes, he said, I hate idleness; and from my fear of sleeping, I have always a cock in my tent which is very punctual in frequently awaking me; when I wish now and then to enjoy luxury and repose comfortably, I take off one of my spurs.'—pp. 55, 56.

In one trait this hardy warrior seems to have resembled Napoleon—that of asking strangers a number of questions without scarcely waiting for the answers. We give a laughable specimen of his introductory conversation with M. de Lameth, a French gentleman, then on his travels in Russia:—

'To what country do you belong? said the General, abruptly.—France.—What profession?—Military.—What rank?—Colonel.—Your name?—Alexander de Lameth.—Good.

'M. de Lameth, a little annoyed at this short interrogation, called on the General in his turn, and looking at him steadfastly, said: To what country do you belong?—Russia.—What profession?—Military.—What rank?—General.—What name?—Souwaroff.—Good. Both immediately fell a laughing, and thenceforward were very good friends.—p. 57.

Among the occupations to which Catherine had recourse at Kioff, in order to while away the time, was the study of the art of poetry.

'This Princess took it into her head to learn to make verses: I was occupied eight days in making her acquainted with the rules of poetry; but, from the moment we attempted to put them in practice, both she and I discovered that time had never been worse employed, and I believe that it

would be difficult to meet with an ear less susceptible of the harmony of verse than her's was.

'Her brain, entirely filled with reasoning and politics, afforded no images to enrich her thoughts; her mind seemed to sink under the fatigue of a toilsome search for metre and for rhyme. She allowed, therefore, that her efforts in this species of composition would not be more happy than those of the celebrated Mallebranche, who said, that after very great labour, he was incapable of making any other verses than the two following:

'"Il fait le plus beau temps du monde
Pour aller à cheval, sur la terre et sur l'onde."

'The weather's as fine as weather can be,
On horseback to ride o'er the land and the sea.'—p. 59.

Mr. Fitzherbert, like a true John Bull, told the Empress that she had no chance of success in that department of fame, and that she ought to limit her poetical exertions to the epitaph which she wrote on her dog.

'"Ci-gît la duchesse Anderson,
Qui mordit monsieur Rogerson."

'Here lies the Duchess Anderson,
Who once bit Mr. Rogerson.'—p. 60.

This scene of courtly languor was at length materially relieved by the arrival of Prince Potemkin, and that celebrated master of conversational eloquence and pleasantry, the amiable Prince de Ligne. The former took up his residence at the monastery Petschersky, where he displayed all the state and personal *hauteur* of a grand vizier. We must give the portrait which the author draws of that semi-barbarous chieftian:—

'Either from natural indolence, or from an affected importance, which he considered as useful and politic, this powerful and capricious favourite of Catherine, after having appeared in the grand uniform of Marshal, covered with decorations and diamonds, loaded with embroidery and lace, and with his head dressed, curled and powdered, like the oldest of our courtiers, generally put on a morning gown, with his neck bare, his legs half naked, his feet in large slippers, and his hair flat and badly combed. He lay effeminately stretched out upon a large sofa, surrounded by a crowd of officers and the most considerable personages of the empire, rarely inviting any of them to be seated, and almost always pretending to be too much occupied by a game at chess, to perceive the Russians, or the foreigners who arrived in his saloon.

'I was well acquainted with all his singularities; but as scarcely any one of the bystanders was aware of the intimate familiarity which existed between this eccentric minister and myself, I confess that my self-love experienced some embarrassment, upon the reflection that so many strangers would behold the minister of the King of France exposed, like any other person, to submit to his insolence and his caprice.

'In order, therefore, that no one should be deceived, I adopted this course: when I had arrived at the monastery, and had been announced, perceiving that the prince did not at all discompose himself, not even so

much as to raise his eyes from the chess-board, I went directly up to him, I took his head between my hands, I embraced him cordially and without ceremony, and then set myself down by his side upon his sofa. This familiarity of course astonished the spectators, but it was perfectly intelligible to him.'--pp. 62, 63.

The stratagem which our diplomatist adopted on this occasion, appears to our comprehension to have been sufficiently perilous. We should have expected the prince to have returned the salute in a less gracious manner, but it seems to have passed off without any further remark.

It was while Count Segur was at Kioff, that he received the first intelligence of the assembly of the *notables* in Paris. So little did he, or any of the statesmen then near Catherine, foresee the consequences of that measure, that he proclaimed it as a fortunate step, upon which every body congratulated him. Even Catherine spoke of it with enthusiasm, and said that she could not too much eulogise the young king, whom she compared to Henry IV. The probability is, that she hoped that such a measure would sufficiently employ the court of Versailles for some time, and thus permit her to carry on, without impediment from that quarter, her designs upon the Ottoman dominions. The elements of war with that power were already sufficiently matured: an immense Russian army was collected by Prince Potemkin near the Euxine sea, under pretence of rendering the pompous voyage of the Empress a more magnificent and imposing spectacle in the eyes of Europe; and her ambassador at Constantinople already began to find various causes of complaint against the Sultan. Count Segur was instructed to exert all his talents in order to prevent the breaking out of hostilities: with what success we need not say, as the events which followed are fully recorded in the page of history. The Count mentions, however, one opinion, which we can scarcely believe to have have been well founded. He thinks that the real project of Catherine, was not to take possession of Constantinople, but to add Moldavia and Wallachia to all her other recent conquests, and, after forming the whole into a new Grecian empire, to place the crown on the head of young Constantine.

Had we space for observation here, we might point out the evasions to which Catherine resorted in order to deceive the French minister. Her envoy at Constantinople, acting under the instructions of Potemkin, was doing every thing in his power in order to precipitate the two countries into an immediate war. When his conduct is remonstrated against, she calls Potemkin before her, and censures his proceedings, as being unauthorised; which he admits, but excuses on some slight grounds. Still matters go on as before, and it seems that she succeeded in persuading Segur, that, at the utmost, her wishes reached no farther than Wallachia and Moldavia; as if, after acquiring those two provinces, her march to Constantinople could be arrested!

There are those who believe, that even to the present hour, the court of Petersburgh have not lost sight of that splendid prize; but wait for the turn of events, in order to contend for it, against the effeminate and tottering power of the Turks. Has the entertainment of this project any connexion with those family arrangements, which, to the surprise of all Europe, lately gave the throne of Russia to a younger, passing over the elder brother? Is Constantine still destined to rule over the capital from which his name was honoured? Was he not designed for this by Catherine; and is the fulfilment of her project to be his compensation, for the departure in his person from the regular line of succession?

From Kioff the Empress proceeded on her journey, as soon as the spring rendered the waters of the Borysthenes navigable. Her galley was splendidly fitted up, and was followed by more than eighty vessels, of different descriptions. Upon the arrival of the fleet at Kanieff, Stanislaus, the king of Poland, was in attendance, to pay his homage to Catherine. The two monarchs had formerly, as it is well known, been united by ties more tender than those of mere political friendship. The interview was expected to be embarrassing to both parties.

'When he had ascended the imperial galley, we pressed in a circle around him, anxious to witness the first emotions, and to hear the first words of these illustrious personages, under circumstances so different from those under which they had formerly been seen, when they were united by love, separated by jealousy, and pursued by hatred.

'But our expectations were almost entirely disappointed; for, after a mutual salutation, grave, cold, and dignified, Catherine having given her hand to Stanislas, they entered a cabinet, where they remained shut up for half an hour.

'As soon as this *tête-à-tête* was over, their Majesties rejoined us; and, as we had not been able to hear them, we endeavoured to read their thoughts in their features: but the light clouds which rested on their countenances rendered our attempt difficult enough. On the side of the Empress there was a cloud of embarrassment and unusual restraint; and, in the eyes of the King, a certain expression of sadness, which an affected smile could not entirely conceal.'—pp. 102, 103.

The King gave a superb ball at Kanieff, which he entreated the Empress to honour by her presence. She told him that she feared to make any further delay, as she might keep the emperor (Joseph II.) waiting, who was to meet her at Kherson. This was what a Bond-street lounger would call "a dead cut;" the poor King went away in despair, and Catherine resumed her voyage, which was not interrupted until she had quitted the fleet, in order to receive the Emperor, who had left Kherson to meet her.

The object of this rendezvous was of course to form plans for the then intended war with the Turks. If the testimony of the Prince de Ligne may be depended upon, the two sovereigns "talked very amicably of a very fine project, the re-establishment

of the Grecian republics." This idea, by the way, did not at all surprise Count Segur, who has the happy trick of believing that forty years ago he foresaw every thing that was to happen in Europe. This is one of the Count's predominant affectations. After history has recorded facts, he wishes us to believe that he had prophesied them.

Our author details some interesting conversations which he had with the Emperor, at Kherson, but which we have no room to notice. Neither can we follow the Empress in her journey through the Crimea. The chief diplomatic employment of our author, during the latter part of the journey, was to indispose Catherine to the war, and to carry into effect a project of his own, for a fourfold alliance between France, Spain, Austria and Russia, in order to preserve the balance of Europe against the Anglo-Prussian league. This project entirely failed, as France was disposed rather to assist the Turks, than to aid Catherine against them; and as, besides, the troubles of the rising revolution gave the court of Versailles quite enough to do at home.

Catherine having returned to St. Petersburgh, war was soon declared between her and the Porte. Count Segur remained some time longer at her court, and in the portion of his memoirs which relates to this period, he connects with them detailed observations on the general state of Europe, which few readers, we apprehend, will be induced to go through. He at length obtained leave to return to France, and upon his arrival in Paris found the constituent assembly in full operation. The principles which its leading members proclaimed, seem to have found great favour with him, while their eloquence excited his admiration. But the French revolution, and the characters who figured in it, are now become threadbare subjects. They no doubt will fill another volume or two, in which the Count threatens to disclose the events of his personal history during the last thirty-six years. We trust, however, that he will spare himself the trouble of abridging, so often as he has done in the volumes already published, the modern history of Europe. If he will but confine himself to what he saw with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears, his books may be of considerable value, although they may want that raciness of manner, which is one of the principal charms of that sort of narrative classed under the title of memoirs.

ART. IX. *History of the Peninsular War.* By Robert Southey, Esq., LL. D., Poet Laureate, &c. &c. In Three Volumes. Vol. II., 4to. pp. 807. 2*l.* 10*s.* London: Murray. 1827.

AFTER a sufficient interval of four years, since the publication of the first volume of his history of the Peninsular War, Mr. Southey has here given to the world the second portion of the same undertaking. In the conduct of its narrative, and the tone of its senti-

ments, this volume differs, of course, little from that which preceded it; and they who remember the merits and blemishes which characterised the beginning of the work, will observe them equally preserved and renewed in its continuation.

The peculiarities of Mr. Southey's mind are too correctly understood, and the measure of his reputation has been too accurately settled by the world, to render it needful for us to enter into any very formal estimate of his qualifications for the great task, in which he has here chosen to embark. In the practised skill and mechanism of miscellaneous prose composition, he has, certainly, few living superiors. He is, unquestionably, a writer of extraordinary fluency and elegance, an accomplished scholar, and an experienced literary critic. His stores of knowledge appear to be almost of unbounded variety and extent; they have been accumulated with an enthusiastic passion for letters; and he has dispensed them again in such abundance, and often with so much spirit and success, that there are few subjects of general information, when unconnected with party feeling, that he has not agreeably enriched and diversified by his contributions. Moreover, to his present work, the favourite direction of his studies might seem particularly adapted; for in most of the former productions of his pen, it was apparent that the cultivation of the history and literature of Spain and Portugal, had been his darling pursuit; and it was in illustrating the learning and antiquities, the romantic poesy, the drama, and the authentic chronicles of the nations of the Peninsula, that he evidently occupied the vantage-ground of his strength.

But with all these qualifications, which Mr. Southey's industry and acquirements, and the habitual bent of his studies, enabled him to bring to his present subject, there were obviously circumstances, in his opinions and party connexions, that materially unfitted him for the office of the dignified and candid historian. Even his most pleasing writings were injured by puerilities of thought, and conceits of expression; and all the productions of his mind, betrayed, too observably, some absence of those qualities which, in common parlance, are emphatically denominated, good sense and good taste. Hence only could proceed his disposition to regard the contest which sprang out of the French Revolution as a holy war, in which our enemies were accursed of God, and we the special objects of the divine interposition and favour:—a doctrine, of which it would be hard to say, whether it argues most presumptuous bigotry, or feeble superstition. But Mr. Southey's avowed tenets, whether in religion or politics, were notoriously neither of the most tolerant or liberal kind; and his own writings had already put him upon record, for a partizan of no very sound judgment or temperate zeal.

This character he had himself engraved beforehand for his *epitaph, in terms* which were sure to prove as indelible as his name, *and, perhaps, more* lasting than his literary reputation. It was

obvious, that he could distinguish neither right feeling nor virtuous conduct, beyond the narrow pale of his own exclusive principles: however inconsistently, at different epochs of his life, it pleased him to array his authority on opposite sides of the same question, his sentiments were equally certain to be propounded with a dogmatical and self-complacent confidence in his own infallibility; and he had proved that he could not imagine how any man, or body of men, might have the unhappiness to differ from him in opinion, without being dishonest, unprincipled, and wicked. Thus, having latterly, for some twenty years, followed the standard of administration, he had identified his cause with the cause of Heaven; and he had been contented to become the loud Coryphæus of all that single-hearted and exemplary band, who, in the humorous conception of Washington Irving, are religiously persuaded that "God is ever on the side of the government."

Thus chained to a party, and wedded to its opinions, it might well be doubted whether Mr. Southey could relate any portion of our contemporary history, with calm impartiality and dispassionate judgment. It might well be doubted, whether his mind could sufficiently expand from its contracted superstitions and prejudices, to embrace the events of our own times, in a broad and philosophical survey; and it might reasonably be anticipated, that his political prepossessions would lend their discoloured hue to every part of his narrative. This expectation has been too well justified by the event. His first volume teemed with incessant and laboured execration of the French Revolution and Napoleon Buonaparte, and with no less virulent abuse of the "enemies of government"—the parliamentary opposition—in this country. The second volume, which is now before us, is a thick repetition of pretty much the same strain of invective. To the opposition in parliament are boldly ascribed, designs and efforts of the most disgraceful, and even treasonable, tendency; and neither the palpable absurdity of such a charge in itself, nor the hereditary rank and stake in the commonwealth of the leaders of that party, nor the most honourable private character of numerous individuals among them, have been sufficient to protect them, in Mr. Southey's pages, from open obloquy and covert insinuations. The whole work, in short, will form an elaborate party view of one of the most memorable and glorious epochs in our annals; and many detached portions of its narrative of the war, are certainly written with great animation and beauty: but, for impartial history, it can never be received; and to the dignity of such composition, it can justly claim no pretension. It will be read only for the easy attractions of the author's style, and the pervading interest of the events which it records. In this point of view only shall we regard it; and, without further comment upon its political tone, it will be our intention to refer generally to the divisions of the two volumes which have already appeared, and then to offer more particular notice of the contents of the second.

Of the gigantic war of seven years, of which Mr. Southey had constituted himself the historian, his first volume did not embrace more than the events of 1808: for the development of the causes which prepared the way for the occupation of the Peninsula by the French armies, engrossed, perhaps necessarily, a very large space. The contents of that volume, although Mr. Southey had not specifically thus separated them, might be divided into three distinct parts. The *first* exhibited a view of the condition of the two kingdoms of Spain and Portugal, and of all Europe, when Buonaparte conceived the iniquitous plot for the seizure of the Peninsula; the *second* offered a minute and closely woven narrative of the train of revolting treachery, by which the French emperor inveigled the imbecile royal family of Spain into his hands, and accomplished for a time the military occupation of both the capitals, and most of the fortresses of the two kingdoms; and the *third* entered on the immediate operations of the war, from the massacre of Madrid, and the general insurrection of the Spanish and Portuguese people, to the close of the first campaign, between the invaders on one side, and the undisciplined patriot armies and their generous auxiliaries, on the other. The battle of Corunna formed the closing event of the volume.

Thus, in actual duration of time, Mr. Southey had only included a seventh part of his subject in a third of his whole allotted limits. He had not, in fact, terminated his narrative of the military operations of the first year; and the volume now before us accordingly opens, by reverting, from the battle of Corunna, to the progress of the isolated war in Catalonia and Aragon, during the four last months of 1808. After this has been narrated, we may be said to enter on the campaign of 1809. The second invasion of Portugal, by Marshal Soult, after the battle of Corunna; the fall of Oporto to his army; his subsequent rout and expulsion from Portugal, by the fresh British force again assembled at Lisbon, under Sir A. Wellesley; the rapidity with which that force was thrown by its great commander, from the Douro upon the Tagus; the concentration of the war upon the latter river; the battle of Talavera; the forced retreat of the British army, after its victory, into cantonments within the Portuguese frontiers; the subsequent rash advance of the Spanish armies from the south, and their total overthrow;—all these operations may be remarked as the great and principal features of the campaign of 1809. The collateral circumstances of the main contest were, again, the operations in Catalonia and Aragon; and the larger part of the campaign was here filled by the siege of Gerona, where the defenders nobly emulated the example which the Zaragozans had set them in the preceding season.

With the invasion of Andalusia by the French, may the campaign of 1810 be said to have opened. The strong passes of the Sierra Morena were abandoned by the Spaniards, almost without an effort; the course of the invaders was only arrested by the out-

works of Cadiz; and the whole *impetus* of the French arms was next turned upon the British, to drive them through Portugal into the sea. Then ensued the memorable Fabian defence of that country, by the genius of our great Captain, the valour of our troops, and the kindred spirit with which example and instruction had inspired the raw Portuguese levies. The advance of Massena with overwhelming numbers; the fall of the frontier fortresses of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida, of which our general was compelled to be the inactive spectator; the glorious repulse on the mountain range of Busaco, by which the allied army gave the first check to the pride of the invaders; the continued retreat to the lines of Torres Vedras; the sudden recoil of Massena before those impregnable barriers; the inactivity, the famine, and disorganization of his immense army; and the final retreat, which confessed him baffled and worsted by the superior skill of his antagonist:—such were the eventful associations of the campaign of 1810.

At this point Mr. Southey's second volume closes; and it therefore extends only through the second and third years of the Peninsular contest. The first volume, as we have seen, contained merely an introductory view, and a narrative of the events which marked the first year of the war. Consequently, more than the last half of the struggle, and, for the British arms, by far the most glorious part of it, remains to be recounted; and if, as we presume, it be Mr. Southey's purpose to conduct his narrative to the triumphant consummation of the war under the walls of Toulouse, the transactions of four campaigns, all filled with circumstance, and fertile in vicissitude, are to be embraced in the compass of a single volume. This undue disproportion to his limits, between the part of his task which he has already executed, and that which is still left for him to accomplish, is easily explained. As an historical composition, his work has the signal defect of observing no distinction between the relative magnitude of events. In this respect, it is like an ill-executed map, on which the names of all insignificant hamlets and villages are laid down in characters of precisely the same size as the designations of cities and capitals. Instead of throwing great events into prominent light and relief, and keeping minor transactions in comparative shade, his whole picture of the most important and the most trivial circumstances, is coloured uniformly. Nearly as much space is often assigned to the petty details of a skirmish, or the disorderly rout of a Spanish division, as to operations of sufficient magnitude to decide the fate of a campaign. Even the perfect acquaintance of the author with the early history of the theatre of war, is employed to embarrass his narrative; and we are frequently arrested, in the most interesting situations, to listen to the obscure annals of a provincial town, or the forgotten legends of the middle ages.

The whole book, indeed, is written more with the garrulous verbosity of some of the old chronicles, than with the lucid

arrangement, the pregnant brevity, and comprehensive plan of modern history. No reader, who is not already familiar with the leading points of the subject, can possibly rise from the perusal of these volumes with a clear understanding of them. He will be amused and lured through the story, by the continuous flow and pleasing facility of Mr. Southey's periods; but he will finish not much wiser or better informed than he began, and with a brain bewildered only by the confused recollection of a chaos of battles and sieges, advances and retreats, parliamentary debates and political discussions. Any clear understanding, especially of the military features of the contest, he will hopelessly attempt to glean from these pages; and whoever would desire to study the tactical circumstances of the war, and the plans and principles of operations, must still turn to consult the clear exposition and unadorned narrative which are to be found in Colonel Jones's modest and valuable "Account of the War in Spain and Portugal." *That* book will be the sufficient military text of the future historian. Of materials for the political concomitants of the subject, there will surely be no lack.

In attempting a summary of the events which occupy the present volume, we have marked the natural divisions of the subject: the retrospect, with which it opens, of the war in north-eastern Spain, from September, 1808, to the close of that year; the campaign of 1809, and that of 1810. The first of these divisions contains one engrossing and interesting episode, which Mr. Southey has treated in his happiest manner:—the relation of the second siege of Zaragoza. His account of the first heroic defence of that city, in August, 1808, was beyond comparison the liveliest and most spirited part of his former volume; and though the circumstances of the second siege were in many respects similar, yet the different result of the conflict, and the more frightful sufferings which attended it, have enabled him to work up his narrative to a still higher pitch of painful and melancholy interest. It will be remembered that, from the first siege, the French under marshal Lefebvre were compelled disgracefully to withdraw, by the successes of the patriots, after the capture of Dupont's army at Baylen; and thus, by the mere enthusiastic spirit of its defenders, had the streets of an open and unfortified town, though reduced to ruins, been successfully maintained against a regular army, with heavy artillery. The hasty retreat of the French gave a triumphant issue to the glories of a defence, for which, since the days of Vauban and the rise of the science of attack, military history has offered no parallel, and which for the time put to contempt all the maxims and pedantry of warfare.

The subsequent entrance of Napoleon, in person, into Spain, the victory of his troops at Tudela, and the dispersion of the Spanish armies on the line of the Ebro, exposed Zaragoza to a second attack; and the brave Palafox once more threw himself into that

devoted city, to abide its fate with the same enthusiastic and inflexible constancy, which had directed his former resistance within its walls. A French corps, 36,000 strong, with such an immense provision of artillery and stores as ensured its success, formed the second siege; and part of the wreck of the undisciplined Spanish armies, to an equal amount, with many thousand armed peasants, had voluntarily hastened to occupy the still feeble and incomplete defences of the place, emulous of sharing in the dangers and merit of the impending struggle. The very numbers of the defenders proved a fatal aggravation of the horrors of the siege: but though their desperate courage could not, a second time, avail against the superior science of the assailants, supported as it was by a tremendous train of artillery and besieging equipment of all kinds; yet the heroism of the second defence, may be declared even to have surpassed all that had previously been endured and attempted. For now, almost at the outset, the crowded state of the city produced a fearful pestilence:

'The worst evil arising from the bombardment, was one which had not been anticipated from that cause, and against which, had it been foreseen, it would hardly have been possible to provide. A great number of the inhabitants retired into cellars, the women especially retreated there with their children, for security from the shells. In these long low vaults, where wine and oil had formerly been kept, they were crowded together day and night, where it was necessary to burn lamps during the day, and where fresh air entered as scantily as daylight. Such places soon became hotbeds of infection, and other causes contributed to extend the calamity. On the first day of the siege, when the attack was made upon the suburbs, part of the troops, exhausted by the previous exertions, were under arms for some hours in the Cozo, exposed first to a heavy snow, and then to a severe frost: this produced a catarrh, which proved infectious; and was soon followed by all the dreadful symptoms of camp contagion. The number of soldiers and of countrymen would at any time have crowded the city, but more especially now, when the inhabitants of all those houses which were prepared and blockaded for street warfare were compelled to seek quarters in the inner parts of the town. The Marcian and Valencian troops came from a country where great part of their food consisted in fresh or preserved fruits; the mere change of diet from such aliment to garrison stores was sufficient to produce disease. They had also been used to drink well-water: change of water is a cause of illness as frequent as it is unsuspected; and that of the Ebro, though it is preferred by the Aragonese to any other, is thought unwholesome for those who are not accustomed to it. To these causes must be added scantiness of food (an evil consequent upon the fatal error of crowding the place with men), unusual exertions, and the impossibility of recruiting exhausted strength by needful sleep, in a city which was now bombarded without intermission; and among that part of the population who were not immediately engaged in the defence, fear, anxiety, and perpetual agitation of mind, predisposing the body for endemic disease.'—pp. 116, 117.

These sufferings had no power to shake the spirit of the de-

fenders; and the contest was continued with a desperation of courage that only rose under calamity. We pass over many of the fierce struggles with which every untenable post, and almost every inch of ground, was obstinately contested, to approach the catastrophe:

'The French had in vain attempted to get possession of the convents of S. Augustin and S. Monica. Having been repelled in assaulting the breaches, they sprung a mine under the partition wall, and by that means effected an entrance, turning all the works which the Spaniards had constructed for their defence. They forced their way into the church. Every column, every chapel, every altar, became a point of defence, which was repeatedly attacked, taken and retaken, and attacked again; the pavement was covered with blood, and the aisles and nave of the church strewed with the dead, who were trampled under foot by the combatants. In the midst of this conflict the roof, which had been shattered by bombs, fell in; the few who were not crushed, after a short pause which this tremendous shock and the sense of their own escape occasioned, renewed the fight with increased desperation: fresh parties of the enemy poured in: monks, and citizens, and soldiers came to the defence, and the contest was continued upon the ruins and the bodies of the dead and the dying. It ended in favour of the invaders, who succeeded in keeping the disputed position. Taking advantage of the opportunity afforded while the attention of the Spaniards was directed to this point, they entered the Rua Quemada, where no attack was at that time apprehended, and got possession of one side of the street, to the angle which it makes with the Cozo: their sappers were beginning to pierce the walls of the houses, barricade the doors and windows, and establish traverses in the street, when the Zaragozans charged them with redoubled spirit, drove them out with considerable loss, and recovered four houses which had been taken on a preceding day. At the same time an attack was made on the side of S. Engracia, when, after exploding two mines, the Poles got possession of some ruined houses; but in obtaining this success, General Lacoste, the French commandant of engineers, was killed. His opponent, Colonel San Genis, had fallen the preceding day: he was succeeded by Colonel Zappino, Lacoste by Colonel Rogniat.

'Now that the city was open to the invaders, the contest was to be carried on once more in the streets and houses. But the French had been taught by experience, that in such domestic warfare the Zaragozans derived a superiority from the feeling and principle which inspired them, and the cause wherein they were engaged. They had learned that the only means of conquering it was to destroy it house by house, and street by street; and upon this system of destruction they proceeded. Three companies of miners and eight of sappers carried on this subterranean war. The Spaniards had officers who could have opposed them with not inferior skill; but men were wanting, and the art of sapping and mining is not one which can be learned on the spot where it is wanted; their attempts therefore were frequently discovered, and the men suffocated in their own works. Nor indeed had they been more expert could powder have been supplied for their consumption. The stock with which the Zaragozans began had been exhausted; they had none but what they manufactured day by day, and no other cannon-balls than those which had been fired against them, and which they collected and fired back upon the enemy.

'The Zaragozans expected miracles for their deliverance; and they exerted themselves so excellently well, that the French, with all their advantages, would have found themselves unequal to the enterprise in which they were engaged, and other armies must have been brought up to supply more thousands for the slaughter, if the defenders had not been suffering under an evil which, in their circumstances, it was equally impossible to prevent or to alleviate. The consequences of that evil, when it had once appeared, were but too surely to be apprehended; and in bitter anticipation, yet while a hope remained, an Aragoneze exclaimed: Zaragoza surrenders not, if God is neutral! If the seasons had only held their ordinary course, this heroic people might a second time have delivered themselves. In that part of Spain, January is commonly a wet month. Had the rains fallen as usual, the enemy would hardly have been able to complete their approaches; had the weather, on the contrary, been severe, it might have stopped the contagion, and then the city would have had hands as well as hearts for its defence. But the season proved at once dry enough for the ground to be in the most favourable state for the besiegers' operations, and mild enough to increase the progress of the disease, which was now more destructive than the enemy, though no enemy ever employed the means of destruction with less remorse. When once the pestilence had begun it was impossible to check its progress, or confine it to one quarter of the city. It was not long before more than thirty hospitals were established; as soon as one was destroyed by the bombardment, the patients were removed to some other building, which was in a state to afford them temporary shelter, and thus the infection was carried to every part of Zaragoza. The average of daily deaths from this cause was at this time not less than three hundred and fifty; men stretched upon straw, in helpless misery, lay breathing their last; and with their dying breath spreading the mortal taint of their own disease, who, if they had fallen in action, would have died with the exultation of martyrs. Their sole comfort was the sense of having performed their duty rigorously to the uttermost. All other alleviations were wanting: neither medicines nor necessary food were to be procured, nor needful attendance; for the ministers of charity themselves became victims of the disease. All that the most compassionate had now to bestow, was a little water in which rice had been boiled, and a winding-sheet. The nuns, driven from their convents, knew not where to take refuge, nor where to find shelter for their dying sisters. The church of the Pillar was crowded with poor creatures, who, despairing of life, hoped now for nothing more than to die in the presence of the tutelary saint. The clergy were employed night and day in administering the sacraments to the dying, till they themselves sunk under the common calamity. The slightest wound produced gangrene and death in bodies so prepared for dissolution by distress of mind, agitation, want of proper aliment and of sleep. For there was now no respite neither by day nor night for this devoted city; even the natural order of light and darkness was destroyed in Zaragoza: by day it was involved in a red sulphureous atmosphere of smoke and dust, which hid the face of heaven; by night the fire of cannon and mortars, and the flames of burning houses, kept it in a state of horrible illumination. The cemeteries could no longer afford room for the dead; huge pits were dug to receive them in the streets and in the courts of the public buildings, till hands were wanting for the labour; they were laid

before the churches, heaped upon one another, and covered with sheets; and that no spectacle of horror might be wanting, it happened not unfrequently that these piles of mortality were struck by a shell, and the shattered bodies scattered in all directions.'—pp. 128—132.

Yet still the daily conflict was renewed with unabated fury:

'The attack in the centre was pursued with the same vigour, and resisted with the same desperate determination. Every door, every staircase, every chamber was disputed; the French abandoned all attacks to the left for the sake of concentrating their efforts here, that they might the sooner reach the Cozo, extend themselves along it, to the right, as far as the quay, and thus connect their operations with those of Gazan on the other side of the Ebro: and these increased efforts were met with proportionate exertions by the Zaragozans. Grenades were thrown from one floor to another, and bombs were rolled among the enemy, when they were so near, that the Spaniards who rolled them expected themselves also to perish by the explosion. Their resolution seemed, if it were possible, to increase with their danger; every spot was defended with more obstinacy than the last; and this temper would have been, as it deserved to be, invincible, if pestilence, the while, had not been consuming them faster than fire and sword. The sense of honour as well as of duty was carried to its highest point; the officers preferred dying upon the stations which they had been appointed to defend, rather than live after having lost them, though every possible resistance had been made. On this side, after having occupied, and been driven from, the vaults of the hospital, which had been reduced to ruins in the former siege, the enemy succeeded at length in carrying a gallery to the great convent of S. Francisco;....a counter-mine was prepared, which compelled them to stop before they could get under the walls of the convent. The engineer, Major Breuille, immediately charged the mine with three thousand weight of powder, and fired it, having drawn by feigned preparations for an assault, as many Spaniards as he could within the sphere of destruction. The explosion was terrible, and brought down part of the building: the enemy rushed through the breach, and making way into the church, formed an epaulement there to establish themselves. Some Zaragozans who were acquainted with the building, got by passages connected with the tower, upon the cornices of the church; others mounted the roof, and broke holes in it, and from thence they poured down grenades upon the invaders, and drove them from their post. The ruins of this convent, which had been burnt during the first siege, and shattered by the mine, were disputed two whole days, till the defenders at length were driven from the last chapel by the bayonet. For the advantage now, both in numbers and physical power, was on the side of the enemy; the pestilence having so wasted the Spaniards, that men enough could not be provided to man the points which were attacked, without calling up from the hospitals those who had not yet strength enough to use a weapon.....

Meantime pestilence was consuming the Zaragozans faster than fire and sword. The points which were not immediately threatened, were now wholly manned by men who rose from their straw in the hospitals, and sate *at their posts,* unable to support themselves standing, wrapped in their *blankets,* and shivering or panting for breath, as the ague or the hot fit of

isease might prevail. The officer whose dreadful task it was to choose atients for the service, became in his turn a victim to the contagion. less of finding relief anywhere, the sick resigned themselves quietly eir fate; the dying and the dead were buried together beneath the s which were blown up, or consumed in the flames; and the French court-yards and chambers filled with corpses, and said themselves, hey were fighting now only to obtain possession of a cemetery..... alafox had now been seized with the disease. Capitulation had been oned at the last council in which he was present, and when it was how long the city could hold out, his answer had been, *hasta la a tapia;* "to the last mud-wall." Being now utterly disabled, he ferred all his authority, civil and military, on the night of the 18th, to nta, naming Ric to be the president. That noble-minded Spaniard diately summoned the members, and they began their functions at one e morning of the 19th. The chiefs of the various military departments summoned to deliver their opinions. The general of cavalry repre-d, that there remained only sixty-two horses, and those weak and rviceable; the rest having died of hunger. From a statement of the try it appeared, that there were only 2822 men fit for service. unition was nearly exhausted; there was none but what was manu-red in the Inquisition, and that would be destroyed if a shell should there. The commandant of engineers reported that the fortifications demolished, there were neither men nor materials for repairing them, all the cloth which could serve for bags of earth had been consumed.' . 134—139.

till one last effort was made, and the enemy were once more en back, by the bayonet, from a convent which they had just d. The public crier was sent through the streets to proclaim success, and summon the people, by sound of trumpet, to plete the victory. But disease had subdued them; of the iving population, the few who were not suffering under the rder, were attending their sick or dying friends, and neither e nor despair could call them out,—Hope, indeed, they had e, and the dreadful duty in which they were engaged, rendered n insensible to all evils but those before their eyes. 'Thus ated, the Junta ordered the almoners of the different parishes nform their parishioners of the state of the city, and report opinion which they should form in consequence. Two-thirds he city had been destroyed; thirty thousand of the inhabitants perished, and from three to four hundred persons were daily ng of the pestilence. Under such circumstances, the Junta ested that they had fulfilled their oath of fidelity, *for Zaragoza destroyed;*' and they sent a flag of truce to the French com-nder, and negociated a capitulation. More than 30,000 men, 500 officers, the flower of the Spanish armies, lay buried be-th the ruins of the city: and this is far from the amount of lives ch were sacrificed in this memorable and most virtuous defence; number of women and children who perished by the bombard-nt, *by the mines, by famine* and pestilence, remaining untold.

In contemplating the struggle of the Spanish nation against its foreign oppressors, it is on such spectacles of devoted heroism as are afforded by this and the preceding defence of Zaragoza, by the subsequent and equally brave resistance of Gerona and Hostalrich and Ciudad Rodrigo, and by the enduring, though irregular, animosity of the peasantry in all quarters of the Peninsula, that our admiration of their patriotism must be founded. But whenever we view the Spanish armies attempting resistance to the French in the open field, it is impossible to hold the conduct of the nation in equal estimation. Upon scarcely any occasion did their armies exhibit the ordinary conduct of a brave population; and French officers have invariably confessed, that their greatest victories were nearly bloodless to themselves. And this misconduct of the Spanish armies was not confined to the first campaign, when their levies were raw, and their generals inexperienced, but it characterized the long course of their seven years' war. Throughout the whole contest did their generals exhibit the same blind presumption and rashness in committing their troops against the enemy; and almost every where, when acting in large bodies, did those troops betray the same indiscipline and liability to panic, which prompted them to shameful flight, and exposed them to merciless slaughter.

The conclusion is equally inevitable and honourable to the exertions of this country: that the salvation of the Peninsula from the dominion of Buonaparte was the work of the British arms. Of course, it would be absurd to deny that, without the universal good disposition of the people, the activity of the guerillas, and the occasional co-operation of bodies of the less irregular native forces, the deliverance of the Peninsula could not have been effected by 50,000 British troops, even when directed by the comsummate skill of their great leader. But it is undeniable, that, during all but the first year of the war, the contest in the field was effectively supported by our army alone: but for their presence, the Spaniards might have proved turbulent subjects to the French, but after the winter of 1809, they could never have faced them as open enemies. Even 30,000 Portuguese—a race of far inferior reputation, and held in unmerited contempt by the Spaniards themselves—were of more weight in the scale, when disciplined and commanded by English officers, than the whole united Spanish armies which took part in the struggle. This total inefficiency of the military force of Spain can be attributed only to the incurable defects of her political organization, and the insane pride and wilfulness of the national character, which would neither brook to receive instruction, nor submit to the lessons of foreign improvement. At this hour, the Spanish army can be little better composed, and led, and trained, than at the commencement of the war of independence; and if Ferdinand and his advisers should be mad enough to place it in collision with the handful of our troops, which is, probably, by this time, on the

frontiers of Portugal, we shall have small reason for anxiety as to the result, however great may be the disparity of numbers.

From the reverses of the Spanish arms in the first year of the war, no unfavourable conclusions could fairly be drawn. But the detailed history of the second campaign, which is before us in this volume, affords incontrovertible proof, that the Spanish leaders and their troops had, in no respect, improved under the fatal experience of preceding defeats. If we examine the whole progress of their desultory and unskilful operations, we shall find that every one of the armies which they assembled was beaten, and routed, and dispersed by the French, in succession and detail. The total defeat of the Catalonian army, at Slinas and Valls; of that of Carolina, at Ciudad Real; of Cuesta, at Medellin; of Blake and the Valencian army, at Belchite; and of Vaneges and the La Mancha army, at Almonacid; all formed the work of the same year: and when, finally, at the close of the year, the last force which, to the number of 50,000 men, should have covered the south of the Peninsula, was led forward, by the rashness of its general, Areizaga, to be cut to pieces on the plains of Ocana, the annihilation of the patriot armies had been completed. The passes of the Sierra Morena were disgracefully abandoned; the government were compelled to take shelter in Cadiz; the French were at the gates of that last bulwark of the patriot cause; and three-fourths of the kingdom were in the hands of the invaders.

The conduct of the campaign of 1809, on the part of the British, forms a proud contrast to the errors of the Spanish allies. If the operations of the Duke of Wellington during that year, be compared even with those of his late career, they will be found not to yield in judgment and skill, in mingled activity and prudence, to subsequent achievements which had more brilliant and decisive results. Opening the campaign from the vicinity of Lisbon, and with a force of only 20,000 men, he, by a rapid march northward, and one of the boldest passages of a river on record, crossed the Douro in the presence of the French army under Soult, drove that marshal out of Oporto, and cleared Portugal, for the second time, of its invaders. Then, facing about, to arrest the advance of the French armies from the south, he accomplished a march of 200 miles, and threw his small army upon the Tagus, in time to disconcert all the plans of the enemy in that quarter. Forming an unexpected junction with the Spanish under Cuesta, he would, inevitably, have overthrown and destroyed the army of Victor, who was opposed to the allies with rather inferior force, and effected the recovery of Madrid, if he had not been thwarted by the impracticable temper of the old Spanish general, until the opportunity was lost, and the French had concentrated, 48,000 strong, under Joseph Buonaparte in person, and three marshals, Jourdan, Victor, and Mortier. Being then compelled to fight that battle for safety, which, but a few days before, he had desired, with far better hopes, the British

general selected the position of Talavera, for the confederate army, with masterly judgment; and his excellent disposition, and the valour of the British troops, saved the allies from the common destruction in which the obstinacy of Cuesta had well nigh overwhelmed them. The battle of Talavera has been well told by Mr. Southey; and we take the latter part of his relation of that glorious day in our military annals, for another favourable specimen of his attractive style of description :—

'About eleven, the enemy having been baffled in all their attempts, intermitted the attack, rested their troops, and, it is said, cooked their dinners upon the field. Wine and a little bread were served out to the British troops. A brook which flows into the Tagus, separated the French and English in one part of the field, and during this pause, men of both armies went there to drink, as if a truce had been established. Their muskets were laid down, and their helmets put off, while they stooped to the stream, and when they had quenched their thirst, they rested on the brink, looking at each other. The heat and exasperation of battle were suspended; they felt that mutual respect which proofs of mutual courage had inspired, and some of them shook hands across the brook, in token, that, although they were met to shed each other's blood, brave men knew how to value a brave enemy. At such a moment, it was natural for Englishmen to have no other feeling;....the attrocities by which Buonaparte's soldiers, in the Peninsula, had disgraced their profession, their country, and their nature, were for the time forgotten. This interval also was taken for bringing off the wounded, who lay intermingled as they had fallen. And here also a redeeming sense of humanity was manifested; all hostility being suspended among those who were thus employed, and each striving who should with most alacrity assist the other in extricating the common sufferers. About noon, Victor ordered a general attack along the whole line. His own three divisions were to attack the hill once more. Sebastiani was to form his first division in two lines, on the left of Lapisse; Leval, with a brigade, just then arriving from Aranjuez, to be stationed to the left of this division, a little in the rear; still further left, Milhaud, with his dragoons, was to observe Talavera; Latour Maubourg's infantry, and Merlin's light-horse, formed in the rear of Victor, to support his corps, and advance into the open ground now occupied by him, as soon as he should have won the hill. The reserve was placed in a third line behind Sebastiani's corps.

'From the moment this general attack commenced, the firing of musketry was heard on all sides like the roll of a drum, with scarcely a moment's interruption during the remainder of the day, the deeper sound of a heavy cannonade rising above it like thunder. The operations of the French were deranged by a blunder of Leval's division, which they attribute to the ruggedness of the ground, and the impossibility of preserving the line, among the olive-trees and vines. Instead of forming in *echellon* in the rear, it advanced to the front, and before it had finished deploying it was attacked. Sebastiani sent a brigade to its support, and it fell back to the ground which it was designed to occupy. This occasioned some delay. When the line was formed, Sebastiani waited till Victor had began the attack. Lapisse first crossed the ravine, supported by Latour Maubourg's cavalry, and by two batteries, each of eight pieces of cannon.

Vilatte threatened the hills and covered the valley, and Ruffin, skirting the great chain of mountains to the left, endeavoured to turn the flank of the British army. The attack upon the hill was exceedingly formidable, but, like all the former, it failed. Lapisse was mortally wounded, his men were driven back, and Victor himself rallied them, and brought them once more to the contested point; their retrograde movement had exposed Sebastiani's right, and there also the French suffered considerably.

'While Victor led his troops once more to the foot of that hill which had so often been fatal to the assailants; Vilatte, with the columns in the valley, advanced to his support. General Anson's brigade, consisting of the 1st German light dragoons and the 23d dragoons, with General Fane's heavy cavalry, were ordered to charge them. The French formed in two solid squares; they were protected by a deep ravine, which was not perceived till the horses were close to it; and they kept up a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry. This was the most destructive part of the whole action; numbers of men and horse fell into the ravine; numbers were mown down. But the portion which got over were collected as well as he could by the Honourable Major Ponsonby, and led upon the bayonets of the enemy. They passed between two columns of infantry, against which they could effect nothing, then galloped upon the regiment of chasseurs which supported them. Here they were charged by some regiments in reserve, surrounded, broken, dispersed, and almost destroyed, losing two-thirds of their number. The rest (Lord William Russell was among them) passed through the intervals of the French columns, and retired within their own lines. Injudicious and unfortunate as the charge was, the desperate courage with which officers and men had advanced upon almost certain destruction, astonished the enemy; it put an end to their efforts on that side, and no farther attempt was made upon the hill, which was now covered with dead, dying, wounded, and exhausted troops.

'The attack upon the centre was made at the same time. General Campbell was supported by Eguia and Henestrosa, and by a regiment of Spanish horse; the allies repulsed the enemy, and while the Spaniards turned their flank, the English took their cannon. A column, chiefly consisting of Germans, advanced with excellent steadiness through a heavy fire of artillery, like men who, having obtained the highest military character, were resolved to keep it. They were received by Lieutenant-General Sherbrooke's men with a volley of musketry which staggered them; the whole British division then rushed forward with the bayonet, and by that irresistible charge the enemy were driven back with great slaughter. But the brigade of guards advanced too far in pursuit; they were attacked by the French reserve; they were cut down by a close fire of artillery from a wood; in a few minutes all their mounted officers were killed, with more than 500 men; and at that moment the fate of the day appeared worse than doubtful. But Sir Arthur's foresight secured the victory which had been so long contested. Seeing the advance, and apprehending the consequence, he moved a battalion of the 48th from the heights to their support; and this timely succour, with the assistance of the second line of General Cotton's cavalry, saved the brigade from that total destruction which must else have been inevitable. The broken guards passed through the intervals of the 48th, re-formed behind it, and then in their turn supported the regiment which had preserved them. Upon their advance, the enemy, whose

heart now failed them, retired: the guards renewed the huzzas with which they had advanced, and the cry was taken up along the whole line, It was the shout of victory on the part of the allies; for though the light troops continued to fire, and from time to time a heavy cannonade was renewed, the enemy made no further attempt.

'A circumstance more horrid than unfrequent in war occurred toward the close of the action; the long dry grass took fire, and many of the wounded were scorched to death. It was night before the battle ended, and the allies were far from certain that it would not be renewed on the morrow. The moon rose dimly, the night was chill and damp because of the heavy dew; the troops lay in position on the ground, without covering, and without food; even water was scarce: but the officers and the generals were faring alike, and neither murmuring was heard for their privations, nor apprehension felt for what the morrow might bring forth. The French had made large fires along the whole front of their line. At daylight the troops were under arms, and in order of battle; but the enemy had disappeared, a rear-guard only being in sight on the left of the Alberche. The intruder had been a spectator of the whole action. During the night contradictory reports were brought him, some affirming that another attack must ensure the victory, others that Victor's right had been turned, and he could not possibly keep his ground. In this dilemma Joseph sent to ascertain which was the true report; and retired to rest, in expectation of having the favourable one confirmed, the reserve bivouacking round him. At daybreak he was awakened by Sebastiani, who had fallen back with his corps upon the reserve during the night, and who came with tidings that he had been compelled to make this retrograde movement, because Victor was retreating along the foot of the hills to Casalegas. This intelligence left no time for deliberation. The intruder began to retreat also, but in perfect order; Milhaud's division formed the rear, and Latour Maubourg brought off many of the wounded. Twenty pieces of cannon were taken by the conquerors; the prisoners were not many.'—pp. 412—416.

After the victory of Talavera, the British general would willingly have maintained the war on the Tagus, in close co-operation with Cuesta, if the difficulties thrown in the way of his obtaining provisions for his army, had not been insurmountable, and if his just remonstrances had not been treated with neglect, and even disrespect, by the Spanish authorities. Even when he was thus compelled to separate from Cuesta, and to fall back upon Portugal, he took so judicious a position, as both to cover that kingdom and threaten the flank of the French in any advance upon Andalusia. But the infatuation which provoked the battle of Ocana, left him no other alternative than to look to the defence of Portugal, and the preservation of the gallant little army entrusted to his guidance, which now formed the last hope of the allied cause in the Peninsula.

For any commentary, upon the following campaign of 1810, we can scarcely find length, commensurate with the deep interest which is excited by its scientific character and glorious issue. Regarded in its strictly military features, that campaign will merit to be the study of every soldier, so long as war shall remain a

science. The object on the French side was the subjugation, on the British, the defence of Portugal. The force collected by the assailants on the frontiers of that kingdom, expressly for this enterprise, exceeded 100,000 men; and was commanded by Massena, reputed the most skilful, and until then the most fortunate, of the lieutenants of Bonaparte. This force, so immense for so narrow a theatre of operations, was opposed only by some 25,000 veteran British troops, and an equal number of raw Portugueze levies. By the skill of the modern Fabius, who directed the defence, 70,000 of the invaders were drawn into the heart of a country which had been deserted by its population, and bared of provisions. They were never even permitted to see the infantry of the retreating army, until they found it arrayed in the strong position which had been wisely chosen to try the courage of the young Portugueze soldiery, on the most advantageous ground. There, the first rude shock was given to the invaders. Still the retreat of the defenders was continued; and still the assailants were lured on by hope: until they found their course suddenly and unexpectedly arrested by the most stupendous chain of mountain intrenchments which the military art had ever constructed. Before these inexpugnable lines, the invaders lost above 20,000 men, without a blow being struck, by sickness and want; and when the campaign closed, the wreck of that brilliant army, wasted and dwindled to little more than the half of its original force, had been pursued to the frontiers from whence it had advanced.

In a political point of view, the campaign of 1810 was yet more important in its circumstances and event. It constituted the great crisis of the war in the Peninsula, and perhaps even in all Europe. It formed that point of re-action in the career of French conquest, from which all the subsequent reverses of Buonaparte may be dated. Up to that point, the progress of the French arms had never been decidedly arrested; but their total recoil before the lines of Torres Vedras was the commencement of a new æra. The successful maintenance of the struggle, even when the French invasion had reached the last nook of Portugal; the rolling back of the tide of war to the frontiers of that kingdom; and the evident ability of the British to hold the Peninsula as a constitutional battle-field against all the efforts of Napoleon, were auspicious and encouraging examples for the world. The constancy of the Spanish people, and the enduring energy of Britain, taught Russia in what spirit the gigantic power of Napoleon might be resisted, and awakened the subjugated nations of Germany to the earliest hope of deliverance.

ART. X. *Sketches of Persia, from the Journals of a Traveller in the East.* 2 vols. 8vo. 18*s*. London: Murray. 1827.

To the title of this little work we may, we believe, add the words 'By Sir John Malcolm.' We might produce abundance of internal evidence, to support the weight of our suspicions on this point, had they been at all liable to be doubted. In truth, Sir John has not evinced a great deal of anxiety, in order to conceal his identity with the author. He speaks, indeed, throughout in the third person of the Elchee; or, in other words, of the envoy from India to Persia, who is the prominent figure in these volumes; but he is so often fortunate in overhearing the communications whispered into the ear of that minister; enters so warmly into all his feelings; and appears so intimately acquainted with his most secret thoughts; that he betrays himself, unconsciously, through his thin disguise, and, more than once, throws it off entirely, as if it embarrassed him.

Except, perhaps, that it is the fashion of the day, for men of grave pursuits to send their lighter works into the world without direct acknowledgment, there is no reason why Sir John Malcolm should not have avowed his property in these sketches. They are composed of a number of little by-scenes, characteristic portraits of individuals, tales, anecdotes, and conversations, which, though they might be properly enough considered beneath the dignity of history, yet serve to advance our knowledge of the Persians and their country, more, perhaps, than all the histories that have been, or will be, written concerning them. We find here many features of that people, which have escaped the notice of even the most observant of our travellers. The author seems to be intimately acquainted with Persian life, through all its grades, having twice visited that country in the character of envoy from the governor-general of India, and being a complete adept in the language, the religion, and even the superstitions and prejudices of the nation. The most important, or rather, perhaps, we should say, the most epic, portions of the materials which he collected during his two missions, he has already given to the public, in his valuable History of Persia. The comic details of manners and amusements, the minor, though, perhaps, the most characteristic incidents of his journies; the peculiarities of the subordinate persons with whom he came in contact; and many pleasant discussions, literary and social, which could find no suitable place in his more extensive work, he has collected together in the volumes before us, from a number of journals, which, we are glad to hear, are still far from being exhausted. They are written in a tone of restrained, shall we say, of philosophic, humour? which renders them highly agreeable. There is something piquant in following a public functionary through the scene of his operations, conducting himself out-

wardly with all the solemnity which his office requires, but at the same time keenly glancing from under his eye, as it were, upon the individuals that surround him, and deriving both amusement and instruction from the natural development of their characters. To this delightful vein of pleasantry, which pervades these volumes, the author adds, also, that best of all intellectual treasures, a copious store of good sense, founded on long experience. In the midst of his mirth, he loses no opportunity of suggesting observations useful to those who may be called upon to feel any interest in the affairs of Persia; and, now and then, he permits a chord or two of something like romantic feeling to be heard, which heightens the charm of his communications.

We shall pass over all that relates to the author's voyage from Bombay, or to his progress through the southern provinces of Persia to Teheran. This ground has been so recently described by Mr. Keppel, that we need not even allude to it, further than it is connected with the traits of manners which our author has sketched. On the arrival of the Elchee and his escort at Abusheher, the first thing they had to do, was to provide horses. We mention this, merely to introduce two anecdotes, which shew the very high value the Arabs, who abound on the Persian shore, set on their best animals:—

'The Arabs place still more value on their mares than on their horses; but even the latter are sometimes esteemed beyond all price. When the envoy, returning from his former mission, was encamped near Bagdad, an Arab rode a bright bay horse, of extraordinary shape and beauty, before his tent, till he attracted his notice. On being asked if he would sell him—"What will you give me?" said he. "It depends upon his age; I suppose he is past five?" "Guess again," was the reply. "Four." "Look at his mouth," said the Arab with a smile. On examination he was found rising three, this, from his size and perfect symmetry, greatly enhanced his value. The envoy said, "I will give you fifty tomans*." "A little more, if you please," said the fellow, apparently entertained. "Eighty! —a hundred!" He shook his head and smiled. The offer came at last to two hundred tomans! "Well," said the Arab, seemingly quite satisfied, "you need not tempt me any farther—it is of no use; you are a fine Elchee; you have fine horses, camels, and mules, and I am told you have loads of silver and gold: now," added he, "you want my colt, but you shall not have him for all you have got." So saying, he rode off to the desert, whence he had come, and where he, no doubt, amused his brethren with an account of what had passed between him and the European envoy.

'Inquiry was made of some officers of the Pasha of Bagdad respecting this young man; they did not know him, but conjectured that, notwithstanding his homely appearance, he was the son or brother of a chief, or perhaps himself the head of a family; and such Arabs, they said, when in comparative affluence, no money could bribe to sell a horse like the one described.

* 'A toman is a nominal coin, nearly the value of a pound sterling.'

'I was one day relating the above story to Abdulla Aga, the former governor of Bussorah, who was at Abusheher, having been obliged to fly from Turkey. He told me that, when in authority, he several times had great trouble in adjusting disputes among Arab tribes, regarding a horse or mare which had been carried off by one of them from another; not on account of the value of the animals, that having been often offered ten-fold, but from jealousy of their neighbour's becoming possessed of a breed of horses which they desired to remain exclusively in their own tribe. An Arab Shaikh or chief, he told me, who lived within fifty miles of Bussorah, had a favourite breed of horses. He lost one of his best mares, and could not for a long time discover whether she was stolen or had strayed. Some time afterwards, a young man of a different tribe, who had long wished to marry his daughter, but had always been rejected by the Shaikh, obtained the lady's consent and eloped with her. The Shaikh and his followers pursued; but the lover and his mistress, mounted on the same horse, made a wonderful march, and escaped. The old chief swore that the fellow was either mounted upon the devil, or the favourite mare he had lost. After his return he found, on inquiry, the latter was the case; that the lover was the thief of his mare as well as of his daughter, and that he had stolen the one for the purpose of carrying off the other. He was quite gratified to think he had not been beaten by a horse of another breed, and was easily reconciled to the young man in order that he might recover the mare, which appeared an object about which he was more solicitous than his daughter.—vol. i., pp. 42—45.

The person above referred to, by the name of Abdulla Aga, was remarkable for the vigour of his intellect, and the frankness with which, though a Turk, he expressed his sentiments. Speaking of his own country to the Elchee, he made some disclosures which, at this moment, are not unimportant. 'From the Grand Seignior,' he said, 'to the lowest peasant in the empire, they are alike devoid of public virtue and patriotism; and that spirit of religion, which has long been the only bond of union that has kept this unwieldy state together, is every day becoming fainter; and, while the Wahabees are making converts of the inhabitants of Arabia and Syria, the provinces of Turkey in Europe are relaxing from their religious zeal, and becoming every day more ripe for the rule of those Christian nations, under whose power they must soon fall.' Upon being asked his opinion of Persia, he replied, that he thought it 'twenty times worse than Turkey.' The inhabitants were, 'to the full, as devoid of every public principle' as the Turks, and 'much more ignorant;' and, he added, 'their ignorance is so fortified by pride, that there is no hope of their amendment.' Our author observes, that 'there is much truth in the picture which Abdulla drew of Turkey, and his description of the Persians was not greatly exaggerated.'

'The knowledge of that nation is limited to what they see before them, and their ideas of other states are very indistinct and confused, and consequently liable to frequent fluctuations and changes. All ranks in Persia are brought up to admire show and parade; and they are more likely to

act from the dictates of imagination and vanity, than of reason and judgment. Their character was well drawn by Mahomed Nubbee Khan, the late amdassador to India: "If you wish my countrymen to understand you, speak to their eyes, not their ears."'—vol. i., pp. 49, 50.

The gentlemen of the mission having been detained some weeks at Abusheher, they beguiled their time chiefly in hunting and hawking. As the Persian mode of killing the game differs from that of our own country, we must give the author's animated description of these amusements, for the benefit of our sporting readers:—

'The huntsmen proceed to a large plain, or rather desert, near the sea-side; they have hawks and grey-hounds; the former carried in the usual manner, on the hand of the huntsman; the latter led in a leash by a horseman, generally the same who carries the hawk. When the antelope is seen, they endeavour to get as near as possible; but the animal, the moment it observes them, goes off at a rate that seems swifter than the wind; the horsemen are instantly at full speed, having slipped the dogs. If it is a single deer, they at the same time fly the hawks; but if a herd, they wait till the dogs have fixed on a particular antelope. The hawks, skimming along near the ground, soon reach the deer, at whose head they pounce in succession, and sometimes with a violence that knocks it over. At all events, they confuse the animal so much as to stop its speed in such a degree, that the dogs can come up; and in an instant men, horses, dogs, and hawks, surround the unfortunate deer, against which their united efforts have been combined. The part of the chace that surprised me most was the extraordinary combination of the hawks and the dogs, which throughout seemed to look to each other for aid. This, I was told, was the result of long and skilful training.

'The antelope is supposed to be the fleetest quadruped on earth, and the rapidity of the first burst of the chase I have described is astonishing. The run seldom exceeds three or four miles, and often is not half so much. A fawn is an easy victory; the doe often runs a good chace, and the buck is seldom taken. The Arabs are indeed afraid to fly their hawks at the latter, as these fine birds in pouncing frequently impale themselves on its sharp horns.

'The hawks used in this sport are of a species that I have never seen in any other country. This breed, which is called Cherkh, is not large, but of great beauty and symmetry.'—vol. i., pp. 52—54.

Sometimes the antelope is hunted by dogs only, several of which are led to the field in a long silken leash, and slipped in succession until the game is overcome by fatigue. The Hubara, on the other hand, is pursued only by hawks.

'I accompanied a party to a village about twenty miles from Abusheher, to see a species of hawking, peculiar, I believe, to the sandy plains of Persia, on which the Hubara*, a noble species of bustard, is found on

* 'The Hubara usually weighs from seven to eleven pounds. On its head is a tuft of white and black feathers; the back of the head and neck are spotted black; the side of the head and throat are white, as well as the under part of the body; the breast is slate-coloured; the feathers of the

almost bare plains, where it has no shelter but a small shrub called geetuck. when we went in quest of them we had a party of about twenty, all well mounted. Two kinds of hawks are necessary for this sport; the first, the Cherkh (the same which is flown at the antelope), attacks them on the ground, but will not follow them on the wing; for this reason, the Bhyree, a hawk well known in India, is flown the moment the Hubara rises.

'As we rode along in an extended line, the men who carried the Cherkhs every now and then unhooded and held them up, that they might look over the plain. The first Hubara we found afforded us a proof of the astonishing quickness of sight of one of the hawks; he fluttered to be loose, and the man who held him gave him a whoop, as he threw him off his hand, and set off at full speed. We all did the same. At first we only saw our hawk skimming over the plain; but soon perceived, at a distance of more than a mile, the beautiful speckled Hubara, with his head erect and wings outspread, running forward to meet his adversary. The Cherkh made several unsuccessful pounces, which were either evaded or repelled by the beak or wings of the Hubara, which at last found an opportunity of rising, when a Bhyree was instantly flown, and the whole party were again at full gallop. We had a flight of more than a mile, when the Hubara alighted, and was killed by another Cherkh, who attacked him on the ground. This bird weighed ten pounds. We killed several others, but were not always successful, having seen our hawks twice completely beaten, during the two days we followed this fine sport.'—vol. i., pp. *55—57*.

From the multiplicity of the forms of etiquette used in Persia, and the strictness with which they are enforced, we are generally disposed to set down the people of that country as amongst the gravest of the grave. Our author gives them quite a different character.

'They are the most cheerful people in the world; and they delight in familiar conversation; and every sort of recreation appears, like that of children, increased by those occasional restraints to which their customs condemn them. They contrive every means to add to the pleasures of their social hours; and as far as society can be agreeable, divested of its chief ornament, females, it is to be met with in this country. Princes, chiefs, and officers of state, while they pride themselves, and with justice, on their superior manners, use their utmost efforts to make themselves pleasant companions. Poets, historians, astrologers, wits, and reciters of stories and fables, who have acquired eminence, are not only admitted into the first circles, but honoured. It is not uncommon to see a nobleman of high rank give precedence to a man of wit or of letters, who is expected to amuse or instruct the company; and the latter, confident in those acquirements to which he owes his distinction, shews, by his manner and observations, that usage has given him a right to the place he occupies.'—vol. i., pp. 127, 128.

The difference of this description from many others we have seen, arises from the better capacity for understanding and enjoy-

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wing are greenish brown, speckled with black; the bill of a very dark grey; and on each side of the neck is a large and handsome tuft of feathers, black and white alternately.'

ing Persian society, which our author had created for himself by a due course of preparation. From the moment he landed in the country, he devoted a portion of his time to their most popular works in verse and prose. He moreover made translations, 'not only of history and poetry, but of fables and tales:' justly conceiving that this occupation, while it improved him in the knowledge of the language, gave him a better idea of the manners and mode of thinking of this people, than he could derive from any other source. Indeed, from the fondness of orientals in general for apologues and fables, and from their frequent allusions to them in their conversation, it is impossible for any one to enjoy their society, who is ignorant of 'such familiar topics.'

This subject leads our author into a short discussion of a long agitated and still unsettled question, as to the original country of those eastern tales which afford us so much delight. It is pretty generally admitted, that we Europeans derive them from the Saracens, with whom the crusades brought our western world into contact. Mahomed proscribed them, and accused the Persians and Arabians as the authors of those false and delusive inventions. Modern oriental scholars claim the original property in them for the Hindus. To the latter opinion our author seems inclined to accede. His observations on this subject will be read with great interest, particularly as he elucidates them by some fables, which are curious and amusing. We shall give one, which bears a striking resemblance to the plot of Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice."

'The story of the Mahomedan and the Jew has been found in several books of Eastern Tales. In one Persian version love is made to mix with avarice in the breast of the Israelite, who had cast the eye of desire upon the wife of the Mahomedan, and expected, when he came to exact his bond, the lady would make any sacrifice to save her husband. At the close of this tale, when the parties come before the judge, the Jew puts forth his claim to the forfeited security of a pound of flesh. "How answerest thou?" said the judge, turning to the Mahomedan. "It is so," replied the latter: "the money is due by me, but I am unable to pay it."—"Then," continued the judge, "since thou hast failed in payment, thou must give the pledge; go, bring a sharp knife." When that was brought, the judge turned to the Jew, and said, "Arise, and separate one pound of flesh from his body, so that there be not a grain more or less; for if there is, the governor shall be informed, and thou shalt be put to death." "I cannot," said the Jew, "cut off one pound exactly; there will be a little more or less." But the judge persisted that it should be the precise weight. On this the Jew said he would give up his claim, and depart. This was not allowed, and the Jew being compelled to take his bond, with all its hazards, or pay a fine for a vexatious prosecution, he preferred the latter, and returned home a disappointed usurer.'—vol. i., pp. 133, 134.

We have also the story of 'Two Cats,' from which the author suspects our fable of the "Town and Country Mouse" has been borrowed. There is certainly a strong similiarity between the two

compositions. It is remarkable, that these eastern tales are usually written with great simplicity, while the introductions to letters and books, and treatises, are framed generally in the most grandiloquent style. To this usage there are indeed some exceptions; our author has quoted, from the poet Sadee and other writers, passages of great tenderness and beauty; but still it would appear, that the true oriental simplicity is only to be sought for in their tales, where it will be found in its greatest perfection.

We fear that the following account of a feast "among the roses" of Shiraz, will scarcely meet the expectations of a romantic reader.

'While at Shiraz, we were entertained by the prince, his ministers, and some of the principal inhabitants. A breakfast was given to the Elchee, at a beautiful spot near the Hazâr Bâgh, or thousand gardens, in the vicinity of Shiraz: and we were surprised and delighted to find that we were to enjoy this meal on a stack of roses. On this a carpet was laid, and we sat cross-legged, like the natives. The stack, which was as large as a common one of hay in England, had been formed, without much trouble, from the heaps or cocks of rose-leaves, collected before they were sent into the city to be distilled. We were told our party was the first to which such a compliment had been paid. Whether this was the case or not, our mount of roses, added to the fine climate, verdant gardens, and clear rills, gave a character of singular luxuriance to this rural banquet.'—vol. i., pp. 174, 175.

Our author's account of the merchants of Persia, is not very favourable to their general character. Those among them who hold any employment under government, are liable to be plundered of their wealth at a moment's notice, if any exigency or caprice of the monarch should require it. But those who have no connection with public affairs, are in a great measure secure from violence of that description. Some few of these display their riches; but in general their habits are not merely frugal, but penurious. The following anecdote is given in confirmation of this assertion.

'A merchant, who had lately died at Isfahan, and left a large sum of money, was so great a niggard, that for many years he denied himself and his son, a young boy, every support, except a crust of coarse bread. He was, however, one day tempted by the description a friend gave of the flavour of cheese, to buy a small piece; but before he got home he began to reproach himself with extravagance, and instead of eating the cheese, he put it into a bottle, and contented himself, and obliged his child to do the same, with rubbing the crust against the bottle, enjoying the cheese in imagination.

'One day that he returned home later than usual, he found his son eating his crust, and rubbing it against the door. "What are you about, you fool?" was his exclamation. "It is dinner-time, father; you have the key, so I could not open the door;—I was rubbing my bread against it, because I could not get to the bottle." "Cannot you go without cheese one day, you luxurious little rascal? you'll never be rich!" added the angry miser, as he kicked the poor boy for not being able to deny himself the ideal gratification.'—vol. i., pp. 257, 258.

Although the celebrated Haroun Al Raschid, or, as our author

spells the name, Hâroon-oor-Rasheed, is supposed to belong exclusively to Arabian fiction, yet we find him sometimes sustaining his character also in the fabulous literature of Persia. We have here, from a Persian tract, an account of a visit which that personage was said to have paid to the tomb of Noosheerwân, and which of course terminates in a moral. The tract is in general use among the youth of Persia; and we suspect that a translation of it would do no harm to the youth of more civilized countries. The caliph is said to have found in the tomb a golden crown, which had five sides, and was richly decorated with precious stones. Its most valuable oraments, however, were the following truly admirable lessons, which were found inscribed on its different sides.

FIRST SIDE.

'Give my regards to those who know themselves.

'Consider the end before you begin, and before you advance provide a retreat.

'Give not unnecessary pain to any man, but study the happiness of all.

'Ground not your dignity upon your power to hurt others.'

SECOND SIDE.

'Take counsel before you commence any measure, and never trust its execution to the inexperienced.

'Sacrifice your property for your life, and your life for your religion.

'Spend your time in establishing a good name; and if you desire fortune, learn contentment.'

THIRD SIDE.

'Grieve not for that which is broken, stolen, burnt, or lost.

'Never give orders in another man's house; and accustom yourself to eat your bread at your own table.

'Make not yourself the captive of women.'

FOURTH SIDE.

'Take not a wife from a bad family, and seat not thyself with those who have no shame.

'Keep thyself at a distance from those who are incorrigible in bad habits, and hold no intercourse with that man who is insensible to kindness.

'Covet not the goods of others.

'Be guarded with monarchs, for they are like fire, which blazeth but destroyeth.

'Be sensible to your own value; estimate justly the worth of others; and war not with those who are far above thee in fortune.'

FIFTH SIDE.

'Fear kings, women, and poets.

'Be envious of no man, and habituate not thyself to search after the faults of others.

'Make it a habit to be happy, and avoid being out of temper, or thy life will pass in misery.

'Respect and protect the females of thy family.

'Be not the slave of anger; and in thy contests always leave open the door of conciliation.

'Never let your expenses exceed your income.

'Plant a young tree, or you cannot expect to cut down an old one.
'Stretch your legs no farther than the size of your carpet.'

—vol. i., pp. 268, 269.

The condition of the female sex in Persia occupied much of our author's attention. Upon the whole, he thinks it by no means so unhappy as it is generally represented. He enters warmly and at large into the subject, and shews that, in matters of property, and in the management of their families, the Persian ladies have, at least, quite as many privileges and as much authority as the ladies of Europe. Many, perhaps, will be surprised to hear, that the number of Persians who take advantage of the license to have a plurality of wives, is not very considerable. It is even said, that, on an average, among a thousand natives, ten will not be found with more than two wives, and not thirty with more than one. The fact is, they cannot afford it. The maintenance of females and families is no trifle in Persia, as well as elsewhere. The following extract will also shew, that when the due authority of Persian ladies is improperly outraged, they know how to vindicate it with effect:—

'"Sâdik Beg was of good family, handsome in person, and possessed of both sense and courage; but he was poor, having no property but his sword and his horse, with which he served as a gentleman retainer of a nabob. The latter, satisfied of the purity of Sâdik's descent, and entertaining a respect for his character, determined to make him the husband of his daughter Hooseinee, who, though beautiful, as her name implies, was remarkable for her haughty manner and ungovernable temper.

'"Giving a husband of the condition of Sâdik Beg to a lady of Hooseinee's rank was, according to usage in such unequal matches, like giving her a slave, and as she heard a good report of his personal qualities, she offered no objection to the marriage, which was celebrated soon after it was proposed, and apartments were assigned to the happy couple in the nabob's palace.

'"Some of Sâdik Beg's friends rejoiced in his good fortune; as they saw, in the connexion he had formed, a sure prospect of his advancement. Others mourned the fate of so fine and promising a young man, now condemned to bear through life all the humours of a proud and capricious woman; but one of his friends, a little man called Merdek, who was completely henpecked, was particularly rejoiced and quite chuckled at the thought of seeing another in the same condition with himself.

'"About a month after the nuptials Merdek met his friend, and with malicious pleasure wished him joy of his marriage. 'Most sincerely do I congratulate you, Sâdik,' said he, 'on this happy event!' 'Thank you, my good fellow, I am very happy indeed, and rendered more so by the joy I perceive it gives my friends.' 'Do you really mean to say you are happy?' said Merdek, with a smile. 'I really am so,' replied Sâdik. 'Nonsense,' said his friend; 'do we not all know to what a termagant you are united? and her temper and high rank combined must no doubt make her a sweet companion.' Here he burst into a loud laugh, and the little man actually strutted with a feeling of superiority over the bridegroom.

'"Sâdik, who knew his situation and feelings, was amused instead of being angry. 'My friend,' he said, 'I quite understand the grounds of

your apprehension for my happiness. Before I was married I had heard the same reports as you have done of my beloved bride's disposition; but I am happy to say I have found it quite otherwise; she is a most docile and obedient wife.' 'But how has this miraculous change been wrought?' 'Why,' said Sâdik, 'I believe I have some merit in effecting it, but you shall hear.'

'"After the ceremonies of our nuptials were over, I went in my military dress, and with my sword by my side, to the apartment of Hooseinee. She was sitting in a most dignified posture to receive me, and her looks were any thing but inviting. As I entered the room a beautiful cat, evidently a great favourite, came purring up to me. I deliberately drew my sword, struck its head off, and taking that in one hand and the body in the other, threw them out of the window. I then very unconcernedly turned to the lady, who appeared in some alarm; she, however, made no observations, but was in every way kind and submissive, and has continued so ever since.'

'"Thank you, my dear fellow,' said little Merdek, with a significant shake of the head—'a word to the wise;' and away he capered obviously quite rejoiced.

'"It was near evening when this conversation took place; soon after, when the dark cloak of night had enveloped the bright radiance of day, Merdek entered the chamber of his spouse, with something of a martial swagger, armed with a scimitar. The unsuspecting cat came forward as usual to welcome the husband of her mistress, but in an instant her head was divided from her body by a blow from the hand which had so often caressed her. Merdek having proceeded so far courageously, stooped to take up the dissevered members of the cat, but before he could effect this, a blow upon the side of the head from the incensed lady laid him sprawling on the floor.

'"The tattle and scandal of the day spreads from zenâneh to zenâneh with surprising rapidity, and the wife of Merdek saw in a moment whose example it was that he imitated. 'Take that,' said she, as she gave him another cuff, 'take that, you paltry wretch; you should,' she added, laughing him to scorn, 'have killed the cat on the wedding day.'"—vol. ii., pp. 54—57.

Much has been written, and something done, towards inducing the Persians to adopt our European modes of civilization. Upon this subject our author's reflections are admirable:—

'I do not mean, in what I have here said, to condemn national efforts to spread knowledge, nor to deny that such endeavours may in due season produce happy effects; but such results will be retarded, not accelerated, by all attempts at rapid and premature changes. In endeavouring to effect these, we are often as absurd in our admiration of individuals, to whom a few of our own favourite lights have been imparted, as in our condemnation of those, whom we conceive to remain in their primitive darkness. We altogether forget that it is from the general condition of the country that the character of the population is chiefly formed. Hereditary and undisputed succession to the throne, though it may not diminish the frequency of foreign wars, nor prevent the shedding of human blood, gives an internal security, which leads to the introduction of a system, that enables such a state to have efficient and permanent civil and military establishments; and

it also gives, to a great proportion of its subjects, a valuable leisure to pursue science and literature, which gradually lead to further improvements in society. But in countries like Persia all government is personal; institutions and establishments rise and fall with the caprice of a sovereign; and supposing him steady in his objects, still the probability is, that they prosper and die with their founder; and while their basis is so unstable, and their duration so uncertain, they cannot be permanently efficient or useful.

'Revolutions of such a nature as we desire will work themselves into form, when time changes men's sentiments, and ripens a nation for them; but we too often, in the foolish pride of our knowledge, rush towards the end, with little or no consideration about the means. In our precocious plans, we cast the blame from that, on which it ought to rest, upon those we desire to reform. Because men continue, like their ancestors, to live under an arbitrary monarch, and have not the precise qualities upon which we value ourselves, we hasten to the conclusion that they are slaves and barbarians, whom the force of habit and prejudice alone saves from being as miserable as they are degraded. Viewing them in this light, we waste a pity upon them, which they neither value nor understand; nor has it, if we analyze its grounds, any just foundation. Though unacquainted with political freedom, though superficial in science, and unlearned in Greek or Latin, they are not without defences against injustice or despotism; and the very condition of their society gives them, on all points affecting themselves, their families or friends, an intuitive quickness and clearness of perception, which appears wonderful to men rendered dull, as it were, by civilization. Neither are such nations deficient in those arts, which are subservient to the subsistence, and promote the enjoyments of man; and they are perhaps more alive than we improved beings to those passions whence so much of our happiness and misery flows.

'I have travelled much, but have found little difference in the aggregate of human felicity. My pride and patriotism have often been flattered, by the complaints and comparisons of the discontented; but I have never met any considerable number of a tribe or nation, who would have exchanged their condition for that of any other people upon the earth. When I have succeeded, as I often did, in raising admiration and envy, by dwelling upon the advantages of the British government, I have invariably found that these feelings vanished, when I explained more specifically the sacrifices of personal liberty, the restraints of the law, and the burden of taxation, by which these advantages are purchased. It was the old story of the Arab nurse, who could not endure England because there were no date trees; and the King of Persia, who, though feeling all the insecurity of his own crown, could not for a moment tolerate the thoughts of wearing that of England, which would have reduced him to only one wife!'—vol. ii., pp. 172—175.

Among the chief means of astonishing his Persian friends, which the Elchee adopted on his first mission, was an electrifying machine. The economists and theorists of our day may derive a pointed lesson from the manner in which this machine was treated by a *savan* of Persia:—

'At Isfahan all were delighted with the electric machine, except one renowned doctor and lecturer of the college, who, envious of the popularity

gained by this display of our superior science, contended, publicly, that the effects produced were moral, not physical—that it was the mummery we practised, and the state of nervous agitation we excited, which produced an ideal shock; but he expressed his conviction, that a man of true firmness of mind would stand unmoved by all we could produce out of our glass-bottle, as he scoffingly termed our machine. He was invited to the experiment, and declared his readiness to attend at the next visit the Begler-Beg paid the Elchee.

'The day appointed soon arrived. The Begler-Beg came with a numerous retinue, and amongst others the doctor, whom he used to call "Red Stockings," from his usually wearing scarlet hose. He was, we found, nothwithstanding his learning and reputed science, often made an object of mirth in the circles of the great and wealthy at Isfahan, to whom he furnished constant matter of amusement, from the pertinacity with which he maintained his dogmas. He had nearly, we are told, lost his life the year before, by marching up to a large buck-antelope, which was known to be vicious, but which, according to the theory of the philosopher, was to be overawed by the erect dignity of man, provided he was fearlessly approached. The consequence of this experiment was different from what the theorist expected. The wild animal very unceremoniously butted the doctor into a deep dry ditch, in the field were he was grazing, and the learned man was confined to his bed nearly three months, during which he had ample time to consider the causes of this unlooked-for effect.

'Though the above, and similar instances, might afford reason for concluding, that Red Stockings, with all his philosophy, was not over wise; I discovered that he maintained his ground in the first society, by means common in Persia as in other countries. He was, in fact, "A little of the fool, and not too much of the honest." This impression of his character, combined with his presumption, made us less scrupulous in our preparations to render him an example for all who might hereafter doubt the effects of our boasted electricity; and, indeed, our Persian visitors seemed anxious that the effect should be such as to satisfy the man who had dared us to the trial, that it was physical, not moral.

'The philosopher, notwithstanding various warnings, came boldly up, took hold of the chain with both hands, planted his feet firmly, shut his teeth, and evidently called forth all his resolution to resist the shock. It was given; and poor Red Stockings dropt on the floor as if he had been shot. There was a momentary alarm; but on his almost instant recovery, and the Elchee explaining that the effect had been increased by the determination to resist it, all gave way to one burst of laughter. The good-natured philosopher took no offence. He muttered something about the re-action of the feelings after being overstrained, but admitted there was more in the glass-bottle than he had anticipated.'—vol. ii., pp. 177—180.

Here we must close these extracts. We make no apology for having taken the reader so often from one subject to another, as from the nature of these sketches, one of their principal merits consists in their miscellaneous character. We have been much delighted with them, and we sincerely hope to see them continued.

NOTICES.

ART. XI. *Alma and Brione: a Poem, in two Cantos. The Return of Theseus, a Dramatic Scene.* 8vo. pp. 122. 8*s.* 6*d.* London: Longman and Co. 1827.

ONE of the defects of the steam-engine which still limit its universal utility, is, that it cannot be made to produce poetry. How happy were the lot of most of our rising bards, if they had only to collect a mass of words together, arrange them in lines, and give them the semblance of verse, while to the steam-engine, or rather to the press set in motion by its power, should belong the duty of diffusing, through the stanzas, the charms of melody and inspiration!

Now here is a slender, genteel, and elegantly printed volume of verse before us, with a soft-sounding title, a regular critical preface, a poetical introduction, and two cantos of Spenserian stanzas, which, to the eye, look as graceful and as well measured, as any page of Childe Harold. But unhappily, when we come to consider their meaning and their harmony, we become involved in a labyrinth of words, which frequently have very little connection, and are never heightened by a gleam of true poetic feeling.

The two cantos are employed in recording the loves of Alma and Brione, who are represented as the very models of human beauty. They meet, 'in an unknown age,' on the banks of a crystal stream, flowing through a visionary region of the author's creation. At the first glance, they are both of course entangled in the toils of Cupid beyond all redemption. Unfortunately the first interview is a very short one; the lady vanishes, and the gentleman is plunged in despair. Let the following stanza speak at once, both for the lover and the author:

> 'Then driven on by this despairing thought,
> He flew along the path they late had trode,
> Reckless of all; his heart desiring nought
> Beside the power to find their blest abode;
> Desponding hope his flying steps did goad,
> And far along the verdant path he went:
> Until at length, in one unhappy spot,
> His eager soul unto the utmost bent,
> The parted pathway took a triple lot,—
> And which pursue his mind could settle not!'—p. 23

The harmony of this stanza, and particularly of the two last lines, we leave to be judged of by the reader. It is no wonder if, after this, we find Brione refusing to receive any consolation from the scenes around him. We are told, in another stanza, the worthy rival of the one which we have just quoted, that

> 'He cared not for all the beauty spread
> Forth through nature's beautiful landscape there,
> So to that water were his wishes wed,
> His heart had no delight nor life elsewhere;

The joyful sweetness of the morning air
He felt not, floating lightly round him now,
Nor freely drank the soft and freshening charm
Which erst his breast exulting did avow;
So had pale love enthrall'd his bosom warm,
Its freedom girt in chain-enweaving arm.'—p- 31.

We own that the image in the two last lines is too sublime for our comprehension. We must favour the reader with one more stanza, in which Brione repeats a speech he intends to address to his beloved, when next it might be his felicity to meet her.

' "Oh, most beautiful! and, alas! unknown" —
(So ran his hope-beguiled soliloquy),
"Who darest with forceless maiden guard alone,
"The dangers of this forest's gloom to try,
"Grant, to such soft and unarm'd chivalry
"That I may add my poor, yet stronger aid,
"To shield thy beauty from this forest's harms, —
"Lest aught should thy revered peace invade,
"And ruffle thy fair breast with harsh alarms,
"Unnoting blindly thy surpassing charms." '—p. 32.

If Alma were likely to be captivated by such strains as these, then we wish her joy of her lover and her poet.

'The Return of Theseus' is written in blank verse, and really contains some plausible passages. We were much amused with the note appended to it, in which the author allows, that he took 'a considerable license' with traditional history, by restoring the young Hylas to life many years after his death, and making Hippodamia weep for her husband; whereas history relates that she left him to weep for her! 'A considerable license' truly! But we forgive it, as the author kindly refrained from introducing Cerberus into his scene. He justly remarks, that the monster '*might cause more noise than melody!!*'

Art. XII. *Truckleborough Hall, a Novel.* In three volumes 8vo. 28*s.* 6*d.* London: Colburn. 1827.

From the title of this novel, the reader will at once comprehend the description of matter of which it is composed. The various scenes of political profligacy, and of disregard for all public principle, to which a general election usually gives birth, in this corporate country of our's, would unquestionably furnish abundant objects for ridicule and honest indignation.

Such a subject might not only be productive of much amusement, but if happily dealt with, by a sarcastic and accomplished writer, might tend in some degree to diminish that mass of corruption which is the greatest disgrace to a free people. It is a subject, however, which still remains to be effectually treated. The author of Truckleborough Hall, is fortunate only in his title. It is well chosen, and likely to attract many readers to his pages, but we fear not quite potent enough to detain them there for any considerable length of time.

We confess that with all the aid of the purest essence of Bohea, we were unable to get through more than the first volume. It may be deemed,

perhaps, contrary to our duty as honest critics, to pronounce any opinion upon the whole work, since we are enabled to speak only of a part. We had every desire to get on, but that most admirable word FINIS, still appeared at such a tremendous distance, through the misty way of upwards of six hundred pages more, that in struggling with nature we sunk unconsciously into her arms, as insensible as a dormouse in its state of quiescence. Whether this unlooked-for misfortune was the result of the lethargic spells so copiously diffused over the first volume, or of the dread of those apprehended from the two remaining tomes, is a question which we leave to Mr. Dugald Stewart. It will present him with some new phenomena of the human mind, particularly if those unexplored pages be really so remarkable for their pleasantry and wit as some of our newspaper critics describe them—a point which we cannot of course determine —which we can never hope even to examine.

ART. XIII. *Lectures on Astronomy; with an Appendix, containing Questions and Exercises.* By W. H. Prior. 8vo. pp. 486. 10*s.* 6*d.* London: Longman and Co. 1826.

ALTHOUGH the importance of astronomy, as a branch of liberal education, has been long acknowledged amongst us, and although there is scarcely any academy, male or female, in which it is not in some degree taught, yet it is remarkable how few we meet in the common intercourse of society, who have any very clear or accurate notions on this subject. They just remember that they have been initiated in the use of the globes, that there are planets and fixed stars, that this world of ours goes round the sun, and that the moon borrows her light from that great luminary. But here their science stops. Distances and orbits, the movements of the planets, and all that forms the harmony of the spheres, are matters as much unknown to them, as if they had been wanderers of the desert, rather than members of a highly-civilized community.

Much perhaps of this general ignorance of astronomy arises from the technical and mathematical difficulties, with which this sublime science has been most unnecessarily incumbered. We therefore observe with great pleasure, the progress which has been made by Mr. Prior, in the volume before us, towards rendering the knowledge of that great system by which we are surrounded, and of which we form a part, more accessible to the student, by the clear and very popular style in which his 'Lectures' are written. He condenses the most authoritative opinions on the various questions connected with astronomy which still remain undecided, and brings them down to the date of the latest investigations that have been made concerning them. So far as the science may be said to be established, he treats it in a luminous and most satisfactory manner. We shall give as an example of his composition, the following observations on the various telescopic appearances of the moon:

'The mountainous parts of the moon are found to exceed in awful sublimity, and terrific grandeur, the similar portions of our own globe. Various means have been devised for measuring the height of the lunar mountains, the most simple of which appears to be that derived from observing the distance from the boundary of light and darkness, at which the sun's rays strike their most elevated points while they remain in the unenlightened

part of the moon. By this, and various other methods, it has been ascertained, that many of the lunar mountains are four, and even five, miles in height. The perpendicular elevation of some of those mountains, composing that extensive range, known by the name of the Appenines, exceeds four English miles. The dark parts of the moon's disc are observed to be smooth, and apparently level, while the luminous portions, as has been already remarked, consist of elevated tracts, which either rise into high mountains, or sink into deep and extensive cavities. The smoothness of the dark portions of the lunar disc has induced some astronomers, very naturally, to infer, that they are immense collections of water: hence the names Crisian Sea, Sea of Nectar, Lake of Dreams, Lake of Death, &c. &c., by which those obscure portions are distinguished: and, notwithstanding the arguments which have been opposed to this opinion, it still continues to be generally maintained by modern astronomers. Those who deny the existence of water in the moon, assert, that the dark spots are not exactly level; that, on a minute examination of those parts, inequalities of light and shade, caused by inequalities of surface, are discernible; that in some parallel ridges are distinctly visible; and that, when the boundary of light and darkness passes through the large dark spot in the western limb of the moon, known by the name of the Crisian Sea, this bounding line, instead of being truly elliptical, as it ought to be if the surface were covered with water, is observed to be irregular, and evidently indicates that this portion of the lunar disc is elevated in the middle. Dr. Long, in answer to some of those objections which have been made to the existence of seas, or extensive collections of water, in the moon, suggests the following queries:—"May not the lunar seas and lakes have islands in them wherein there may be pits and caverns? And, if some of these dark parts are brighter than others, may not that be owing to the seas and lakes being of different depths, and to their having rocks in some places, and flats in others?"

'From various irregularities and singular appearances in different parts of the lunar disc, not otherwise to be accounted for, many astronomers have been led to imagine, that the moon is subject to violent volcanic eruptions. This opinion was first maintained by Dr. Hook, and has received the support of many able astronomers. A very singular phenomenon, which seems, in a great measure, to confirm this conjecture, was witnessed by Ulloa, during the annular eclipse of 1778. Near the north-west limb of the moon he observed a white spot, which, from its extreme brightness, had the appearance of an opening through which the sun was seen; this singular appearance continued for about a minute and a quarter, and was noticed by three different observers. Similar phenomena have been observed at different times by many astronomers, and, among others, by Dr. Herschell, who has witnessed several appearances of this kind, and given us a particular account of his observations upon them. On the 4th of May, 1783, he perceived a luminous point in the obscure part of the moon, and two mountains, which were formed from the 4th to the 13th of that month; and on the 19th of April, 1787, he perceived no less than three volcanos in different parts of the moon, two of which he judged to be either at that time nearly exhausted, or about to break out; the third exhibited an actual eruption of fire or luminous matter. On the 20th, it appeared to burn with still greater violence than on the preceding night, and

he estimated the burning matter to be above three miles in diameter.'—pp. 57—60.

We have not seen the astronomicon, which Mr. Prior would wish to substitute for the orreries in general use. The questions and exercises, however, in the Appendix, must receive, we should think, considerable illustration from such an instrument as he describes.

ART. XIV. *La Secchia Rapita; or, The Rape of the Bucket: an heroi-comical Poem, in Twelve Cantos. Translated from the Italian of Alessandro Tassoni.* With Notes. By James Atkinson, Esq. In two volumes, 8vo. London: Richardson. 1827.

TASSONI, the author of this very original and highly humourous poem, was the Zoilus of his day in criticism. He took the trouble to collect five hundred passages from Homer, which he insisted were repugnant to common sense and propriety. Even the great Stagyrite did not escape his censure, which was rendered the more pointed by his facetious and bold style of argument. Petrarch also encountered in him a strenuous, and even a bitter antagonist. It would seem to have been his natural disposition to run against all the received opinions of the world, attacking them by vigorous reasoning, or by incessant ridicule. He was born in the year 1565, and devoted a great part of his life, which was extended to the year 1635, to literature. The Secchia Rapita was written, if we are to believe Gaspare Salviani, in 1611. Some critics have imagined that it suggested to Pope his "Rape of the Lock," and to Boileau his "Lutrin." The name of Pope's beautiful composition may perhaps have been derived from Tassoni, but there is no other resemblance whatever between the two works. Boileau owes still less to the Italian. Many objects have been imputed to Tassoni in writing this poem. The mere perusal of it is sufficient to shew that it was evidently intended as a burlesque upon Homer, Petrarch, and several other authors, in whose compositions he found so many faults. An incident which occurred during one of the many contests carried on between the Italian states in the middle ages, furnished him with a suitable title. The Bolognese, while before Modena, with which they were at war, and within which their adversaries seemed resolved to remain without giving them battle, threw, by means of a catapult, the carcase of a dead ass into the town. It fell into a fountain, and the insult was felt so sensibly by the Modenese, that they made a sortie, penetrated to the machine, tore it to pieces, carried away the bucket which formed part of it, and re-entered the town in triumph. Soon after this, peace was concluded between the belligerents, the Modenese being satisfied with their prize, which is still preserved among their archives in the cathedral.

The poem, from the peculiarity of its style, presents so many difficulties to a translator, that we are justly called upon to commend Mr. Atkinson for the manner in which he has executed his task. No translation can indeed afford the English reader an adequate idea of the original, which has been deservedly praised, as "the best comic epopea of modern Europe." We have room only for five or six stanzas, which will afford the reader some idea of the character of this version:

'The sun has passed through Aries, and now pours
Upon the silver clouds his rays divine;
The fields seem full of stars, the heavens of flowers,
And the winds sleep along the tranquil brine;
Zephyr alone breathes softly through the bowers,
And balmy herbs and tendrils of the vine;
At dawn the nightingales delight the grove,
And asses bray their madrigals of love.

'What time the spring, with genial warmth endued,
Makes grasshoppers leap joyous in the meads;
Suddenly clad in arms a multitude
Of Bolognese, to predatory deeds,
Led by two chiefs, move on; insulting, rude;
This band by sweet Panaro's stream proceeds;
Passes the ford, and with the morning light
Modena gains midst tumult and affright.

'Modena stands upon a spacious plain,
Hemmed in by ridges to the south and west,
And rugged fragments of the lofty chain
Of Appenine, whose elevated crest
Sees the last sunbeam in the western main,
Glittering and fading on its rippling breast;
And on the top with ice eternal crowned,
The sky seems bending in repose profound.

'The flowery banks where beautifully flow
Panaro's limpid waters, eastward lie;
In front Bologna, and the left the Po,
Where Phaeton tumbled headlong from the sky;
North, Secchia's rapid stream is seen to go,
With changeful course, in whirling eddies by,
Bursting the shores, and with unfruitful sand
Sowing the meadows and adjacent land.

'Then like the Spartans, lived the Modenese
Unfortified, without a parapet;
So shallow were the fosses that with ease
Men might run in and out early or late;
Summoned to arm, some bolted quick down stairs,
Some to the windows rushed, and some to—prayers.

'Some snatched a shoe and slipper, some in haste
Had only one leg stockinged, others again
In petticoats turned inside out were dressed—
Lovers exchanged their shirts; some with disdain,
Took frying pans for shields, and forward prest
With buckets on for helms; others were fain
To brandish hedge-bills, and in breast-plates bright,
Ran swaggering to the square—prepared to fight.

—canto i., pp. 5, 6.

We are informed that this poem has been already rendered into English by a Mr. Clifford. As we have not met with his translation, we can

institute no comparison between it and the one before us, which, we must repeat, possesses no common merit.

Art. XV *Head-Pieces and Tail-Pieces.* By a Travelling Artist, 12mo. pp. 256. 6*s*. London: Tilt. 1826.

Under this unpretending title, we have a series of short tales, which may be recommended to the notice, of all those, of every sex and age, who have the happiness of enjoying now and then an evening's leisure. They will find in 'The Emigrant's Tale,' 'The Scarf,' 'The Cast-away,' 'The Guerilla Brothers,' and 'The Fisherman's Tale,' matter which will at least fix their attention for the time, and perhaps rouse their curiosity. 'The New Year's Gift,' we fear, will be deemed somewhat prolix. Indeed the principal fault of this and one or two more of the tales, is, that they are too verbose. But there is really in the pieces which we have named a good deal of that sort of interest, which the author explains in the following lively passage of his introduction:—

'The world of romance is turned topsy-turvy. The mighty spirit of steam has laid for ever the whole host of inferior powers, whether haunters of the lake or the river; and Fairy-land, ever since it has been lighted with gas, shews as bear and dismal as the Mall in St. James's Park. But there are some minds, either naturally so opaque as to refuse all admission to the new light of science, or so obstinately wedded to ancient prejudices as to shut the eyes wilfully to its unwonted splendour. They still love to expatiate on the themes which delighted their youth, to lose themselves among the mysteries—mysteries to their blindness—of the world and of their own nature. They hate mathematical demonstrations, and look with suspicion on such things as must be subjected to the vulgar test of the senses. To the modern professors, who approach them with the square and the plummet, who analyse their arguments by means of the crucible, and pry into the secret recesses of their strongholds with the assistance of Sir Humphrey Davy's lamp, they reply, generally, but with a shake of the head which is more eloquent than words,

> "*There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,*
> *Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.*"

'The writer of the following pages—such is the force of fashion—is almost ashamed of being subjected to the suspicion of belonging to this proscribed minority, and yet he chooses to set out with confessing that he has not been altogether able to keep pace with the time.

'Still some prejudices—if prejudices they be—cling around his spirit; still the visions of 'the days of other years' crowd upon his soul, with a distinctness, which he can hardly term a mockery of reality,—still he loves to listen, amidst the business of the world, to the far-off echoes of the sounds which once captivated his ear,

"And watch the dying notes, and start and smile!"—'Introduction, p. 6.

The volume is ornamented with a frontispiece, representing one of the dramatic scenes in 'The Guerilla Brothers.' Its typography, and general appearance, may also be justly praised, and entitles it to be remembered by those who are in the amiable habit of transmitting occasional little presents to their youthful friends.

ART. XVI. *The Stanley Tales, original and select.* Vol v. Part 1. 12mo. pp. 180. 2*s.* 6*d.* London: Morgan. 1827.

WE have watched with some interest the progress of this little publication, which being printed in monthly parts, has now arrived at the commencement of a fifth volume. The object of the work is to present the public with a series of short tales, original and select, which though not of the highest order of fabulous composition, are still calculated to strike the imagination, and to furnish it with amusement. The three first volumes fully answer the intention of the publisher in this respect. The tales of which they are composed betray indeed their German origin for the most part, but they are selected with judgment, written in a simple and picturesque style, and much more frequently captivate than fatigue the attention.

It is obvious that where such a number of stories is collected, as we have in this work, some inequality in their merit must be expected. Besides some feeble specimens which may be found in the volumes already mentioned: the fourth volume is particularly liable to the change of dulness. It seemed as if the editor had reserved all his worst materials for that unfortunate number. We are glad, however, to observe that the part now before us affords sufficient evidence that his stock of a better kind is not yet exhausted. He must at the same time take care how far he admits stories written in that inflated style which marks 'The Rose of the Valley'.

It has been objected to this publication, that the editor often omits to acknowledge the sources whence his materials are derived, and thus seeks to pass off as original, compositions which have even recently appeared in some of the periodical journals of the day. If this charge be well founded, the editor ought to make the *amende* as soon as possible, and avoid furnishing grounds for such an unworthy accusation in future.

We must not fail to notice the clear and beautiful manner in which these Tales are printed, by *Bradbury & Co.* The engravings also, of which there is one to each part, are prettily executed.

ART. XVII. *Rural Pictures and Miscellaneous Pieces.* By J. M. Slatter. 12mo. pp. 138. 3*s.* 6*d.* London: Holdsworth. 1826.

A CONSIDERABLE degree of poetic sensibility is evinced in the pieces which fill this little volume. Their principal faults arise from a want of taste in the diction, and from too strong a propensity in the author to borrow, not only the ideas, but also occasionally the phraseology, of other writers. Thus, the 'Elegy written in Magdalen Water-Walks' is, throughout, a mere parody of Gray's well known composition. Mr. Slatter, however, evinces an unfeigned admiration for the charms of nature, one of the most essential requisites for a poet. His verses are, besides, by no means destitute of harmony. We select a portion of 'The Village Schoolmistress,' as the best specimen of his powers which the volume contains.

'Oft have I loved from this dear height, unseen,
As slow she glided o'er the village green,
To mark the widow, who, with easy rule,
Discharged the duties of her sabbath school:

Neat was her person, while so sweetly meek
Devotion pictured on her furrow'd cheek,
Through all the day, to hope and virtue given,
Proclaimed the secret of her soul in heaven;
While, hand in hand, a smiling rural throng
Close by her side in order stole along;
With eyes that shone with innocence and truth,
And all the sweet intelligence of youth:
I knew her well, within that straggling lane,
Grazed by a few strayed sheep from yonder plain,
She dwelt, in humble poverty obscure,
Nor ever murmured that her lot was poor;
There, from the world, content, the cottage guest,
Her morning hours and evening slumbers blest;
While unaffected piety inspired
Immortal hopes; and when the day retired,
And at her narrow casement, darkly hung
With foliage thick, the evening redbreast sung,
And the bright sun, from ocean's bosom blue,
On the dim pane his setting radiance threw,
The holy book, her chief support, supplied
Such consolation as the day denied:
Thus passed, almost unconscious of decay,
From earth's dull climate unperceived away,
A life of peace, with virtue's joys imprest,
To the calm haven of eternal rest.
So glides the wizard stream unnamed along,
Waveless and clear, the flowry vales among.
To ocean's shores, in lovelier beauty drest,
With heaven reflected on its placid breast.'—pp. 4—6.

ART. XVIII. *A First Book in Arithmetic.* By the author of "Lessons for Young Persons in humble life." 12mo. 9*d*. Longman and Co. 1827.

THIS is another of Miss Frank's valuable contributions to the education of youth. Although the arithmetical exercises contained in it are, with some few variations, taken from one of her former works, yet this little book is printed in so convenient a form, and accompanied by an instrument at once so ingenious and simple in its construction for the illustration of the elemental rules of arithmetic, that it is entitled to a separate notice. The instrument, or rather the toy, to which we allude, is a small mahogany frame, enclosing ten bars; on each of which are placed ten moveable balls or beads.

'It is, adds the author, as portable as a small slate or book: indeed, in its dimensions, it does not much exceed this little volume. It may be used by children, at a very early age, before they are sufficiently advanced in reading and writing to employ a slate and pencil to advantage. It will consequently, with the exercises adapted to it, form the first gradation in a course of progressive improvement; and will afford employment for the youngest class of infant learners, at a period when employment, suited to their age and capacity, is most needed. By means of a slight operation,

which, with a little assistance from the teacher, at first, they will soon learn to perform with ease and accuracy, it represents to their eye and mind, the regular succession, and the principal properties, of numbers. The moving and arranging of the balls, and the varying appearance of the toy, are calculated to please the natural vivacity of children, and to engage their attention.'—p. 4.

Thus, the first combinations of arithmetic may be rendered familiar to the pupil in a way calculated not only to amuse him, but to impress indelibly on his memory the earliest lessons which he receives in this most essential branch of education. Miss Frank adds several rules, explaining the manner in which the toy may be used, and which will enable the parent or teacher at once to comprehend its great practical utility. She does not claim any originality for the invention, as similar instruments have been used in several public schools; but those were upon so large a scale that they were confined to the hands of the teacher, whereas the improvement which she has made furnishes each pupil with a toy, that will at the same time occupy his attention, and instruct his mind. The price (3*s.* 6*d.*) is rather high. Could not the instrument be constructed upon more economical terms? In large public schools, this is a consideration not to be overlooked.

ART. XIX. *Liesli; a Swiss tale: translated from the German of Clauren.* By J. D. Haas. 12mo. pp. 144. 6*s.* London: Whittaker. 1826.

MR. CLAUREN is one of the German breed of nobility, and like his fellow labourers, La Fontaine, La Motte Fouquè, Laun, &c., &c., is tolerably prolific. He has however the good sense, or the good inclination (whichever it may be), not often to venture on the regular three volume novel, to which, as far as our slender reading in that way enables us to decide, —(not pretending to vie with a late critic, who professes to have devoured two thousand volumes of that species),—we deem no German to be adequate; they resembling, in that particular, a certain popular author of our own country, who will execute a single volume "main well," but who makes sad work of three or two.

Mr. Clauren then generally keeps to tales, which are things a German *can* do, and of these he has done a goodly number, *ex gr.*, his Scherz und Ernst (Jest and Earnest), a collection in 8 vols. 8vo.; besides several others, among the rest the present one, which, coupled with another Swiss story, was published a few years ago.

The scene is laid amidst the Glaciers, the lakes, and woods of the Alps, and catches the fancy at once by its romantic character. The story is that of a young German gentleman, who is on a tour in Switzerland, and there encounters, in a churchyard (not such as our's though), a beautiful Madonna-like girl, *i. e.* Liesli, the heroine. No one knows previously who she is; but there is a gruff old hermit, who is a sort of guardian to her. There is sad crossing of love, as might be expected. The hermit carries off Liesli, *Dieu sait ou*, the young man is recalled home by his family, who, with the absurd policy of this world, that thinks nothing so good as a good income, make the youth abandon the unsubstantial realms of the *Hominum divumque voluptas*, to enter on the substantial enjoyments of a

good place. He is sent off on a mission to Russia, and there, when he least looked for it, amid the crowd at a coronation, he meets Liesli. She turns out to be the daughter of a young man of family, a Russian officer, who met and married her mother in Switzerland, at the time Suwarrow was there. He was killed; and his father, after some time, sent to look after his grand-daughter, found her and acknowledged her, and she is now a princess and a great lady; but she does not forget love among the Alps, and they are married, and afterwards happy.

The story is pretty enough, and will probably please readers of a romantic cast; and we are happy to be able to add, that the translation is executed with fidelity, ease, and some elegance.

ART. XX. *A View of the World, from the Creation to the present Time: with an Art of Memory, on an entirely new System.* 12mo. pp. 310. London: Goodluck. 1826.

NUMEROUS and ingenious as have been the inventions for the purpose of aiding the memory, we fear that still there is great room for the skill of new adventurers in this branch of education. Most of the schemes which have fallen within our notice, appeared to us calculated rather to embarrass than to assist that faculty. They require of the mind to retain the recollection of empty sounds, or of signs with which artificial associations are remotely connected, in order that it may be able to remember the facts or ideas which are the ultimate objects of its exertions. Thus the memory must contain, as it were, two things, the emblem and the idea which it is made to represent; whereas, if the faculty were exercised sufficiently upon the idea alone, it would at least be less burthened, and much more usefully employed. For instance, can any scheme be more absurd than that of Dr. Grey's hexameters, by the aid of which he endeavoured to teach his pupils the history of the world? Hear two of these lines:—

Creppaz Delpetsau Demasus Abmezki Apepni,
Expidet Exmelat Tempipze Temmene Cymuntosk.

The first syllable is meant for the epoch, as *Cre* the creation, *Del* the deluge, &c.; and the rest gives the date. But if there were even only a dozen of these lines, and if the system of association adopted by the doctor were the most effectual that could be imagined, who is the person of so fortunate a memory as to be able to retain such a barbarous jargon?

The author of the little work before us has fallen upon another plan, not quite so ridiculous as that of Dr. Grey, though perhaps not likely to be much more effectual. Its principal purpose is to fix dates in the mind, and as figures from giving no image are difficult to be remembered, he contrives to represent them by the letters of the alphabet. These letters he then connects in a short sentence, which sentence is itself connected with the epoch, or the event to be remembered. The reader will perhaps more clearly understand the scheme from the author's explanation of it.

'To each of the ten figures I have attached two letters, either of which may be employed at pleasure; they are as follows:—

'To 1. A and I.

'The learner will easily remember that A stands for ONE, as it has the

first place in every alphabet: it is also the first letter in the name of *Adam*, the *first* man: and of *Apollo*, whom the Pythagoreans call unity. I, is a designation of the *first* person, and in shape exactly resembles the figure 1.

'To 2. T and S.

'Moses brought down from the Mount, TWO *Tables* of *Stone*. Two is also called the number of *Thought*, and *Science*, and *Society*: and there are *two Testaments*, and *two* kinds of *Spirits*.

'To 3. G and J.

'*Three* is the number of the *Graces*: *Jonas* was *three* days in the body of a fish.

'To 4. E and Q.

'There are *four Evangelists*, *four* great ancient *Empires*, *four Elements*, and *four Qualities* in the Elements, *four Quarters* of the *Earth*.

'To 5. F and H.

'*Five Fingers* on the *Hand*.

'To 6. B and L.

'The number of the *Beast* is entirely made up of the figure 6, viz. 666; and on the Sixth day man began to BE, being created on the Sixth day. *Six* is also the number of *Labour*, as labour is to be done Six days; Six years the earth is to be sown; Six years the Hebrew servant was to serve his master, according to the law given to Moses.

'To 7. D and W.

'There are Seven *Days* in the *Week*.

'To 8. C and P.

'The Eighth was the day of *Circumcision*, and, among the primitive Christians, the day of *Christening*. Eight was the number of our *Parents* who were *Chosen*, and *Preserved*, in the ark. David, the Eighth son of Jesse, was *Preferred* to be *Prince* over the *Chosen People*. Eight is called the number of *Conservation*,—I suppose on account of these events.

'To 9. N and M.

'Nine is the *Number* of the *Muses*.

'To 0. R and O.

'A Cypher is circular, like a *Ring*: and the letter O resembles the figure of a cypher as nearly as possible.

'The learner, having carefully studied the preceding table, will know the letters which belong to the ten figures, viz:—

1	A.	I.
2	T.	S.
3	G.	J.
4	E.	Q.
5	F.	H.
6	B.	L.
7	D.	W.
8	C.	P.
9	N.	M.
0	R.	O.

'A little practice in turning figures into letters, and letters into figures, will enable the student to call to mind, in a moment, the dates fixed by this Art of Memory.

'The plan I have adopted in applying words as the means of fixing

figures in the memory, IS, BY EMPLOYING THE INITIAL LETTER ONLY TO REPRESENT A FIGURE; *which allows* a copious choice of words, so that any person, wishing to fix a date in his memory, by this system, can always select words *appropriate to his subject*, and consequently so much more easily impressed and retained.

'Thus, the date of the Exodus, or the escape of Moses and the Israelites from Egypt, in the year 2513, is fixed by the words, "Safety for all Jews," which is certainly very appropriate to their deliverance from the tyranny of Pharaoh. The reader must remember, that the initials of each word give the figures composing the date: S stands for 2, F. for 5, A for 1, and J for 3.

'Again, in the fifth Epoch, the taking of Babylon and destruction of the impious Belshazzar, by Cyrus, in the year 3468, can any words be more appropriate than these, "God Ends Belshazzar's Power," which fix the date, G. standing for 3, E for 4, B for 6, and P for 8? Also, in the Epocha of the birth of our Saviour, in the year 4004, the words, "Earth Receives Redemption Eternal," are as suitable as possible to that happy event, E. standing for 4, R R for two cyphers, and E for 4. The reader will take care to bear in mind, that, in the sentence fixing the various dates, it is the *first letter only* of each word that represents the figure in its proper place. I have composed sentences for the principal historical dates, which the learner must carefully commit to memory, as he peruses this book.'—pp. 2—6.

It is obvious, that this plan can be applied also, where it is necessary, to recollect distances, measurements, financial statements, and, indeed, on all occasions where figures are made use of.

Whatever may be thought of the author's art of memory, his historical view of the world is a most apocryphal composition. He has no difficulty in setting it down as a fact decided, that the garden of Eden was situated in Armenia, between the Euxine and Caspian seas! There are many other statements in his compendium, which shew that he is as little acquainted with authentic history, as he is with the syntax of the English tongue. Let the following sentence speak for itself:—

'Though the nations enumerated in the following tables were not *all* established in the second epoch, it will convey a *clearer idea* of the peopleing of the various parts of the earth, and the settlements of the posterity of Shem, Ham, and Japheth, the sons of Noah, *to show*, at one view, the countries in which they ultimately founded separate governments.'—p. 19.

A '*clearer* idea' than what? where is the comparison? Upon what member of the sentence does the infinitive mood '*to shew*' depend? This is but one specimen out of many others which we had marked for their gross violations of grammar. An author who professes to instruct the world, ought at least to be acquainted with the discipline of his own language.

ART. XXI. *A Treatise on the Statutes of Limitation.* By William Blanshard, Esq., of the Middle Temple. 8vo. pp. 240. London: Butterworth and Son. 1826.

WE have not had time to take earlier notice of this little treatise, though it has been lying before us for some months. It is one of the numerous law compilations which have appeared latterly; and except the novelty of

introducing in a single volume, a subject which has been hitherto regarded rather incidentally than elaborately, by the writers and commentators on the different branches of the profession, it has no particular claim to our approbation. The subject is one of interest to the public, and therefore may plead utility as a set-off against the rigid observations of severe and learned criticism. One of the first considerations which must naturally present themselves to the mind of every one who has occasion to commence a law-suit, either as agent, advocate, or client, is, whether the case he has to sustain does in any respect violate the regulations, laid down by the legislature from time to time to assure the property and protect the liberty of the subject. These regulations, if not the principal, ought to be at least the preliminary object of deliberation, both to client and lawyer. And certainly no portion of the voluminous code of laws with which the Statute Book is loaded, gives more satisfactory or more ample information on this matter, than the Statutes of Limitation. We are therefore glad to find a treatise on them exclusively, which we think Mr. Blanshard has been tolerably successful in producing. There is a sufficiently copious index, and list of the names of cases referred to; thereby rendering the work a useful appendage to the library of the tradesman, merchant, and lawyer, to each of whom it may frequently spare the loss of much time, expense, and anxiety. We therefore think it may be ranked among the useful publications of the day.

ART. XXII. *Tausend und eine Nacht. Arabisch. Nach einer Handschriftaus Tunis.* Thrausgegeben von Dr. Maximilian Habicht. Vol. 1 and 2. 16mo. Breslau: Black and Young. London. 1826.

IT is with high feelings of satisfaction, that we congratulate Orientialists on the appearance of the present work. It is the first complete edition of the "Thousand-and-one Nights" that has ever been printed in Europe, and the form in which it is presented is at once beautiful and commodious. It would be idle in us to enter into a criticism of the merits of these attractive tales, which are as well known in all parts of Europe as in the country that produced them. The rapid sale of numerous editions of translations, in almost all the occidental languages, vouches sufficiently fort heir merits. Mr. Habicht, the editor, is a distinguished Orientalist, and some years since he met in Paris the Tunisian envoy, Mr. M. Annagar, with whom he formed a strict friendship, and who, on his return to Tunis, sent over to Mr. Habicht, several Arabic MSS., some of which he purchased, some he got copied for him. Among these, was a copy of the Thousand-and-one Nights, in 10 vols. large 8vo., of which the last volume is dated in the year 1144 of the Hejira (A.D. 1731). The first volume, Mr. H. had the advantage of comparing with a copy made by a Syrian, which is in his possession. Of the third volume also, which contains among others the Voyages of Sindbad, he has two duplicates; so that in those parts of the work the student will find many various readings carefully noted. Mr. Habicht has likewise appended to each volume a list of such words as occur and are not found in the dictionary. He speaks in high terms of a tolerably long tale, "The history of the Saif Dzyl Jezeni," which is not in the MSS. he has seen in different parts of Europe, but of which the fifth volume of his manuscript contains a considerable portion, and he is in daily expectation

of the remainder from Tunis. The work is printed in a small, but very beautiful and legible type, and holds forth strong attractions to the lover of oriental literature. Only the two first volumes have as yet been published, and it would appear that the editors intend to bring out a volume annually, till the whole work is completed.

ART. XXIII. *An Historical and Topographical view of the Wapentake of Strafford and Tickhill; intended chiefly to illustrate its Ancient State.* By John Wainwright. One Volume, 4to. 2*l.* 2*s.* Sheffield: Blackwell. London: Longman and Co. 1826.

MR. WAINWRIGHT has here given us the first volume of a work, which besides its local interest, promises to contribute a copious and valuable addition to those topographical memorials of the ancient condition of England, which have been lately presented from various quarters to the public. It were only to be desired, that both Mr. Wainwright, and those who in other countries are engaged in pursuits such as his, might speak of families residing within the circle of their observation, with a little more regard to the rules of good taste. The days of adulation in literature is, we hope, gone by; we had imagined that the days of fulsome dedications had also finished their course, until we opened the first page of this quarto.

There is, perhaps, no county in England which possesses so many precious remains of former ages, or offers so many materials for useful research, as Yorkshire. So far as Mr. Wainwright has executed his design, we must admit, that he has evinced great industry, and much of that enthusiastic veneration for the labours of our ancestors, which so well becomes an antiquary. There also is a quaintness in his style, particularly suitable to a work like this: if it had not occasionally swelled into a tone of pomposity, we own, we should have liked it much better.

Opinions are much divided as to the etymology of the word *Wapentake*. It means a division of a county furnishing men at arms, and most probably, was derived from the ancient custom of the Germans, mentioned by Tacitus, of signifying assent to the measures proposed by their leaders, by shaking their spears. *Si displicuit sententia fremitu aspernantur; sin placuit, frameas concutiunt* And this was considered the most honourable kind of approbation which could be paid by a subject to his sovereign. To touch the spear or weapon hence came to signify submission on one side, and authority on the other; which agrees with the Saxon word 'wæpuntac,' or touching of the weapon, as a pledge of fidelity. The expression was easily transferred from the individuals to the district in which they resided.

It is not of course our purpose to enter into any account of the contents of this volume, which are sufficiently indicated by its title. Mr. Wainwright appears to have brought a liberal and enlightened mind to his task. He writes indeed under the strong influence of a peculiar religious creed, but that does not prevent him from doing justice to the founders of those splendid ecclesiastical structures, which are among the most interesting ornaments of our country. To persons connected with the Wapentake this volume must prove highly acceptable. The general reader will also find in it much that is curious and instructive. We are glad to hear that the second volume is far advanced in its progress, and we sincerely hope that Mr. Wainwright will obtain every assistance from the gentry of the district which is the object of his valuable labours.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1827.

ART. I. *The Life of Hugo Grotius: with Brief Minutes of the Civil, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of the Netherlands.* By Charles Butler, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn. 8vo. pp. 259. 7*s.* 6*d.* London: Murray. 1826.

THERE has always appeared to us something peculiarly graceful and enviable in the character of Mr. Butler's mind. The union of acknowledged skill and eminence in a learned profession, with an elegant taste for general literature, is, in itself, an agreeable and attractive spectacle. But the alliance is still more pleasing, when, as in the case of this gentleman, it is adorned with spotless integrity, and the most amiable qualities of private life, with the mildest spirit of philosophy, and with a generous, yet chastened, zeal in the cause of civil and religious liberty. Devoted to letters for their own sake, and evidently seeking, in their pursuit, a tranquil relaxation from the severer employments and cares of business, Mr. Butler has found time for the composition of works, so varied and numerous, as might seem to have demanded an uninterrupted and exclusive existence of learned leisure. Yet he is well known to have been, at the same time, constantly and actively engaged in one of the most abstruse departments of legal practice; and his success is, therefore, in the highest degree, instructive and encouraging, since it offers an irrefragable proof of the possibility of combining great literary attainments, with well merited professional celebrity. Of the unquestionable tendency of these blended pursuits to elevate the character, and to purify it from the sordid corruption of worldly action, we need scarcely adduce the instance before us. We may be permitted, however, for a moment to intrude into the privacy of such a man, for the inculcation of his salutary example: we shall here no more be suspected of flattery, than if we spoke not of the living; and we know not why we should repress our admiration at the beautiful retrospect of this long life of honour and usefulness, in which letters have formed the recreation and delight of all seasons, and the especial solace of declining years.

By far the greater portion of Mr. Butler's works, bear the impress

of that enthusiastic passion for literature, the modest indulgence of which, seems to have formed the single purpose of his writing. Without obtrusion of himself, and almost, as it were, in silence, he has gone on accumulating the stores of his knowledge, compiling as he read, and dispensing the fruits of his studies. Without ostentation, and apparently without the design of throwing his authorship into prominent observation, he has usually put together his materials, just as they offered: and their arrangement seems never to have cost him a sensible effort. He gives us the idea of having written literally for his own amusement: there is never any ambitious pretension in his periods; never any laboured composition, or straining after effect. He tells whatever he has to say, in the plainest style, and utters his reflections, evidently, in the first terms in which they happen to rise upon his mind.

But this very simplicity of intention, and the absence of much selection in his matter, must be confessed often to weaken, materially, the great weight which his various learning and research, his refined literary tastes, and his philosophical spirit of reflection, should otherwise command. His compositions are always full of instructive details: but with these are too frequently mingled, particulars of trifling importance, and of ready access and familiarity to every scholar. It is no new remark, that, in the mere business of compilation, every book must necessarily be less learned than its author; but in Mr. Butler's productions, the disparity between the real erudition of the writer, and its palpable display, is unusually great. He has not the art—or he despises its deception—to use the thoughts and learning of other men, without formal acknowledgment; and hence his practice, which we have remarked upon former occasions, of too extensively quoting whole passages from earlier authorities, of which he might, without impropriety, have compressed the essence into a few paragraphs of his own language. Whether this plan may have originated in inadvertence or fastidiousness, it begets, unfairly enough, the suspicion of a defect in originality; and the appearance of borrowing from the stores of former writers, is produced by the very candour which refuses to conceal the sources of intelligence. The world are accustomed to judge of these matters, as if history itself were anything more than the compilation of facts and materials previously accumulated.

The memoir before us is distinguished by all those peculiarities of Mr. Butler's manner to which we have been referring; and we should, with equal certainty, have recognised it at once for the production of his pen, if it had failed to bear his name upon the title-page. Like all his former historical essays, too, it has the charm of simplicity and brevity: and this is one of the most praiseworthy characteristics of the fruits of his researches. Having, in the singular ease of his style, less reason than most writers, to fear that the reader will tire over his pages, it has, besides, been his diffident care to avoid fatiguing attention, by even the ordinary length of a

volume; and his most interesting dissertations have usually been comprehended within the limits of an abridgment. We will venture to assert, that no one has been deterred from the length, or ever rose in weariness from the perusal, of one of his little volumes; and though many of Mr. Butler's contemporaries may surpass him in dexterous enhancement of the merits of their own labours, the self-denial of accommodating the scale and form of his writings to the tastes of the languid students of these times, is certainly the especial praise of his judgment.

The Life of Grotius is intimately associated with both the literary and religious history of the Seven United Provinces of the Netherlands, and, indeed, with that of all Europe, during the first half of the seventeenth century. But, to elucidate the career of this celebrated and really great man, it was not necessarily required that Mr. Butler should conduct us back, as he has done, to the age of Charlemagne; nor will it be readily apparent, why this biography of an individual should open, at the distance of nine centuries, like a Welsh pedigree, commencing from the flood. The 'succinct account,' therefore, of the devolution (as Mr. Butler has rather pedantically called it) of the German empire from the Carlovingian era, which forms the introductory chapter of the volume, may not, unreasonably, be deemed somewhat out of place; nor can the general scholar, possibly, find any thing new in the mere chain of common-place facts, whichMr. Butler has here collected, relative to the state of literature in Germany, during the middle ages. All these, even if forming a natural preface to the life of Grotius, could not, in themselves, present a particle of novelty: but they have, in truth, not much more connection with the subject, than the battle of Hastings, or the poetry of Chaucer, would have with the life of John Locke.

It is, however, the fortunate result of Mr. Butler's indefatigable industry and habitual spirit of inquiry, that he never fails to confer some useful illustration on every question which he finds pleasure in examining. So extensive is his learning, and so experienced his judgment, that his thoughts are seldom undeserving of attention; and, however irrelevant to, or unconnected with, the immediate subject matter of his undertaking, even his widest digressions are always entertaining. In his brief notice of the decline of literature under the descendants of Charlemagne, there is much truth in the reflection which he has here repeated, that there are strong grounds for believing the decay far less than is generally represented. "It is surprising," he well remarks, "how many works were written during these dark, and, as they are harshly called, ignorant ages. It is more to be wondered, that while so much was written, so little was written well. The classical works of antiquity were not unknown in those times; the Latin Vulgate translation of the Old and New Testament was daily read by the clergy and heard by the people. Now, although the language of the Vulgate be not classical, it is

not destitute of elegance, and it possesses throughout the exquisite charm of clearness and simplicity. It is surprising that these circumstances did not lead the writers to a better style. They had no such effect; the general style of the time was hard, inflated, and obscure."

But the ninth and tenth centuries certainly produced some judicious historians, some subtle philosophers, some learned theologians, and a few poets. Nor though, during the three next centuries, learning was deplorably obscured, does it seem ever to have suffered that total eclipse, and even extinction, which many authors have been fond of supposing, with the natural bias, to exaggerate our debt of gratitude to the Italian restorers of letters. In Constantinople and the Eastern empire, some glimmerings, at least, of the learning of classical antiquity had always been preserved. Under the Saracen dynasties, too, of Asia, Africa, and Spain, especially, the embers of science and philosophy had been fostered and rekindled; and the light which first beamed upon Italy, before the fourteenth century, and afterwards slowly irradiated all Europe, was derived from these sources. The whole intellectual process might, with more accuracy, have been designated as the return, than as the revival—and the distinction is not unimportant—of literature to western Europe.

In connection with this opinion, we are rather surprised to find Mr. Butler contented to repeat one vulgar error, which we have before attempted to controvert. He ascribes, after Blackstone, the resumption of the study of Roman civil law in Italy, to the discovery of a copy of the Pandects of Justinian, at Amalfi. We may remind the reader of this common story, that the manuscript was found at Amalfi, by the Pisans, on their sack of that city, and through the agency of the conquerors, conveyed to Bologna; that the university of that place was, consequently, led to introduce the study of the civil law; and that the authority of its code, and the celebrity of Bologna as its great school, soon grew famous together, throughout Europe. At the same time, it is admitted by the believers of this tale, and by Mr. Butler among them, that Irnerius, the first professor of civil law at Bologna, was appointed to that station, and read his lectures there, 'towards the year 1130.' Now dates are stubborn evidence; and it is indisputable, that the sack of Amalfi did not take place until 1137:—that is, at least seven years later than the epoch at which Irnerius is known to have commenced his lectures. The study of the civil law in Italy, therefore, could not have originated with the fortunate and marvellous accident of the discovery at Amalfi, which has amused the imagination of the learned; and it is the more singular, that the romance of this often-told tale should have imposed upon Mr. Butler's acuteness, because he knows, and states (p. 32), that Irnerius 'who was by birth a German, had studied Justinian's law at Constantinople.' The plain history of his introduction of the science at Bologna, may

illustrate the degree of intercourse between the Eastern empire and western Europe, and explain the direction from which the returning current of learning set towards the shores of Italy, even if we refuse to entertain, in the case of the civil law, the very natural belief, that its authority and study had never become wholly extinct in that country.

There are several other little points, in Mr. Butler's introductory chapter, which might be noticed and discussed with advantage; but we are warned not to linger over them, in forgetfulness of the main subject of his volume. In compiling his memoir of Grotius, as in writing the life of Erasmus (and the two works may be received as companion-volumes), Mr. Butler has, of course, not hoped to offer any new or original information. The memoir is, avowedly, founded on familiar authorities: Burigni's Life of Grotius, of which there is already an English version,—the Latin vindication of his memory, in two volumes, ascribed to Lehman,—the article, Grotius, in Bayle—and, lastly, the letters of Grotius himself. After these, it is the least praise to which Mr. Butler is entitled, that this memoir will still be read with more profit and delight than any, or all, of them.

Hugo Grotius, if his memory deserve not exactly all the distinction which Bayle has assigned to him, as 'l'un des plus grans hommes de l'Europe,' was, at least, one of the most remarkable, wisest, and most virtuous characters of his age. If he had been merely the author of the treatise, 'De Jure Belli et Pacis,' he would be entitled to the lasting respect of mankind, as the founder of the doctrine of natural and international jurisprudence, and, through it, in some measure, of the modern sciences of moral philosophy and political economy. His treatise is no longer, perhaps, an authority in the study of the law of nature and nations, for it has been, itself, superseded by the more correct development of the principles which it first suggested. But it must ever remain a monument of prodigious erudition, as well as of benevolent argument. Mr. Butler has not, we think, discriminated its enduring merits, by his citation of Sir James Macintosh, quite so happily, nor so briefly, as he might have done from the estimate of another philosophical critic. "Even now, when so different a taste prevails," says Mr. Dugald Stewart, in his first dissertation, "the treatise, De Jure Belli et Pacis, possesses many charms to a classical reader; who, although he may not always set a very high value on the author's reasonings, must, at least, be dazzled and delighted with the splendid profusion of his learning." But the theological writings of Grotius, and especially his book, 'De Veritate Religionis Christianæ,' have procured for him, by the universal assent of all orders of Christians, a well-merited celebrity, of rather a different kind from that promoted by his political works; and the share which he was led to suffer in the religious quarrel between the Arminians and Calvinists of the United Provinces, identifies his fortunes with all the history of that famous

controversy. His fame for political wisdom, is mingled with the great diplomatic transactions of Europe, during his times; and, lastly, in his career merely as a distinguished writer, his life affords a highly interesting piece of library biography.

Hugo de Groote—for it is to this barbarous Dutch cognomen that we must refer his celebrated latinized appellation of Grotius—was born at Delft, in the year 1582, of a family of distinguished rank and hereditary talents. All his biographers agree that he discovered, from his earliest years, astonishing indications of the genius, of which so illustrious a reputation has descended to our times. He devoted himself to the law, and pleaded his first cause with signal honour, before he was seventeen years old! His brilliant success procured him considerable promotion; and before he was twenty-four years of age, he was chosen advocate-general for Holland and Zealand, and some years afterwards pensionary of Rotterdam, a high station in the republican constitution, which was followed by the attainment of a seat in the States General. During this prosecution of his fortunes, he married Mary Reygersburgh, of an illustrious house in Zealand; and the union proved one of much happiness.

Thus far his political career had been most prosperous; and his ambition of literary fame had been already gratified, by the publication of several of his earlier works, which, though now not in so much esteem as his later productions, were, at the time, universally admired, and circulated the renown of their author throughout Europe. But a period of reverses was at hand. Some accidents of his education, and the natural temper of his mind, had made him favourable to the Arminian doctrines in theology; and he was intimately connected with the Grand-Pensionary, Barneveldt, the leader of the party in the United Provinces which professed those opinions. On the well known triumph of the opposite, or Calvinistic faction, which produced the iniquitous execution of Barneveldt, Grotius was involved in the fate of the Grand-Pensionary, and sentenced in 1619, with an equally flagrant disregard of justice, to imprisonment for life. The story of his escape from his captivity, in the spring of 1621, through the agency of his exemplary wife, has been often related, and is familiar to most readers; but Mr. Butler has invested the particulars with so much animation and interest, that we are tempted to repeat his narrative:

'At first, his confinement was very rigid: by degrees it was relaxed: his wife was allowed to leave the prison for a few hours, twice in every week. He was permitted to borrow books, and to correspond, except on politics, with his friends.

'He beguiled the tedious hours of confinement by study, relieving his mind by varying its objects. Ancient and modern literature equally engaged his attention: Sundays he wholly dedicated to prayer, and the study of theology.

'Twenty months of imprisonment thus passed away. His wife now

began to devise projects for his liberty. She had observed, that he was not so strictly watched as at first; that the guards, who examined the chest used for the conveyance of his books and linen, being accustomed to see nothing in it but books and linen, began to examine them loosely: at length, they permitted the chest to pass without any examination. Upon this, she formed her project for her husband's release.

'She began to carry it into execution, by cultivating an intimacy with the wife of the commandant of Gorcum. To her, she lamented Grotius's immoderate application to study; she informed her, that it had made him seriously ill; and that, in consequence of his illness, she had resolved to take all his books from him, and restore them to their owners. She circulated every where the account of his illness, and finally declared that it had confined him to his bed.

'In the meantime, the chest was accommodated to her purpose; and particularly, some holes were bored in it, to let in air. Her maid, and the valet of Grotius, were entrusted with the secret. The chest was conveyed to Grotius's apartment. She then revealed her project to him, and, after much entreaty, prevailed on him to get into the chest, and leave her in the prison.

'The books, which Grotius borrowed, were usually sent to Gorcum; and the chest, which contained them, passed in a boat, from the prison, at Louvestein, to that town.

'Big with the fate of Grotius, the chest, as soon as he was enclosed in it, was moved into the boat. One of the soldiers, observing that it was uncommonly heavy, insisted on its being opened, and its contents examined; but, by the address of the maid, his scruples were removed, and the chest was lodged in the boat. The passage from Louvestein to Gorcum took a considerable time. The length of the chest did not exceed three feet and a half. At length, it reached Gorcum: it was intended that it should be deposited at the house of David Bazelaer, an Arminian friend of Grotius, who resided at Gorcum. But, when the boat reached the shore, a difficulty arose, how the chest was to be conveyed from the spot, upon which it was to be landed, to Bazelaer's house. This difficulty was removed by the maid's presence of mind; she told the bystanders, that the chest contained glass, and that it must be moved with particular care. Two chairmen were soon found, and they carefully moved it on a horse-chair to the appointed place.

'Bazelaer sent away his servants on different errands, opened the chest, and received his friend with open arms. Grotius declared, that while he was in the chest, he had felt much anxiety, but had suffered no other inconvenience. Having dressed himself as a mason, with a rule and trowel, he went through the back door of Bazelaer's house, accompanied by his maid, along the market-place, to a boat, engaged for the purpose. It conveyed them to Vervic, in Brabant: there, he was safe. His maid then left him, and, returning to his wife, communicated to her the agreeable information of the success of the enterprise.

'As soon as Grotius's wife ascertained that he was in perfect safety, she informed the guards of his escape: these communicated the intelligence to the governor. He put her into close confinement; but, in a few days, an order of the States General set her at liberty, and permitted her to carry with her every thing at Louvestein, which belonged to her. It is

impossible to think without pleasure of the meeting of Grotius and his heroic wife.'—pp. 118—122.

Mr. Butler might here have added the spirited eulogy of Bayle, on the affectionate and enterprising devotion of this excellent woman, to the happiness of her husband. "Une telle femme méritoit dans la République des Lettres, non seulement une statue mais aussi les honneurs de la canonisation; car c'est à elle qu'on est redevable de tant d'excellens Ouvrages que son mari a mis au jour, et que ne seroient jamais sortis des ténébres de Louvestein, s'il y eût passé toute sa vie, comme des Juges choises par ses ennemis l'avoient pretendu."

Notwithstanding the persecution which he had suffered, it is one of the most excellent traits in the character of Grotius, that his love of his native country continued unabated; and to a return thither were all his hopes, all his views, anxiously directed. But he was now doomed to pass through a life of banishment. He first retired to France, where he composed his Apology for himself; which served only, while it ably exposed his injuries, to deepen the animosities of his enemies in the States General. By Louis XIII., however, he was received with great honour, so highly had his least excellent works already established the reputation of his learning and genius. The French monarch settled a pension upon him; and for ten years he resided in Paris. If he would have cultivated the patronage of Richelieu, he might, perhaps, have continued still longer to enjoy an uninterrupted existence of lettered ease. But he gave a mortal affront to the cardinal, by declining to purchase his protection, at the total sacrifice of mental independence; and a residence in France was therefore made so irksome to him, and the yearnings of his mind for a return to his country were become so painful, that at length, in the year 1631, he was tempted to venture into Holland. But he was immediately exposed to a fresh sentence of banishment; and now perceiving that the virulence of his enemies was inexorable, he finally bade adieu to the United Provinces, and determined to seek his fortune elsewhere.

This first residence of ten years in France, was, perhaps, the most remarkable epoch in the literary life of Grotius. It was during this period that he produced his treatise 'De Jure Belli et Pacis,' which was published at Paris in 1625, and dedicated to the French king. It was now, also, that he translated into Latin prose, and gave to the world, his book, 'De Veritate Religionis Christianæ,' which he had originally composed during his captivity at Louvestein. We know not why Mr. Butler has omitted to notice the circumstances reported by Bayle, from Dumaurier, of the history of this work:—that it was first written for the use of his countrymen, in Flemish verse, that it might be the better committed to their memories, and that it was, farther, designed to assist the Dutch voyagers to the East, in the work of converting the natives of

India. At Paris, also, Grotius finished and published his improved edition of 'Stobœus,' which he had begun when a boy, and continued in prison:—a book, of which, altogether, we shall honestly confess our ignorance, except by character, as a compilation of classical fragments.

On his retirement from France, and final banishment from Holland, Grotius withdrew to Hamburgh. From this retreat he was drawn forth by the offers of the celebrated chancellor Oxenstiern, who had then directed the affairs of Sweden, since the death of his master, Gustavus Adolphus. Both that monarch and his minister had conceived a high opinion of the treatise 'De Jure,' and of the abilities and virtue of its author; and Oxenstiern now, in 1634, selected Grotius for the office of ambassador from Sweden to the French Court. This station, considering that the thirty years' war was still violently raging, and that France and Sweden were the principal powers of the league against the house of Austria, was certainly one of the highest importance and dignity; and Grotius filled it, with ability and applause, for eleven years. He was then recalled, at his own solicitation, and proceeded to Stockholm, to render an account of his embassy.

On his journey, he passed through Amsterdam and Rotterdam, and was now well received at both those cities. On his arrival at Stockholm, too, he experienced from the queen of Sweden, the famous Christiana, the most flattering reception; and no promises were omitted on her part, to induce him to remain in her service. But, from some reasons which have never been thoroughly explained—some secret disgust, probably—he declined all the queen's offers, and quitted Sweden, by sea, for Lubec. The vessel, in which he had embarked, was driven, by stress of weather, upon the coast of Pomerania; and Grotius was pursuing his way to Lubec by land, when he was arrested by alarming illness at Rostock, and there, after a few days, breathed his last, on the 30th of August, 1645. His corpse was conveyed to Delft, and deposited in the tomb of his ancestors, with a simple and modest epitaph, of his own writing, in which he described himself as, 'BATAVUM CAPTIVUS ET EXSUL:'—a proof, as affecting as the lamentation of Dante, and without the same bitterness of hatred, of the incurable wound which injustice and exile could inflict upon a noble and sensitive spirit.

The precise nature of the religious sentiments entertained by Grotius, has often been a subject of doubt and dispute; and, as his theological opinions had subjected him to unmerited persecution during his life, so also were they converted, after his death, into matter for suspicion and obloquy to his memory. The real fact seems to have been, that the tone of his mind was too charitable and tolerant for the age which produced him. His spirit was truly that of universal Christianity, not of sectarian and exclusive dogmatism. Hence, it was one effect of his temperate principles, that

almost every party was willing to assert his adherence to its own tenets; and the following epigram of Menâge, humorously likens the variety of sects which claimed his religion, to the number of cities which contended for the birth of Homer:

'"Smyrna, Rhodos, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athenæ,
Siderei certant vatis de patriâ Homeri;
Grotiadæ certant de religione, Socinus,
Arrius, Arminius, Calvinus, Roma, Lutherus."'

But, in the same ratio in which Grotius rejected the narrow intolerance of sects, he, of course, encountered the bigoted fury of his religious adversaries. The real history of his theological opinions would be curious, and is, perhaps, not difficult of explanation, with unprejudiced views. Having been guided, by his reading and reflection on the Scriptures, sincerely, to embrace the interpretations of Arminius, he was, thereby, led to dissent from the more austere and exclusive doctrines of Calvin. The persecution to which he thus exposed himself, was not likely to change or weaken his repugnance to Calvinism; and, in his subsequent residence at Paris, he was, soon, still further disgusted with the fierce and uncharitable zeal of the French Calvinists. Having already inclined to the milder form of Arminianism, he now, openly, adopted it without reserve. His own published commentaries on the Scriptures were composed in this frame of mind; and the sentiments expressed in them have even been regarded, both by some Catholic and other Protestant divines, perhaps without reason, as leading, in some measure, to Socinianism.

Among his later works, his treatise on Antichrist excited against him attacks of another kind. His deep study of Scripture had prompted him to the examination of a question, which had, violently, excited the religious world in that age. Some synods of the reformed churches, had ventured to decide that the Pope was Antichrist; and this absurd and extravagant opinion, had stirred up all the fury of the 'odium theologicum,' between Roman Catholics and Protestants. By venturing to expose the vain fanaticism of this dogma, Grotius, as was to be foreseen, violently irritated all the bitter enemies of the Roman Catholic church; and their indignation was the greater, as the obnoxious treatise was the confession of a Protestant inquirer. It is, probably, the candour evinced in this work (it was published in 1640), which has induced the belief, that Grotius gradually inclined, in his last years, to the Roman Catholic communion. But, whatever were his final shades of belief, it is clearly established, by the testimony of the clergyman who attended his last moments, that he evinced on his deathbed, the pious faith, and the consolatory hopes, of a sincere Christian.

Into the particular and exact modifications of opinion, which Grotius may have adopted, it is, after all, very immaterial to inquire.

It is sufficient to know that he was a man whom the whole Christian world might be proud to acknowledge for a member. And it is far more instructive to observe the spirit, which animated him with the ardent desire to effect the re-union of the general church. This was the evident, and the avowed object of all his theological writings; and this, too, it was, which drew down upon him the hatred of bigots of all denominations. Nothing in his life places him, as Mr. Butler justly observes, in a more amiable or respectable point of view, than his constant attempts to put Catholics and Protestants into good humour with each other and with themselves, A wish for the religious peace of the world, had 'grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength.' It was known, before his imprisonment at Louvestein, that he entertained a project for this benevolent purpose; and he avows it frequently and earnestly in his works. The hopelessness of his too sanguine aspirations after such a re-union,—the whole experience of theological history, if not the natural constitution of the human mind itself, has hitherto tended to prove that he, who, even amidst the fierce controversies and distractions of the seventeenth century, could still, steadily, direct the immense stores of his learning and genius to the accomplishment of so enlarged and benevolent a design, can be no otherwise characterised than as a truly great and good man.

We have suffered our attention to be engrossed by the interesting details which strictly belong to the life, writings, opinions, and character of Grotius. But we must not omit to render justice to some of the collateral matter of Mr. Butler's volume. The fortunes of Grotius were so closely interwoven with the religious disputes which agitated the Seven United Provinces during his life, that some account of these was appropriate, and even indispensable to the completion of his biography. The manner in which Mr. Butler has executed this part of his task, has, infinitely, increased the value of the work. He has presented us with the best abridged view which we have anywhere seen, of the whole features and history of the famous ARMINIAN CONTROVERSY. In one chapter, he takes a rapid survey of the state of religion in the Reformed church of the Netherlands, between the age of Calvin and that of Arminius. In another, he offers an abstract of the proceedings of the synod of Dort, in which the doctrines of Arminius were prosecuted, and his disciples subjected to persecution and imprisonment, or exile. A third division of the volume, gives some account of Socinius, and of the fortunes of the sect which he founded; and notices the controversy between our James I. and Vorstius. And another section traces the subsequent history of Arminianism from the synod of Dort.

The whole of this portion of Mr. Butler's volume, intermingled as it is with the memoir of Grotius, will be found, by the general reader, a most useful digest of the ecclesiastical annals of the seventeenth century. It is compiled with admirable candour and

passages themselves extended to a compass for which there is no possible excuse; and when we further see that long paragraphs are cited, to shew the meaning of words which require no illustration at all: when we see all this, we cannot but suspect that the editor, for some reason or another, deems *quantity* to be an object of cardinal importance. This is an abuse of the very meritorious power of the scissors, against which we beg to remonstrate. Take an example: The word 'because,' is very intelligible; Milton happens to have used it, in its ordinary sense, and, straightway, our compiler summons before us the whole of the *eighteen* lines in whose company the humble conjunction had been accidently discovered.

A little before the above word (for we really quote at random) occurs, of course, the word 'bark.' It has three meanings—the covering of a tree, the noise of a dog, the name given to a small ship. To support the editor in his opinon that such are the meanings of this word, one would have thought, required no very extensive amount of authority. And yet, will it be believed, that there are no fewer than thirty-five integral quotations, appended to this expression? Now, there are some tens of these passages, which present the above substantive as having the self-same meaning. But, perhaps, the license of quotation, if it stopped here, might provoke no very severe rebuke. It goes much farther; and not rarely does it happen, as in the instance of 'because,' that a quantity of a writer's text is thrust into the page, far beyond the point at which all connection with the key-word fully terminates.

Another example will demonstrate the nature of this abuse. In one of Othello's passionate apostrophes to his wife, the word 'bark' is to be met with: now, a line and a half, embracing this word, makes, in itself, a complete sentence; and nothing, anterior or subsequent to this passage in Shakspeare's page, bears the slightest allusion to the meaning of 'bark.' Nevertheless, the prodigal editor takes out his scissors, begins three lines above 'bark,' ends six lines below it, and thus gives us the full benefit of the whole address to the extent of ten heroic lines! Shakspeare and Milton are always welcome; but as we have already, at no small expense, secured the presence of these illustrious companions in our library, we must protest against being betrayed into the purchase of piecemeal duplicates of their works, whilst we imagined that we were treating for a different sort of matter.

But even these unwarrantable obtrusions dwindle into insignificance, when compared with the twenty-eight pages of customs' duties,—a document which is so notoriously transitory in its provisions, as to stand a chance of being rendered obsolete by the period of the completion of this very work.

To enumerate the errors and omissions of the numbers which we have already seen, would occupy a space which we are very unwilling to afford. The historical reader will be apt to smile, on finding that the word 'constitution' is dismissed with a few bare lines, neither that of England, nor of any other country, ancient or modern, being,

in the least, alluded to. Again, the word 'abdicate' (of which we are reminded by the term just mentioned), is passed over, and not a word about the memorable philological contest in the parliament of 1688. We have a tolerably ample life of the late queen Caroline; but mention of the far more prominent wife of George the Second is totally omitted. Of clubs (a very peculiar feature in English morals) we have not a syllable. Calico has six lines, and no reference is given to any quarter where we may hear any more about it. Buddha, and Buddhism are also wholly excluded. Enough on that head.

Looking to Aix, a town in France, we find that it is 89 miles south-east of Paris, and that it is 48 south-east of Avignon. Now, in turning to Avignon itself, in part 5, we discover that this city is 168 leagues (not miles), south-east of Paris. So that, according to our accurate Encyclopædia, Avignon can be 168 leagues from Paris, and the town of Aix can be 48 miles farther off again, in the same direction; and yet, after all, this very same town of Aix should be distant from Paris only 89 miles! If the remainder of this work had all the accuracy of the statute-book, such blunders as this would render it apocryphal.

ART. III. *Parliamentary Review, for* 1826. 8vo., pp. 305. 25*s.* London: Longman & Co. 1827.

IN the number of our Journal for June last*, we briefly noticed the first appearance of this very valuable work, which opened with the session of 1825. We eulogized the convenience of its arrangement for purposes of instruction and reference; and we expressed our wonder that it had been reserved for our times to commence a publication of such obvious utility and permanent interest. The sheets now before us, form the sequel to the first volume of this continued undertaking for the year 1826; and some account of the general plan of the whole work may not be found unacceptable, before we proceed to examine the contents of this particular portion of it.

The 'Parliamentary History and Review,' then, is intended to offer reports of the annual proceedings of the two houses of the legislature; together with critical remarks on the principal measures of each session; and an appendix, containing abstracts of all the most important documents laid before both houses. The *first part* of this annual production is devoted to the record of the debates of parliament; and here the proceedings on each distinct subject are given, in unbroken series: so that we have, under the same head, the whole of those discussions on a given question, which took place at intervals, long or short, during the several months of the sitting. Thus, under the generic title of 'Ireland,' will be found the proceedings of both houses, regularly classified, on every measure of external and internal economy connected with that country;—and

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* See Monthly Review, vol. ii., p. 223.

so of all other great divisions of legislative deliberation and enactment. The evident advantages of this plan, we before took occasion to praise; and the order and completeness of the arrangement, certainly give to the work a decided superiority over every other form of compilation of the parliamentary debates which we have ever met with. This record of debate, is followed by the *second part* of the publication, which, under the title of 'Parliamentary Review,' offers a series of critical and explanatory dissertations on the principal questions to which the attention of the legislature has been directed during the session; ranged under several generic heads, like the debates themselves. These two portions of the undertaking together, form one volume: the *third* and last part of the annual work is the abstract of parliamentary papers, composing a kind of appendix, in a second volume. These documents, comprising Reports of Committees, Minutes of Evidence taken before them, and Returns made on official authority, form, annually, in their ordinary state, nearly twenty thick volumes, which are printed solely for the use of members of parliament; and it is justly observed, that "whether we consider the expense, the labour, or the space required to render them available for general use, they may be said to have been hitherto almost inaccessible." The condensation of the more important matter of their substance into a single volume, is the laudable object of the appendix to this work. The three parts of the whole undertaking, the Debates, the Review, and the Appendix, are published distinctly, and may be purchased separately.

Such is the general plan of the Parliamentary History and Review: the demi-volume before us forms no more than the critical portion of it for the year 1826. But this is evidently the only part of the whole undertaking which raises it above the mere merit of judicious compilation and abridgment, and is, itself, open to critical examination.

Before we proceed farther, therefore, while we disclaim any attempt to analyze, in a few pages, the various essays of which the Parliamentary Review for 1826 is made up, we shall just state the mere heads of its subjects, that our readers may be enabled to form some idea of the general nature of the divisions. These several essays are arranged as follows:

'IRELAND. I. Catholic Disabilities.—II. Landlords and Tenants.—III. Church Establishment.—IV. Law; Police.—V. Tolls.—VI. Corporations, &c.

'FOREIGN DEPENDENCIES. I. Negro Slavery.—II. Slave Trade.—III. Sierra Leone.

'FINANCE AND TRADE. I. The Budget, &c.—II. Paper Currency; Commercial Distress.—III. Corn Laws.—IV. Silk Trade.—V. Navigation Laws.

'LAW. I. Licensing System; Public Houses.—II. Bankrupt Laws; (Debtor and Creditor Arrangement Bill).—III. County Courts.—IV. Addressing of Juries by Felons' Counsel.

'CONSTITUTION. I. Representation of Edinburgh; Reform in Parliament; Bribery Bill, &c.—II. Summary Review of the Conduct and Measures of the Imperial Parliament.'

It is in the essays, of which we have here given only the subjects, that the author has had to exhibit the qualities of his own mind, the extent of his political learning, and the soundness of his judgment. The principal value of the whole work is here to be measured, of course, by the tendency of his principles, the clearness of his expositions, and the skill and impartiality with which he has summed up the conflicting arguments, on the several questions before him. On all these points, since we cannot follow him step by step through each dissertation, it will be our business to deliver an opinion of his average qualifications. In the first place, he is, certainly, a writer of very great ability. He is intimately versed in the knowledge which applies to most of the great questions of government, jurisprudence, and policy. He is well read in political economy, and has a perfect understanding of the present state of that science. His style is simple, even to colloquial quaintness, terse, rapid, and forcible. He puts a case shrewdly and pointedly, argues with dexterity and quickness, and is by no means deficient in the power, or sparing in the use, of irony and sarcastic reproach.

The tenor of his principles is a more important consideration. As we observed, on a former occasion, he appears to take a liberal side in politics; and there is a tone of independence in his judgments, which is far above the spirit of party, and bespeaks anything rather than a disposition to pay indiscriminate homage to persons and names. He is certainly not a Tory, for he has a very animated philippic against the Holy Alliance, and the conduct of that arbitrary and bigotted faction, in the British cabinet, which lent itself to the views of a league of continental despots. He is not a Whig; for his contemptuous estimate of the motives of the present opposition in parliament, as the organ of that party, precludes such a supposition. He is neither Tory nor Whig, for the overwhelming influence, the absolute power, and the selfish designs, which he ascribes to the landed aristocracy in the legislature, are the perpetual subjects of his complaint and invective. We hesitate to range him among the adherents of the radical faction; because he evinces little deference or esteem for some of its leaders, and idols, and never quotes the authority of its favourite writers. He is not, in short, the man of any party, but perhaps may be designated as a man of the people:—a significant term, which implies that the bent of his personal opinions is rather republican, and democratic, than in favour either of monarchy or aristocracy.

To this leaning of his mind, is perhaps, attributable the unpleasant tone which remarkably pervades all his criticisms. He attributes to all political parties, and all public men, the very lowest motives which any writer, with whom we are acquainted, has

ventured to assign to them. He seems to resolve every project of legislation, every measure of foreign policy, trade, finance, and internal jurisprudence, to the very meanest spirit of selfishness, deception, and hypocrisy. No man, or body of men, receives his commendation; and if the impression of our administration and legislature, which his strictures are calculated to give, were implicitly received, it would be difficult to believe in the longer existence of a spark of public spirit, virtue, or patriotism in our counsels. Of the administration of the day, indeed, he thinks not quite so badly as of the legislature; and the composition of both houses of parliament, could hardly, in his estimation, be worse, if it were made up of the greatest knaves and fools in the empire. Perhaps we cannot offer a better illustration of the opinions of this writer, than is contained in the following remarks, upon the organization of parliaments:

'In considering, in a general point of view, any part of the proceedings of the parliament of England, the House of Commons, of course, is the first object of attention. It is not incumbent upon us here to explain in what manner the House of Commons has become the main spring in the government of England: it is sufficient for us to recognise it as the fact—a fact, neither disputable nor disputed.

'From the mode in which the suffrage for members to the House of Commons is distributed, and in which the business of the election is performed, it has been found possible and easy, for the leading families in the country, to establish such an influence over the electors, in all the counties, and in a great proportion of the towns, that they can return, as members for those places, the persons of their choice. This they do for one parliament after another, without end. And this, it is evident, is nomination—hereditary nomination, under certain forms—which, though at times they are troublesome and expensive, are, nevertheless, deemed necessary, in order to disguise the reality under false appearance.

'There may be some doubt as to the precise extent to which this virtual nomination is carried. But for the settling of this dispute, any portion of the time of our readers, or ourselves, would be unprofitably bestowed. There is no doubt that it extends to much more than a majority of the members; and this is all which it is material to know. Whether the minority consists of a few less or more, is not of the smallest consequence, with regard to the general nature and tendency of the acts of the assembly.

'Of that portion of the House of Commons, which is not returned by the leading families, the greater part consists of men of large fortunes, who can afford, by dint of money, to create a temporary influence in those places, where no great family has established a permanent one; and, in a few places, the election is made under more or less of the real opinion of the electors; their opinion of the fitness or unfitness of the individual, to whom their votes are tendered.

'Of those two portions of the House of Commons—that which is nominated by the leading families, and that which is not nominated by them—the latter is that, alone, about the nature and force of whose actions any doubt can exist.

'The matter of fact and experience is, that of the members who do not

sit by the nomination of the leading families, the greater number are prone to act along with them, and pride themselves in holding a place in their ranks. As far as these men are concerned, the interest which shapes the actions of those who are nominated by the leading families, does not experience opposition, but support.

'When a legislative assembly is so composed, that one interest actuates one portion of it—another, another; but one of these portions is a great majority; it necessarily follows, that the interest of the major part is that which predominates in the whole. Whatever proposition, favourable to their own interest, the major part wish to carry, they always can carry, notwithstanding any injury it may import to the minor part, and the rest of the community, and notwithstanding any opposition which it may be in the power of the minor part to make to it. On the other hand, any proposition which the minor part may introduce, however conducive to public good, the major part, if it threaten any infringement of their advantages, have at once the motive, and the power to throw it out.

'In a legislative assembly, in which the great majority are leagued in the aristocratical interest, the situation of the minority, who represent the general interest, whether, in point of numbers, they are considerable or inconsiderable, is not that of legislators. It is mere imposture to call it so. Their combined votes in favour of any measure, to which the aristocratical interest are opposed, are wholly ineffectual to carry it. Their votes, in favour of any measure to which the aristocratical interest are inclined, are useless, because the measure would be as certainly carried without their votes, as with them. Voting, in these circumstances, is wholly without effect. It is, therefore, a mere nullity. As well might a man act the farce of voting in a desert, where there is nobody to see or to hear him. But if the voting of the minor part, in such an assembly, be a mere nullity, their speaking is not. They may still advocate good measures. Their place, therefore, in the legislative assembly, is that of legislators in form only, and with a fraudulent effect. They have but one real function—that of advocates for the general interest; and they would be much more favourably situated, for the performance of this positive service, if they were relieved from their mock character of legislators.

'As the character then, of the English House of Commons, is, beyond all controversy, that of an aristocratical hereditary assembly, with a few advocates of the general interest, allowed to be heard among them, we are a little prepared to judge what sort of actions are to be expected from them; and, in reviewing the proceedings of the last parliament, to shew pretty accurately the connexion between causes and effects.

'It must be supposed, that by a legislature, in which the aristocratical interest had so long and so largely predominated, the machinery of government, and all its workings, would long ago have been put into the state the most favourable to the interests of the aristocracy, which aristocratical wits, matched with the circumstances of the times, could bring them to; and that in this state they were found, at the commencement of the last parliament.

'This being the case, it is impossible not to see what must have been the predominating purpose of that assembly, throughout: that it must have been, to keep things as nearly as possible in the state to which they had been brought; and if an appearance of doing something must be kept up,

to make as much of a little as possible; to put the advocates of improvement always on a wrong scent, and to listen to the proposition of no change that implied any real alteration.

'When the powers of government are placed in the hands of a few—be it an aristocracy, or a despot and his satellites—these powers are rendered subservient to the interests of those who hold them, by the command which is thence obtained over the persons and properties of the rest of the community. The main object of such governments is to carry that command to as great a height as possible.

'The ancient laws of England afforded protection to the persons of the mass of the people only to a certain extent; beyond that point, every thing was open to the hand of power. Manners, however, in modern times, have done more than legislation, for the protection of the lower orders from outrage in their persons. The man with power does not find his gratification in offering indignity or doing harm to the person of the man without power. What he desires, with respect to him, is command over his services. But command over his services is better obtained in the indirect, than in the direct way; by first taking from the man his money, and, after that, with his money, purchasing his services.

'The aristocracy, then, have felt but little interest in recent times, in deteriorating the state of the law, in regard to the protection of the persons of the people. They have shewn enough, indeed, of reluctance to part with any portion of a power capable of being abused, though now seldom turned to a wicked account, and have resisted every proposition for the improvement of the law in this respect.

'In modern times, the machinery of taxation has been found the most commodious instrument for making power useful to those who hold it. The power enjoyed by a particular class, of making laws to take so much annually from the property of every man, was the power to distribute a great part of the proceeds among themselves. This is a machinery which we may conclude has every where been worked to the utmost. But no where has the working been so prodigious as in England.

The great evil of this mode of satisfying the aristocracy, with the property of the people, is, that it takes from the people more than it gives to the aristocracy, and carries the oppression of the people to a much greater extent than the mere enriching of the aristocracy would require.

'For taxation, pretexts are thought necessary. The people are not told that they must be taxed, because the aristocracy want more of their money. They are told that they must be taxed, because the wants of the state must be supplied. And then those wants must be turned to the best account, and exaggerated to the utmost. All the establishments of the state are pushed to the greatest extravagance which the spirit of the times will bear. Civil boards and civil officers are multiplied without end. Army and navy are kept at the highest amount, for which a pretence can possibly be invented. And colonies and distant possessions are multiplied, both because lucrative places may be made in them with profusion, and because they afford one of the best pretexts for keeping up an expensive army and navy.

'It is through these establishments chiefly, that the aristocracy pocket what they do pocket of the public money. But for every pound which they get to themselves in this manner, many pounds are extorted from the people. A regiment of soldiers benefits the aristocracy only by the pocketings

of a few of its highest officers: it grinds the people by the cost of the whole machine. In like manner, a ship has only a few good things for the aristocracy: a vast amount of charge and oppression to the people. A colony has several good places fit for the aristocracy: it almost always lays an enormous expense upon the nation.

'In the monstrous expense of this government, what is to be deplored, is not so much the amount of the property of the people which goes into the pockets of the aristocracy. This, the people, without any very great diminution of their happiness and prosperity, could bear. This, great as it is, considered in itself, is small compared with the expense which is wasted upon establishments, rendered enormous, that the places which they afford to the aristocracy, may be as numerous as possible. The grand practical evil of our government is this; that they who substantially wield the powers of it, have an interest in making its establishments too great. Establishments too great are, in modern times, and under the control of modern manners, the grand instrument of oppression to the people. It is in this, more than in any other way, that governments are bad; and that one is more or less bad than another. What was it that rendered Louis the Fourteenth the scourge of France, and, before his death, brought that kingdom to a state of exhaustion? Read his historians. They tell you, with one voice—The extravagance of his establishments, military and civil, was the cause. The effects we know. The monarchy struggled on through a few years of languor and decrepitude; and expired in violent convulsions.'—pp. 773—776.

Quite of a piece with the spirit of these strictures, are the remarks which the author, soon after, proceeds to make on the question of parliamentary reform. He here, in his nearly universal reprobation of the plans and objects of all parties and members in the Commons, shews his independence of personal and political partialities with marvellous singleness of spirit. After censuring both Lord John Russell's and Mr Lambton's principles of reform, and after exhausting his invective upon the selfish opposition, or the luke-warm support of all parties, he, of course, does not spare the great champion of the existing system of representation.

'So much importance is attached to the exquisite fencing of Mr. Canning, in defence of the predominance of the predominating interest in the House of Commons, and so much sport is afforded by the stabs and slashes which he deals to those who draw their weapon against his *protégé*, that we cannot refrain from noticing the present performance; though it would require much more space than we can afford, to shew at large the disproprotion of the means to the end. 'If Troy could have been defended, it would have been defended by this right hand;' but the best of hands cannot perform impossibilities.

'At an early age, Mr. Canning proclaimed himself the champion of the power of the aristocracy; and sedulously and successfully did he cultivate the talents which were best adapted to the task he had undertaken. As a man of ambition, he chose his walk with skill. By what other career could he have attained the power and consequence to which he has ascended? This is one of the evils attached to the predominence of a particular interest in the legislature. The rewards it has to bestow, pervert, and draw

off, from the service of the whole to the service of a part, some of the finest spirits which the country breeds. To how many, alas! the rebuke of Goldsmith to Edmund Burke, his friend, must continue applicable, so long as this state of the legislature endures?

——— "Good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
To persuade Tommy Townsend to give him a vote."

The evil is in the system; the men are the victims; and towards them, personally, our censure ought to be gentle, our regret sincere.

'One thing remarkable on this occasion is, that Mr. Canning renounced entirely the tone of mockery and insult, which he had been accustomed to use towards the people, as often as a man was found who dared to stand up in the House, and meet the discharge of hostile feeling, which was sure to accompany the proposal of any such change as implied protection to the interests of the people. It is possible he had begun to see that, however entertaining this might be to an assembly of aristocrats, the time was come when it did very little good to their cause. It is also probable, that he had become ashamed of so mean an exercise of his talent. When the people of Athens were applauding somebody for a panegyric of themselves, just delivered, Socrates asked the triumphant orator, "where the difficulty was, applauding the Athenian people, to be applauded by them? Get applause from the Spartans (said he), by eulogizing the Athenians, and I too shall acknowledge the power of your rhetoric." When an assembly of aristocrats, possessing all the powers of government, are intruded upon by somebody, demanding on behalf of the powerless part of the community, a participation in those powers; where, indeed, is the difficulty of making such an assembly merry at the expense of so disagreeable an applicant? No jest, however poor, which will not on such an occasion be successful; no expression of contempt, however vulgar, provided only it is strong enough, which will not be felt as a stroke of genius. Our great dramatist told us truly, "that the prosperity of a jest lies in the favour of him that hears it." If Martin Luther, the monk, had appeared before an assembly of Leo and his cardinals, demanding the reform of the church in its head, and its members, what sport it would have yielded them to see him mocked, and evil treated, and turned out, by the attendants. The lowest buffoon, in his holiness's kitchen, would have exercised wit upon him, oral, manual, or pedal, with triumphant success.

'All this while would there have been any thing really ridiculous and contemptible in the great reformer? No: there would have been nothing really ridiculous and contemptible, but in the pope, his cardinals, and the buffoon.'—pp. 785, 786.

These extracts will sufficiently explain the temper in which the whole of our 'parliamentary reviewer's' strictures are written. That there is some truth in his positions, it is impossible to deny: but it will be equally palpable to the understanding of every holder of temperate opinions, that it is truth, exaggerated by declamation, perverted by splenetic discontent, and viewed altogether through a false and

dangerous medium of judgment. We have no room to enter into a formal and laborious discussion of his opinions: but it is impossible not to see that they are, in many respects, of the most visionary character. As society is constituted, and property unequally divided, in these kingdoms, it is impossible, even if it were admitted to be desirable, that the legislative body should be otherwise than aristocratic; and nothing less than a revolution and a total disruption of all the existing links of order, can burst the bonds of this necessity. For moderate reform in Parliament—such reform as should produce a far more fair and equal division of the representative voice among the people, and break the hereditary dominion of great families and individuals—we have ever declared ourselves the zealous advocates. Moreover, we are persuaded, that this degree of reform might be rendered practicable, safe, and of easy application: and we believe, too, that, combined with a return to triennial parliaments, it would produce a representative body more closely connected with, and dependent upon, the people, than at present, and therefore less easily swayed in its majorities by the mere dispensation of government patronage, or the selfish interests of party. But to expect that such a system of parliamentary reform, or any system short of an entire revolution of property, would throw the legislative functions out of the hands of the great body of the aristocracy, we must hold to be altogether a delusion. Whoever may be the electors, and however independent or numerous, the elected will be determined by the natural weight of property and the fair influence of hereditary station in the country; nor can we desire that it should be otherwise. But we do not despair of witnessing the day, when the rapid diffusion of intelligence among all ranks of the people, and the increasing power of public opinion, will force upon parliament itself an effectual, and, we devoutly trust, a peaceful reform in the existing system of representation.

The unqualified and unreasonable hatred of the aristocracy of the country, which the writer before us is at no pains to conceal, detracts very much from the good sense, liberality, and prudence of his views. It is thus that a tone of almost malignant asperity is conveyed to his whole production, which induces a suspicion of his candour, and materially injures the force of his reasoning, even where his censures are well founded. The reader must rise from the perusal of his strictures with little pleasure at their bitterness, and therefore with the less profit from the instruction which they are otherwise well fitted to yield. It would not, on this account, however, be just to deny to many of his essays, the praise of great acuteness and enlarged information; and we cannot conclude without expressing a hope, that the continuation of the work, in future years, will be distinguished by equal ability with the volume before us, and a larger share of moderation and charitable judgment.

ART. IV. *Narrative of a Survey of the Intertropical and Western Coasts of Australia: performed between the years* 1818 *and* 1822. By Capt. Philip King, R.N. With an Appendix. 2 vols. 8vo. 36*s*. London: Murray. 1827.

ALTHOUGH much of the Terra Australis may be said still to remain incognita, yet it would be unjust to withhold from the Admiralty the praise that is certainly due to its exertions in that quarter. We are glad to find, that the true and only useful spirit of economy has at last prevailed on Lord Melville and Lord Bathurst, to have such expeditions as they send upon the tedious and dangerous duties of surveying unknown coasts, equipped upon a suitable scale. Not only the character of the nation, as the first of naval powers, but the safety of the officers and men appointed to such duties, require, at least, that a decent attention should be given to the means, upon which the successful accomplishment of their undertaking depends.

We must be permitted to observe, that neither the honour of the country, nor the safety of its servants, nor the attainment of the important object in view, was at all consulted in the different expeditions, if such they may be called, which Captain King describes in these volumes. The manner in which he was equipped, for his first voyage particularly, was a disgrace to the colonial department. He was directed by Lord Bathurst to make the best of his way from this country to New South Wales, to take the command of an "expedition which was to be fitted out there, for the purpose of exploring the yet undiscovered coast of New Holland, and for completing, if possible, the circumnavigation of that continent." But when he arrived at Port Jackson, instead of finding an "expedition fitted out," or even in preparation there, he was informed by the governor, that there were only two vessels belonging to the colony that would suit his purpose; one of 100 tons, which had been lately launched, and the other a brig of 70 tons, that for the preceding ten years had been used as a coal-vessel! Upon examination, the former was found in every way unfit for the service for which it was required; and, as the latter wanted a new keel, stern-post, and cut-water, besides new decks, with many new beams, it could not be sufficiently repaired within less than four months!

Such were the prospects of Lord Bathurst's "expedition fitted out at New South Wales," when, by the merest chance in the world, a cutter, The Mermaid, of 84 tons, arrived from India; and, as it was in good condition, though otherwise offering many inconveniences, it was purchased by the governor, and appropriated to Captain King's use. In consequence of the 'opposition and inattention of the engineer,' who, we hope, has been dismissed from the public service, the vessel was not completed for sea, until after the expira-

tion of more than three months, and even then it was so wretchedly provided, that nothing but an ardent zeal for the accomplishment of his object, which induced him to suppress all sense of personal danger, could have led Captain King to proceed on the expedition. Will it be believed, that beside Mr. Bedwell and Mr. Roe, his mates, and Mr. Allan Cunningham, the botanical collector, he had only twelve seamen and two boys, to assist him on a service which, of all others, demands the most ample resources, and the most unwearied attention? Will it be further believed, that in a climate that was at least new to the officers and men, and in some latitudes rather unwholesome, they were without a surgeon, during the whole of the first voyage? When we compare the equipment of this expedition with that of Commodore Baudin, by the French government, we would almost be inclined to believe that our Colonial department had been trying its hand at a practical burlesque.

It is due to Captain King, however, to say, that even with such miserable means, he has performed much more than could have been expected from him. Those means were, indeed, considerably improved on his fourth and last voyage, but still they were always so shamefully inadequate, that he was obliged to leave some of the most important parts of his instructions unfulfilled. A great portion of his time, and of that of his men, was necessarily devoted to the exigencies brought on by the unfitness of the vessels for the service in which they were engaged. The manliness with which they encountered the various dangers in which they were involved, and the coolness and discretion of the commander, particularly, on those trying occasions, are honourable to them, in the highest possible degree.

It is, of course, to be expected, that the same inadequacy of means which restrained Captain King from even attempting much of what he was instructed to perform, must, in proportion, diminish the interest and value of his narrative. In truth, all that is of any novelty in it, might easily have been contained in one volume. An officer engaged on such a service, and who, from a well-founded distrust of the amicable dispositions of the natives of a country new to him, proceeds only along the coasts, marking their trendings and indentations, and now and then meeting only a few straggling groups of savages on his way, may perhaps produce a good chart, correct many errors, and enlarge our geographical knowledge very considerably. All this Captain King has unquestionably done; but at the same time, we must own that his narrative, when stripped of its geographical value, is very little better than a log book. All the vessel's movements, the changes of the weather, the rocks and shoals, and storms which he encountered, are described with the greatest minuteness; and, for the purposes of navigation, these details are undoubtedly of great value. But, to general readers, they offer very little attraction. Indeed, we imagine that the short analysis which we are about to give of the results of Captain King's expeditions, will save such readers the trouble of referring to his volumes at all.

The principal object of his mission, as stated in Mr. Croker's instructions, was "to examine the hitherto unexplored coasts of New South Wales, from Arnhem Bay, near the western entrance of the Gulf of Carpentaria, westward and southward, as far as the north-west Cape; (these instructions were afterwards extended to the western coast); including the opening, or deep bay, called Van Diemen's Bay, and the cluster of islands called Rosemary Islands, and the inlets behind them." The chief motive for causing the survey to be made, was to discover whether there be any river on that part of the coast, likely to lead to an interior navigation into that great continent. During the six years (1817—1823) of his absence from England, on this service, Captain King succeeded thus far in the execution of these instructions; besides being enabled to lay down a very safe and convenient track for vessels bound through Torres' Strait, and to delineate the coast line between Cape Hillsborough, in 20° 54′s., and Cape York, the northern extremity of New South Wales; a distance of six hundred and ninety miles; he, in the more immediate performance of the task assigned to him, examined the northern and part of the north-western coasts, to the extent of seven hundred and ninety miles. We must permit him to state the other results in his own words.

'The coast also between the North-west Cape and Depuch Island, containing two hundred and twenty miles, has been sufficiently explored; but between the latter island and Port George the Fourth, a distance of five hundred and ten miles, it yet remains almost unknown. The land that is laid down is nothing more than an archipelago of islands fronting the main land, the situation of which is quite uncertain. Our examinations of these islands were carried on as far as Cape Villaret, but between that and Depuch Island, the coast has only been seen by the French, who merely occasionally saw small detached portions of it. At present, however, all is conjecture; but the space is of considerable extent, and if there is an opening into the interior of New Holland, it is in the vicinity of this part. Off the Buccaneer's Archipelago, the tides are strong, and rise to the height of thirty-six feet. Whatever may exist behind these islands, which we were prevented by our poverty in anchors and other circumstances from exploring, there are certainly some openings of importance; and it is not at all improbable that there may be a communication at this part with the interior, for a considerable distance from the coast.

The examination of the western coast was performed during an almost continued gale of wind, so that we had no opportunity of making any very careful observation upon its shores. There can, however, be very little more worth knowing of them, as I apprehend the difficulty of landing is too great, ever to expect to gain much information; for it is only in Shark's Bay that a vessel can anchor with safety.'—Vol. ii., pp. 230—232.

Such was the limited extent of Captain King's success, owing to the very imperfect means with which he was provided. Nevertheless, if we compare his chart with those maps of Australia, which we had previously possessed, we shall find that his discoveries are by no means inconsiderable. The whole extent of the southern and east-

ern coast, as well of the shores of the Gulph of Carpentaria, had been already surveyed by Captain Flinders; some few parts of the western coast had been visited by the French expedition under Commodore Baudin; but the north-west, and western shores, remained to be explored by Captain King, and we have just seen, that he has left the principal part of the duty assigned to him, to be performed by his successors. It remains for us, therefore, only to notice a few of the most striking incidents which occurred to him in the course of his survey.

The Mermaid left Port Jackson on the 22d of December, 1817, and proceeded along the eastern side of Van Diemen's Land, through Bass' Strait, occasionally touching on the coast, in order to give the gentlemen an opportunity of landing and examining the country. The vessel rounded the north-west cape early in the February following, and towards the latter end of April anchored in Knocker's Bay. During their progress, the gentlemen fell in so frequently with groups of the native Indians, that we suppose the continent, or at least its coasts, must be tolerably well inhabited. Generally, the Indians manifested an unfriendly disposition: in the neighbourhood of Knocker's Bay, they proceeded to open acts of hostility. After anchoring, Captain King proceeded to examine an opening in the mangroves, at the bottom of the bay; as he was returning, the boat was impeded by the roots of a mangrove bush, and while the boat's crew were employed in clearing the rudder, a party of Indians surrounded them, and leaped into the water, armed with their usual weapons, spears and clubs. A discharge from one or two muskets, over their heads, had the effect of dispersing them; but they rallied again soon after, and assailed the party with a shower of spears and stones, happily, without doing any damage. To the western side of this bay, Captain King has given the name of Port Essington, after the late vice-admiral Sir William Essington; and he considers it equal, if not superior, to any port which he has ever seen. From its proximity to the Moluccas, and new Guinea, and its being in the direct line of communication, between Port Jackson and India, he justly infers, that at no very distant period, it must become a place of great trade and importance.

On sailing out of Port Essington, and passing round its western head, Captain King hauled into a small bay, and steering round the next head, entered the "Great Bay of Van Diemen," the examination of which was a prominent feature in his instructions. Both in this, and in the small bay which he had just left, he observed a Malay fleet of several proas, and learned from them, that their appellation for this part of the coast, was Marega. After inspecting it, Captain King proceeded round Cape Van Diemen, and anchored off a tabular-shaped hill, in what he imagined to be a river-like opening. He and his party landed, and ascended the summit of the hill, in order to take, with the theodolite, the

bearings of some distant objects, which appeared through openings of a thick wood that covered the hill. They here encountered a body of the Indians, from whose brutality they seem to have had a fortunate escape.

'Suddenly, but fortunately before we had dispersed, we were surprised by natives, who, coming forward, armed with spears, obliged us very speedily to retreat to the boat; and in the *sauve qui peut* sort of way in which we ran down the hill, at which we have frequently since laughed very heartily, our theodolite-stand and Mr. Cunningham's insect-net were left behind, which they instantly seized upon. I had fired my fowling-piece at an iguana just before the appearance of the natives, so that we were without any means of defence; but, having reached the boat without accident, where we had our musquets ready, a parley was commenced for the purpose of recovering our losses. After exchanging a silk handkerchief for a dead bird, which they threw into the water for us to pick up, we made signs that we wanted fresh water; upon which they directed us to go round the point, and upon our pulling in that direction, they followed us, skipping from rock to rock with surprising dexterity and speed. As soon as we reached the sandy beach, on the north side of Luxmore Head, they stopped and invited us to land, which we should have done, had it not been that the noises they made soon collected a large body of natives, who came running from all directions to their assistance; and, in a short time, there were twenty-eight or thirty natives assembled. After a short parley with them, in which they repeatedly asked for axes, by imitating the action of chopping, we went on board, intimating to them our intention of returning with some, which we would give to them upon the restoration of the stand, which they immediately understood and assented to. The natives had three dogs with them.

'On our return to the beach, the natives had again assembled, and shouted loudly as we approached. Besides the whale boat, in which Mr. Bedwell was stationed, with an armed party, ready to fire if any hostility commenced, we had our jolly-boat, in which I led the way with two men, and carried with me two tomahawks and some chisels. On pulling near the beach, the whole party came down and waded into the water towards us; and, in exchange for a few chisels and files, gave us two baskets, one containing fresh water and the other was full of the fruit of the sago-palm, which grows here in great abundance. The basket containing the water was conveyed to us by letting it float on the sea, for their timidity would not let them approach us near enough to place it in our hands; but that containing the fruit, not being buoyant enough to swim, did not permit of this method, so that, after much difficulty, an old man was persuaded to deliver it. This was done in the most cautious manner, and as soon as he was sufficiently near the boat he dropped, or rather threw, the basket into my hand, and immediately retreated to his companions, who applauded his feat by a loud shout of approbation. In exchange for this, I offered him a tomahawk, but his fears would not allow him to come near the boat to receive it. Finding nothing could induce the old man to approach us a second time, I threw it towards him, and upon his catching it, the whole tribe began to shout and laugh in the most extravagant way. As soon as they were quiet, we made signs for the theodolite-stand, which, for a long while, they would not understand: at one time they pretended to think, by our pointing towards it, that we meant some spears that were lying near a tree, which they immediately

removed: the stand was then taken up by one of their women, and upon our pointing to her, they feigned to think that she was the object of our wishes, and immediately left a female standing up to her middle in the water, and retired to some distance to await our proceedings. On pulling towards the woman, who, by the way, could not have been selected by them either for her youth or beauty, she frequently repeated the words "Ven aca, Ven aca," accompanied with an invitation to land; but, as we approached, she retired towards the shore; when suddenly two natives, who had slowly walked towards us, sprang into the water and made towards the boat with surprising celerity, jumping at each step entirely out of the sea, although it was so deep as to reach their thighs. Their intention was evidently to seize the remaining tomahawk, which I had been endeavouring to exchange for the stand, and the foremost had reached within two or three yards of the boat, when I found it necessary, in order to prevent his approach, to threaten to strike him with a wooden club, which had the desired effect. At this moment one of the natives took up the stand, and upon our pointing at him, they appeared to comprehend our object; a consultation was held over the stand, which was minutely examined; but, as it was mounted with brass, and perhaps, on that account, appeared to them more valuable than a tomahawk, they declined giving it up, and gradually dispersed; or, rather, pretended so to do, for a party of armed natives was observed to conceal themselves under some mangrove bushes near the beach, whilst two canoes were plying about near at hand to entice our approach; the stratagem, however, did not succeed, and we lay off upon our oars for some time without making any movement. Soon afterwards the natives, finding that we had no intention of following them, left their canoes, and performed a dance in the water, which very conspicuously displayed their great muscular power: the dance consisted chiefly of the performers leaping two or three times successively out of the sea, and then violently moving their legs so as to agitate the water into a foam for some distance around them, all the time shouting loudly and laughing immoderately; then they would run through the water for eight or ten yards and perform again; and this was repeated over and over as long as the dance lasted. We were all thoroughly disgusted with them, and felt a degree of distrust that could not be conquered. The men were more muscular and better formed than any we had before seen; they were daubed over with a yellow pigment, which was the colour of the neighbouring cliff; their hair was long and curly, and appeared to be clotted with a whitish paint. During the time of our parley the natives had their spears close at hand, for those who were in the water had them floating near them, and those who were on the beach had them either buried in the sand, or carried them between their toes, in order to deceive us and to appear unarmed; and in this they succeeded, until one of them was detected, when we were pulling towards the woman, by his stooping down and picking up his spear.

'Finding that we had no chance of recovering our loss, we returned on board, when the natives also withdrew from the beach, and did not afterwards shew themselves.'—vol. i., pp. 110—115.

The opening which Captain King supposed to be that of a river, turned out to be that of a strait, dividing a large island from the continent. Little progress was made beyond this spot; when after having examined about 500 miles of the coast, a deficiency

of bread and water compelled him to return to Port Jackson. On his voyage thither, he touched at the Dutch settlement of Coepang, an island in which it is said, there are several mountains and rivulets rich in silver and gold, copper and iron. A curious superstition prevails among the natives, in obedience to which, they sacrifice a human life, for every bottle of gold-dust that is collected. On the 29th of July, 1818, Captain King found himself once more in Sidney Cove. Here, with the exception of a short time spent in a visit to Van Diemen's Land, he remained until the month of May, in the following year, when he set out upon his second voyage. He remained engaged upon it, until the beginning of the year 1820, and succeeded in surveying about 540 miles of the northern coast, in addition to that portion of it already explored. We find nothing of any great importance recorded among the incidents of this voyage, and therefore we pass from it, to the third expedition, which Captain King says, he found 'more than a common difficulty' in preparing, in consequence of 'the *pretended* scarcity of copper sheathing in the colony, and other circumstances that opposed the measure.'

The Mermaid, however, having been at length refitted, and a gentleman of the name of Hunter having generously volunteered his services as a surgeon, our enterprising navigator again left Port Jackson, in the latter end of June, 1820. After crossing the Gulf of Carpentaria, he resumed his survey of the coast, anchoring, in the first instance, at Goulburn's South Island, where we have another instance of the hostile dispositions by which the natives are actuated against all strangers.

'In the afternoon Mr. Roe walked along the beach with his gun in quest of birds: on his way he met Mr. Hunter returning from a walk, in which he had encountered no recent signs of the Indians. This information emboldened Mr. Roe to wander farther than was prudent, and in the mean time Mr. Hunter returned to our party in order to go on board; he had, however, scarcely reached our station when the report of a musket and Mr. Roe's distant shouting were heard. The people immediately seized their arms and hastened to his relief, and by this prompt conduct probably saved his life.

'It appeared that, after parting from Mr. Hunter, he left the beach and pursued his walk among the trees; he had not proceeded more than fifty yards when he fired at a bird: he was cautious enough to reload before he moved from the spot in search of game, but this was scarcely done before a *boomerang* whizzed past his head, and struck a tree close by with great force. Upon looking round upon the verge of the cliff, which was about twenty yards off, he saw several natives; who, upon finding they were discovered, set up a loud and savage yell, and threw another *boomerang* and several spears at him, all of which providentially missed. Emboldened by their numbers and by his apparent defenceless situation, they were following up the attack by a nearer approach, when he fired amongst them, and, for a moment, stopped their advance. Mr. Roe's next care was to reload, but to his extreme mortification and dismay he found his cartouch

box had turned round in the belt, and every cartridge had dropped out: being thus deprived of his ammunition, and having no other resource left but to make his escape, he turned round, and ran towards the beach: at the same time shouting loudly, to apprise our people of his danger. He was now pursued by three of the natives, whilst the rest ran along the cliff to cut off his retreat.

'On his reaching the edge of the water, he found the sand so soft that at every step his feet sunk three or four inches, which so distressed him and impeded his progress, that he must soon have fallen, overpowered with fatigue, had not the sudden appearance of our people, at the same time that it inspired him with fresh hopes of escape, arrested the progress of the natives, who, after throwing two or three spears without effect, stopped, and gave him time to join our party, quite spent with the extraordinary effort he had made to save his life.

'Whilst this event occurred, I was employed on board in constructing my rough chart, but upon Mr. Roe's being seen from the deck in the act of running along the beach pursued by the Indians, I hastened on shore, determined, if possible, to punish them for such unprovoked hostility. Upon landing, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Roe, and one of the men joined me in pursuit of the natives; but, from our comparatively slow movements, and our ignorance of the country, we returned after an hour without having seen any signs of them; in the evening, before our people left off work, we made another circuitous walk, but with the same bad success. The natives had taken the alarm, and nothing more was seen of them during the remainder of our stay, excepting the smokes of their fires, which appeared over the trees at the back of the island.'—vol. i., pp. 390—392.

During the progress of the survey, the Mermaid received an injury, which made it absolutely necessary for Captain King to suspend his examination of the coast, and to return to Port Jackson. On arriving within view of the light-house, on the south-head of that place, he encountered a danger, from which his escape, and that of his companions, was little less than miraculous. We must permit him to describe it.

'At 2h. 40m. a.m., by the glare of a flash of lightning the land was suddenly discovered close under our lee; we hauled to the wind immediately, but the breeze at the same moment fell, and the swell being heavy, the cutter made but little progress. Sail was made as quickly as possible, and as the cutter headed N.N.E., there was every likelihood of her clearing the land; but a quarter of an hour afterwards, by the light of another flash, it was again seen close to us, stretching from right a-head to our lee-quarter, and so near, that the breakers were distinctly seen gleaming through the darkness of the night. A third flash of lightning confirmed our fears as to the dangerous situation we were in; and as there was not room to veer, the helm was immediately put a-lee; but, as was feared, the cutter refused stays. We were now obliged to veer as a last resource, and the sails being manœuvred, so as to perform this operation as quickly as possible, we fortunately succeeded in the attempt, and the cutter's head was brought to the wind upon the other tack without her striking the rocks: we were now obliged to steer as close to the wind as possible, in order to weather the reef, on which the sea was breaking, within five yards to leeward of the vessel:

our escape appeared to be next to impossible: the night was of a pitchy darkness, and we were only aware of our situation from time to time as the lightning flashed: the interval, therefore, between the flashes, which were so vivid as to illumine the horizon round, was of a most awful and appalling nature, and the momentary succession of our hopes and fears, which crowded rapidly upon each other, may be better imagined than described. We were evidently passing the line of breakers very quickly; but our escape appeared to be only possible through the interposition of a Divine Providence, for, by the glare of a vivid stream of forked lightning, the extremity of the reef was seen within ten yards from our lee bow; and the wave which floated the vessel, the next moment broke upon the rocks, with a surf as high as the vessel's mast head: at this dreadful moment, the swell left the cutter, and she struck upon a rock with such force, that the rudder was nearly lifted out of the gudgeons: fortunately we had a brave man and a good seaman at the helm, for instantly recovering the tiller, by a blow from which he had been knocked down when the vessel struck, he obeyed my orders with such attention and alacrity, that the sails were kept full; so that by her not losing way, she cleared the rock before the succeeding wave flowed from under her, and the next moment a flash of lightning shewed to our almost unbelieving eyes, that we had passed the extremity of the rocks and were in safety! This sudden deliverance from the brink of destruction was quite unexpected by all on board our little vessel, and drew from us a spontaneous acknowledgment of gratitude to the only source from whence our providential escape could be attributed.'—vol. i., pp. 448—450.

Captain King's fourth voyage was performed in the Bathurst, a brig of one hundred and seventy tons, which was much better suited to his purpose in every respect than the Mermaid. This voyage was commenced on the 26th of May, 1821, and was protracted to the 25th of April in the following year. In the course of it, Captain King visited the south-west coast of New Holland, where he appears to have had a considerable and most friendly intercourse with the native Indians. He gives a minute description of their weapons, which consist chiefly of spears, throwing sticks, hammers, knives, and hand-clubs, all of a rude, and yet of a very formidable construction. The spears are slender, from nine to ten feet long, and barbed with a piece of hard wood, fastened on by a ligature of bark, gummed over. The knife, or rather, we should say, the saw, is formed of a handle and three or four splinters of sharp-edged quartz, stuck on in a row with gum. The following account of these friendly Indians, will be read with interest. The person called by the familiar name of Jack, was an Australian, whom Captain King had brought from another part of the coast. He was a very intelligent and whimsical fellow, and a great favourite on board the Bathurst.

'We did not perceive that these people acknowledged any chief or superior among them; the two parties that collected daily on the opposite sides of the harbour, evidently belonged to the same tribe, for they occasionally mixed with each other. Their habitations were probably scattered about in different parts, for when the natives went away for the night,

they separated into several groups, not more than three or four going together, and these generally returned in company the next morning, by the same path which they had taken when they left us: they also arrived at different times, and some evidently came from a distance greater than others, for they were later in arriving, and always took their leave at an earlier hour.

'With the exception of one or two petty thefts, besides the one above-mentioned, of which serious notice was taken, and an attempt to steal a hat from one of the boys, when he was by himself on the Oyster Bank, our communication with these people was carried on in the most friendly manner. Mr. Cunningham was, to their knowledge, on shore every day, attended only by his servant, but none, excepting Jack, followed him, after they had ascertained the intention of his walk, and observed the care that he took to avoid going near their habitations, for which they evinced a great dislike; one of their encampments was about a mile and a half off, but, curious as we naturally were to witness their mode of living, and to see the females and children of their tribe, we never succeeded in persuading them to allow us to gratify our curiosity. On one occasion, it was necessary to lay a kedge anchor out, in the direction of their dwelling-place, and upon the boat's crew landing and carrying it along the beach, the natives followed, and intimated by signs that we should not go that way; as soon, however, as the anchor was fixed, and they understood our intention, they assisted the people in carrying the hawser to make fast to it.

'They were well acquainted with the effects of a musket, although not the least alarmed at having one fired off near them. Every thing they saw excited their admiration, particularly the carpenter's tools, and our clothes; but what appeared to surprise them above all other things was, the effect produced upon the flesh by a burning glass, and of its causing the explosion of a train of gunpowder. They perfectly understood that it was from the sun that the fire was produced, for on one occasion, when Jack requested me to shew it to two or three strangers whom he had brought to visit us, I explained to him that it could not be done while the sun was clouded; he then waited patiently for five minutes, until the sun-shine reappeared, when he instantly reminded me of the removal of the obstacle. He was a good deal surprised at my collecting the rays of the sun upon my own hand, supposing that I was callous to the pain, from which he had himself before shrunk; but as I held the glass within the focus distance, no painful sensation was produced; after which, he presented me his own arm, and allowed me to burn it as long as I chose to hold the glass, without flinching in the least, which, with greater reason, equally astonished us in our turn.

'They were all furnished with a cloak of kangaroo skin, which is always taken off and spread under them when they lie down. Their hair was dressed in different ways; sometimes it was clotted with red pigment and seal oil, clubbed up behind, and bound round with a fillet of opossum fur, spun into a long string, in which parrot feathers, escalop shells, and other ornaments, being fixed in different fanciful ways, gave the wearer a warlike appearance.

'Their faces, and sometimes their whole bodies, were daubed over with a mixture of seal oil and red pigment, that caused a most disgusting

effluvia; but the only colouring matter that our friend Jack used, after his acquaintance with us, was the carpenter's chalk, which he thought particularly ornamental.

'Bracelets of dog-tails or kangaroo-skin were commonly worn, and one had several escalop shells hanging about him, the noise of which, as they jingled together, he probably thought musical.

'The *noodle-bul* or belt, in which they carry their hammer and knife, is manufactured from the fur of the opossum, spun into a small yarn like worsted; it is tightly bound at least three or four hundred times round the stomach; very few, however, possessed this ornament; and it is not improbable that the natives who had their hair clubbed, those that wore belts, and the one who was ornamented with shells, held some particular offices in the tribe, which it would be difficult for strangers to discover.'—vol ii., pp. 140—144.

We have already anticipated the results of Captain King's four voyages. It remains only to be added, that in consequence of his discoveries, the northern coast of Australia has been since taken possession of, and a place (Melville Island) has been fixed upon as an eligible situation for a mercantile depôt. At the date of the latest accounts, the settlement was left in a very forward state, and consisted altogether of one hundred and twenty-six individuals, of whom there were three or four women, and forty-five convicts. The remainder were composed of detachments of the 3d regiment (buffs), and of the marines.

'Such,' adds captain King, in conclusion, 'is the state of the settlement of Fort Dundas, which at some future time must become a place of considerable consequence in the eastern world. The soil and climate of Melville and Bathurst Islands, are capable of growing all the valuable productions of the East, particularly spices, and many other equally important articles of trade: it is conveniently placed for the protection of ships passing to our Indian possessions from Port Jackson, and admirably situated for the purposes of mercantile speculation.

'Such, then, are the first fruits of the voyages I have had the honour to direct. Much, however, of the coast yet remains to be examined; and although, for the general purposes of navigation, it has been quite sufficiently explored, yet there are many spaces upon the chart left blank, that would be highly interesting to examine, and really important to know. We have but a slight knowledge, also, of the natural history of the continent; slight, however, as it is, no country has ever produced a more extraordinary assemblage of indigenous productions;—no country has proved richer than Australia in every branch of natural history; and it has, besides, this advantage, that as the greater part is yet entirely unknown, so much the more does it excite the interest of the geographer and naturalist.

'The examination of its vast interior can only be performed by degrees: want of navigable rivers will naturally impede such a task; but all these difficulties will be gradually overcome by the indefatigable zeal of our countrymen, of whose researches, in all parts of the world, the present times teem with such numerous examples.'—vol. ii., pp. 242, 243.

The Appendix contains a copious mass of sailing directions, and

several papers on the natural history, botany, and geology of those parts of the Australian coasts surveyed by Captain King. We refer the curious reader particularly to the geological article, which appears to have been written by Dr. Fitton. It gives an account of the geological specimens recently collected in Australia, and contains some very ingenious speculations as to the general structure of that important island. We find that, according to the authority of De Freycinet, its average width is more than 2,000 miles, and from north to south more than 1,000 miles, thus exceeding, in its superficial extent, more than three-fourths of Europe. Its interior may be regarded as wholly unknown to us, since the most remote points from the coast, to which it has been examined in a line towards the centre, are not above 500 miles from the sea. From the botanical collection, made by Mr. Cunningham, for the Royal gardens at Kew, and described by him in the Appendix, it appears that Flora has by no means overlooked Australia, in the distribution of her favours. But all information on this subject must necessarily be very defective, until the internal recesses of the country shall be fully explored.

ART. V. *The Roman History*, by G. B. Niebuhr. Translated from the German, by F. A. Walter, F.R.L.S. one of the Librarians of the British Museum. 2 vols. 8vo. C. and J. Rivington. London. 1827.

AT length, the British public is in possession of Niebuhr's History of Rome. It is disgraceful to our literature, to reflect that such a work should have been for fifteen years untranslated, while the wild and extravagant fictions of Hoffman and La Motte Fouqué have been introduced to us almost immediately after their appearance. But there is a wide difference between translating "German Tales," or specimens, and such a work as Niebuhr's, *hic labor, hoc opus est.* Any one who has ever tried his strength at rendering Tacitus, or Thucydides, may form some conception of what it is to comprehend and translate the condensed and nervous sentences of this writer, concise even to a fault, and sometimes involving his profound ideas in the metaphysical envelope so habitual in the writers of Germany. The History of Rome, however, *has* found a translator capable of executing the arduous task; and the student in general, and the politician in particular, have now before them a work, abounding in most important instruction, and claiming the most undivided attention.

This work may be called the critical history of Rome. It is not, like those of Hooke and Catrow, or of Mr. Bankes, a mere re-echo of Livy and Dionysius, doling out anew the tales that are as familiar to us as the legends of the nursery. It is rather a series of philosophical disquisitions on that History, as narrated by those classic authors. Niebuhr does not follow, blindfold, the unsafe authority

of monuments, invented by the vanity of family pride, which have proved so often *ignès fatui* to Livy and his rival: he really "bolts the matter to the bran," and often astonishes us by the cogency of the proofs by which he sets aside the romantic tales that have usurped the name of history. This he has been enabled to do, simply, because he is no light skirmisher in the field of history; but advances, armed at all points, versed in all the necessary sciences, intimately acquainted with the history and institutions of every nation and state of ancient or modern times, imbued with the spirit of liberal and comprehensive philosophy, and actuated by the love of truth, of virtue, and of liberty. Nothing escapes his penetrating glance—a passage of Pliny suffices to overturn, with effect, the circumstantial tale of Livy—a fragment of a speech of the Emperor Claudius, contains the true history of Servius Tullius—Festus often gives the truth, where the historians merely furnish fable—and titles of the Imperial law, and fragments of land surveyors, posterior to the twelve Cæsars, elucidate the Agrarian law of the kingdom and the republic. Perhaps there never was written so satisfactory a discussion of an obscure subject—one most completely misunderstood by such men as Machiavel and Montesquieu—as that of the Agrarian law, in the second volume of this work; which carries with it the convincing certainty of mathematical proof.

A grand desideratum in all Roman histories, hitherto, has been, the state of Italy previous to the rise of Rome. With the consideration of this subject, Mr. Niebuhr commences; and he gives, as far as the scanty materials that have come down to us allow, a view of the different tribes and nations that occupied the Peninsula antecedently to, and contemporarily with, the existence of Rome. On this subject, it was not possible for him to give perfect satisfaction, for certainty was not to be obtained; and our author, in our opinion, renders the matter still more unsatisfactory, by the introduction of the Autochthonic system, of which he is an upholder, and which we certainly deem a blemish in his work. We do not thereby design to intimate a charge of infidelity against him; for we know, that in Germany a man may regard the early parts of the book of Genesis as philosophical mythi, without thereby forfeiting his claim to Christianity.

Poetic tales, like the Nibelungen Lied, formed, Mr. Niebuhr thinks, the basis of the early history of the eternal city; just as the ballads, sung by his mother, supplied Garcilasso de la Vega with his history of the Incas: consequently, all in that early history is involved in fable and uncertainty. While he views with admiration the epic beauties of Livy's narrative of the flight of Æneas, the divine extraction of the founder of Rome, and the philosophic dignity of the wise and pious Numa; and while he declares it to be 'appropriate to the eternity of Rome, that her roots should have been lost in infinity,' and that 'fables of poets, respecting the nurture and apotheosis

of Romulus, are accordant with the majesty of the city,' and that 'either a god, or nobody, was the founder of Rome,'—he rejects the whole as fable, and fixes on the migration of the Albans to Rome, in the reign of Tullus, as the first well-authenticated historic fact.

The not improbable hypothesis of Mr. Niebuhr, respecting the origin of Rome, is, that the Etruscans, from Cœre, conquered the Siculi, the old inhabitants, and reduced them to vassalage, like the Spartan Helots, or the Thessalian Penestœ; and hence the Clients, of after times. Close to the Etruscan city was another, of the Sabines, as is proved by the old religion of the country, and the temples of the Sabine deities; the city thus resembling the Greek and Spanish Emporiœ: these two had coalesced into one long before the time of Tullus, and in his reign the state received the accession of a third people in the Latins, who, beginning with the Albans, either by free or compulsory migration, became citizens of Rome. These Latins, and their descendants, formed the PLEBS, a word to which no modern term corresponds; a body totally and essentially distinct from the vassals or clients of the patricians of Tuscan origin. The plebeians were free and independent; they yielded not in dignity of birth, or in property, to the haughty patricians, for they numbered among their members the nobility of Alba, and the other Latin towns, afterwards merged in Rome: and so far from being a rabble, they were all free landed proprietors; their property was allodial, while the patricians had only the usufruct of the public domains. The great and important distinction between them was, difference of origin.

The struggles between these two orders; the patricians, striving to retain and extend the supremacy they had acquired: the plebeians seeking to obtain an equal share in the honours and advantages of the state, in whose wars they shed their blood, and whose treasury they replenished with the taxes they paid; form by far the most interesting portion of the history of the first four centuries, and are peculiarly worthy of attention, now that similar struggles are in operation in our own country.

When the Etruscan Lucumo named Tarquinius, ascended the throne, he felt the excessive power of the patricians, who, in possession of the religious dignities and ceremonies, and at the head of a large and devoted body of clients, naturally endeavoured to curb and control the regal power. He sought for a counterpoise, and found it in the plebeians, now numerous, wealthy, and independent; and as, in this country, the king and people joined to oppose the barons, so in Rome, the king and plebs united against the patricians. The object of Tarquinius was, to set the plebeians on a perfect footing of equality with the other order; and, as the patricians were divided into three equestrian tribes, he formed three equestrian tribes also from the plebeians. We know not how far his projected alterations would have gone, for the patricians first stopped him by a religious juggle, and finally, to make sure

work, murdered him. Servius Tullius, his successor, was properly the king of the people; on the people he relied for support, he dwelt among them, in their quarter of the city, and compelled the patricians to abandon the hills, and live in the valley under the Esquiline hill.

'But Servius did not contemplate the introduction of despotism under the masque of equality, nor of the latter by the number of heads; neither did he compel the citizens, of the first class, to renounce forms which were hereditarily and peculiarly their own. This plebeian prince, exasperated by the patricians, was no legislator, like the high-born Clisthenes, who, detesting his fellow-nobles, established an equality, which terminated in a furious democracy, while some inconceivable good fortune averted tyranny from Athens. The object of Servius was, to form that multitude, which had been adopted into the community, and which, morally and individually, were to be considered equally free with patricians, into an order in the state, similar to the patriciate, to constitute, like them, a free power.'—vol. i., pp. 268, 269.

This able and virtuous monarch, the Henry IV. of Rome, was also murdered; and the politic prince who succeeded him, was driven from the throne by a patrician conspiracy, and his memory defamed by patrician libel; and here, properly, commences the conflict between the orders.

The patricians, who had conspired against Servius, then raised Tarquinius to the throne, and expelled the latter, when they felt the oppression of his tyranny, feared, if they gave full course to their domineering spirit, that the people might look back to the old times of the monarchy, when the king was their protector against patrician insolence, and aid in re-establishing the regal power. They, therefore, as long as Tarquin lived, dealt with gentleness towards the plebeians, and to bind them closer to their cause, distributed among them the lands of the exiled prince. But when Tarquin and his sons were dead, so that no more danger was apprehended from that quarter, then the patricians exercised every species of oppression which avarice and pride could suggest; and the people were the more exasperated by the sense of tyranny, because the previous kindness of the patricians now lost all its merit, and proved itself only the result of fear and policy. 'The plebeians stood unprotected, exposed to all the terrors of the consulate and dictatorship; they were excluded from all dignities, and magistracies; they had not even the connubian, or the right of intermarriage with the patricians, which the Etruscans and Samnites possessed. They felt themselves to be regarded and treated as an inferior caste, in a state where they bore all the burdens, and enjoyed none of the advantages. They sought not to degrade their patrician countrymen, to deprive them of any of their advantages; they only asked for equal rights: this object they steadily kept in view, they pursued it year after year, firmly and constitutionally, under the guidance of moderate and prudent leaders; they finally obtained their just

demands, and the haughty patricians found that they had all along been most decidedly acting against their own interests, so long as they persisted in refusing the just claims of the plebeians; for now, the enemies of Rome could no longer count on internal discord, and the Republic commenced her brilliant career to universal empire.

The parallelism of this state of ancient Rome, to the present state of Great Britain, is obvious, and cannot fail to strike even the most cursory reader; indeed, it did not escape the eye of Mr. Niebuhr, and in these strong terms he states it:

'And let the justice of those pretensions, of the plebeians, be estimated by those of the Irish Catholics, whose nobility, middle orders and populace, are kept in similar degradation, under the hypocritical pretext of religion, who struggle for a just equality, with the same perseverance as the Roman plebeians, and, like them, sooner or later, may be sure to obtain their rights.'—vol. i., p. 394.

This is a passage of real importance. It is not the violent and unrestricted declaration of a political partisan: it is the calm, unprejudiced sentence of history, uttered by a writer, before whose enlightened eye the history of man, in every state, his actions and his motions, lie exposed; a writer who, aloof from political agitation, views from the bosom of retirement, with equal indifference, the parties of ancient Rome and of modern England, but who knows that human nature is the same under every clime, and in every religion; and that the same principles of justice, which secured tranquillity and augmented power in one political society, must produce the same effects in another. How puerile, how contemptible, are the arguments of ignorant, of bigoted, or self-interested partizans, in or out of legislative assemblies, when set in comparison with the oracular declaration of a Niebuhr! For oracular it is, and if ever prophecy was fulfilled, it will come to pass—provided the same measures be pursued which succeeded in Rome, and the oppressed party evince the same spirit of submission to law, of forbearance and magnanimity, which confers immortal honour on the Roman Plebs, and steadily advance, under the guidance of such leaders as Publilius, Licinius, and Sextius—men, distinguished by birth, by wealth, by prudence, and disinterestedness.

The unfortunate war with Porsenna, in which Rome lost a third of her territory; and the flagrant injustice of the Patricians, in withholding the tenths, which they should pay from the domain lands that they occupied; and the consequent weight of taxation, which fell almost entirely on the plebeians, who were mostly small proprietors, sunk the latter in debt and misery. The creditors were mostly patricians: and the unfortunate debtors, who, according to the rigour of the ancient law of debt, were reduced to bondage and slavery, filled the private gaols of their unrelenting creditors. The spectacle of a man, who had been a captain, and who burst from his prison, ghastly and bleeding, to claim the protection of the people, roused their most violent feelings.

'The unfeeling partiality of the Patricians inflamed this acrimony beyond all bounds. Humanity and kindness in the government would have easily obviated a tumult, and allayed the irritated passions; but the senate was callous, and bid defiance to public feeling. All the plebeians must have been conscious that they were treated like the worthless rabble; and this sentiment has led to the destruction of all aristocracies, which, if they had governed as affectionate parents—if, like sensible fathers, they had cheerfully imparted to their adult progeny those rights which can only be withheld from minors, they might have enjoyed the blessing of an honoured and beloved old age."—vol. i., p. 421.

The final result was, the secession of the people to the Sacred Mount—the Runimede of Rome. Here they encamped for some months, leaving the city to the patricians and their clients. At length, the dread of civil war, and of the neighbouring states, made the Patres bend, and a solemn treaty was made, and ratified with all solemnity, between the two orders; the debts were partially or totally cancelled, and the office of the *sacrosancti tribuni*, to which ancient or modern times present no exact parallel, was instituted, for the protection of the people.

The harmony between the orders was not of long duration: the infamous proposal of Coriolanus, and the favour with which it was listened to by the senate, exasperated the people, and the Agrarian law of the consul, Sp. Cassius, gave occasion to internal commotions, which lasted to the Decemvirate. The Agrarian laws, be it recollected, were no unjust projects of spoliation of the rich; their object was to make the patricians pay the tenths of the produce of the lands they occupied, into the treasury—to limit the quantity that any one should occupy, and to make assignments of farms to poor plebeians. It was to this object that their efforts were now chiefly directed. 'They subsequently multiplied their objects and aims; they increased in importance and magnitude, in proportion to *unjust opposition;* they rose above those sordid pretensions, which can be estimated or indemnified by money; but all sprung from the refusal of their original demands. During this whole period, there prevailed a spirit of intense distraction and desperate violence, which the laws of the Twelve Tables extinguished for ever.'

One of the first advantages the people gained, was, the concession, that one of the consuls should be chosen by them, the choice being restricted to a patrician. This was an important point; for they thus were enabled to neutralize the tyranny of a Claudius, by the moderation and justice of a Valerius or Horatius; and the favour of the people became of importance to the patrician who looked forward to high honours.

'The new privilege, the first which broke up the compactness of a tyrannous oligarchy, was probably conceded, in order to obviate the opposition of the plebeians to taking the field in war. An oligarchy which retreats, is already vanquished, however long its resistance may be protracted. And the Roman people triumphed over the patricians, as the nation itself did

over Italy, by unwearied steadiness in the outset, however dark and discouraging; by strenuous exertions for the first advantage, however apparently small; by rapidly seizing on the favourable moment, by patient perseverance, and solicitude only to avoid being pressed back in times of difficulty; and, finally, by summoning up their long-collected powers with concentrated energy, when the fulness of the time had come, by securing a decisive victory, and a peaceable enjoyment of its less important fruits.'—vol. ii., pp. 31-32.

During this period, every nerve was strained by the patricians, for the full maintenance of their exclusive privileges. The usual manœuvres were, for the consul to order a levy, and thus to lead the people out of the city, away from tribunician protection; for the senate to gain over one or more of the tribunes, to put a veto on the proposals of a colleague; or for the patricians to disperse themselves and their clients in the Forum, and forcibly prevent the collecting of the votes; but in the case of Cn. Genucius, the prosecution of the consuls was prevented by the assassination of the tribune, a deed, which even Livy hesitates not to lay to the charge of the patricians.

But these measures only stimulated the people to further exertion. Immediately after the murder, the consuls commenced a levy, though there was no enemy in arms. The tribunes trembled for their lives, and made no opposition. Volero Publilius, who had served as a captain, was enrolled as a common soldier; he appealed in vain to the tribunes, but the people rescued him from the lictors. Next year they chose him tribune. It was expected that he would impeach the consuls; but his feelings were public, and not private, and he knew that the same exertions which were necessary for the justification of selfish vengeance, might obtain important advantages for his order. After a violent struggle, in spite of the efforts of Appius Claudius, the Publician law, establishing the independence of the tribes, and their rights to initiate a law, was carried.

'It belongs to the history of the wars, to mention how Appius Claudius, avenging himself by a tyrannical abuse of authority for the humiliation he had experienced from the assembly of the people, exasperated the soldiery to acts of violence and desperation, which certainly could not be passed over without the severe punishments which he inflicted in consequence. Inseparable from these occurrences, is the history of his arraignment before the people. Every thing evinces the furious animosity of both parties, and an irresistible predominance of power, on the side of the plebeians, which was only restrained by an almost incredible moderation, founded on a respect for the laws. It would be impossible to explain how the patricians could perseveringly refuse the most undeniable rights; how a small number could exercise personal violence upon a multitude, now bound together by a mighty union; if the possession of supreme authority and government were not essentially of an encroaching tendency under all circumstances, and a power capable of overcoming many thousand individual opponents, which, even when unsupported by a standing army, can fall without violence only when it miscalculates its own strength.

'The people, as well as these tribunes, whose names have been misapplied, alike by the well-meaning and the evil-minded, to designate ferocious demagogues, as long as the misunderstanding existed between the orders, adopted as an inviolable principle, not to allow themselves any species of violence. The word Sedition (separation) proves in itself the peaceable character of their resistance. The strong religious feeling of the Romans prevented the ebullition of animosity, against the persons of an established priesthood. Their highest wishes only aspired to deprecating oppression, and obtaining an equality of civil rights; never to inflicting vengeance, or exterminating, like the republics of Greece. A century elapsed since the foundations of liberty had been laid, before the individual plebeian felt himself completely on a level with the patrician. Personal connexions and considerations may have made some tribunes, and many members of the community, remiss and indolent; and the Roman character of prudence and foresight, as exhibiting itself in union with bravery and perseverance in wars, also considerably retarded the progress of freedom. The leaders of the people allowed them to become habituated to each new acquisition of rights, before they ventured on wider conquests. Thus nine years elapsed from the adoption of the Lex Publilia, in the usual fruitless struggles respecting the public lands, before the tribunes availed themselves of this newly-acquired right of the people, for any objects of importance.'—vol. ii., pp. 45, 46, 47.

The next great advantage the people gained, was the appointment of the Decemvirate, composed of both orders, to establish a code of laws which should amend the constitution and form of the two distinct nations dwelling within the walls of Rome, one sole nation. But here liberty ran a frightful risk, and but for the lust of Appius, and the desperation of Virginius, it might have succumbed, and been irrecoverably lost. Yet such was the destiny of Rome, that this fearful crisis only served to set liberty on a broader and firmer basis. The plebeians were now admitted to a share in some of the highest dignities, and the republic increased in power, till checked by the Gallic irruption.

We must pass over all the intervening history, to come to the last great struggle between the orders—the Licinian rogations.

Little is known of C. Licinius Stolo, and his colleague, L. Sextius; but the grandeur and boldness of their laws, their perseverance, and the calmness with which, while keeping strictly within the bounds of law, they followed their objects, without any charge of violence being made against them or the people, convince us they were no ordinary men. They were no stormy demagogues, like those of Greece, seeking the gratification of a tyrannical mob; their country was their object, and they preferred a slow, but certain cure of her infirmities, to a violent and hazardous experiment.

The Licinian rogations were three: the first decreed, that no more military tribunes should be chosen, but two consuls from the patricians and the people; one of the two necessarily to be nominated from the latter: the second decreed, that the number of the keepers of the Sibylline books should be extended to ten, one-

half to be plebeians: the third contained the Licinian Agrarian law.

Mr. Niebuhr is so eloquent on the subject of the first of these rogations, that we cannot refrain from quoting him at some length.

'Many of the patricians, though they no longer cherished the old idea of being descended from a higher caste, might have strongly opposed this measure, from honest conviction of their firm and well-founded rights. With equal honesty might the plebeians, without meriting the reproach of selfishness, assert their claims to full and complete civic rights, strengthened by services of two hundred years, in opposition to ordinances which could not be obligatory upon that which arose long after. Unquestionably it is frequently experience alone that proves the wisdom of a law. Livy gives an apparently strong objection made to the tribunes. It was said, "if the greatest man of the age, who in the most eminent danger, should canvass for the consulate for the salvation of his country, were a patrician," (his Appius could only name Camillus, we with more reason think of the great Scipio,) "if he, together with meritorious patricians, and a single worthless plebeian demagogue, sought the magistracy, would it not then be absurd that he should be uncertain of his election, perhaps must lose it, while the plebeian might expect it, without making any exertion?" The historian, who leaves such an objection unanswered, dishonestly misleads his readers, as he may expect to meet with some who regard, as irrefutable, whatever is left arbitrarily or negligently unrefuted. He should have furnished Licinius with his reply, that in Rome, for a long time yet, none of either order, but men approved in war, would presume to sue for the consulate; the plebeian opponent, of the greatest general, would not be inferior to the other patrician, even though neither could compare himself in greatness to him; but then a plebeian might be this hero of his age, provided only that the enlivening rays of an unshackled supreme power were not withdrawn from him—and of such a one the patricians wished to deprive the Republic altogether, and only then to tolerate his services, when a patrician consul might condescend to question and listen to him. The appointment also which they attacked was necessary, because experience had exhibited nothing but irreclaimable perfidy. Should the highest order act honestly, then the election of the worthiest might be permitted, and enjoined to the citizens, without any restriction by the letter of the law, though no free constitution could dispense with that letter. But, after such experience, who could place any confidence in the good faith of the patricians? It would be happy for the Republic, if even the letter of this law, solemnly sworn to, and anxiously weighed, were secure against daring violation! Should ever the ancient party-spirit of the orders be dissolved in general patriotism; should trying days of misfortune then arrive; then might their better posterity, for a time, relax the bonds of the law. A defeat was more endurable than servitude, and a crippling imprisonment of the living body. But whence these gloomy apprehensions of plebeian incapacity and want of virtue? Certainly not from experience; for, in the only period in which the patricians had not succeeded, in excluding them from the command of the armies, plebeian consular tribunes had gained victories on the very spot which had been made mournful by the culpable defeat of their patrician predecessors. Who had commanded the army at the Allia?' And even supposing the worst, the constitution itself presented the remedy in the

dictatorship, which should be restricted to no order. For, from the plebeians too, men would arise, who would, as dictators, save their country, who would not menace it, or turn against the citizens those arms, which were intended to be employed against their enemies.

'Further, the Roman government had, with great wisdom, from ancient times, imparted the freedom of the city to entire communities, in order to increase the small body of citizens, until they became a great nation. A far greater extension of this system was necessary, for higher objects than had been embraced since the commencement of the sole dominion of the patricians. But could any one expect to bind the associated citizens to their new country, by love, if all honours were refused to their equestrian orders? And if, as already several patrician families had died off, their number continually diminished; if the plebeians were still forcibly repulsed from all honourable exertions, their wealthy men directed to making money, as an employment, the renewing of the highest order, by pure Italian noble families, prevented—if adopted freedmen debased the stock of the nation; could then the measure of the magnanimity and virtue of the still remaining patricians determine the destiny of the Republic? All experience teaches that oligarchies do not diminish faster in number than in mental strength. This, indeed, may appear a matter of indifference, to him who is satisfied with power and wealth in his own days, but how will any one prevent that which has happened in many Greek republics, that an almost expiring, and increasingly despotic oligarchy should be destroyed by a sanguinary democracy, or by a tyrant? Perhaps such a revolution was not far remote! All the blessings of future greatness, which the gods had laid in the auguries of the city at its birth, and the founding of the capitol, would then depart for ever. For a long time past, the state was enfeebled and suffering, because it was living in an unhealthy condition. Freed from this condition, in concord with itself, steeled by the internal energy with which it would have restored itself to a healthy existence, it was destined to attain the pinnacle of grandeur.

'All this might Licinius have said, without having the spirit of prophecy; so Livy ought to have spoken from his soul, if he had thought oratorical discussion suitable on the occasion. For the later history of Rome shews, that together with endless blessings, no single disadvantage resulted from this law. The Decii, who gave themselves as sin-offerings for the whole nation, were plebeians: they were plebeians who first checked, then vanquished Pyrrhus; a plebeian subjected the Gauls of Italy; the same arrested the course of Hannibal's victories; a plebeian, the peasant-general, destroyed the Cimbrians and Teutonians; a plebeian consul saved Rome from Catiline and his accomplices; the Catos, the Gracchi, and Brutus were plebeians. Scipio the Great, undoubtedly was a patrician, and he towers above his people, as Hannibal does above all nations. The Æmilii, the Valerii, the Sulpicii, the Fabii, other houses of the Cornelii, as well as the Scipios, counted men, who were among the greatest whom the republic produced; their statues stand peaceably by those of the great plebeians. On the deeds of each, another rose to new eminence. All gradually degenerated when in possession of superior authority, and in the power of soul-subduing wealth. But the municipia invigorated the people *with new families*; the patricians, with the exception of a few families, *who therefore shine* the more resplendently, became as corrupt as the com-

spiracy of Cataline evinces; the heads of which, himself, Cethegus, and Lentulus, were all patricians; hence Cornelius Severus distinguishes it by the dreadful name of the patrician crime.'—vol. ii., pp. 347—352.

Nothing could exceed the furious opposition of the patricians, headed by the venerable Camillus; or the firmness of the tribunes, and the steadiness of the people, who re-elected them every year. At length Camillus himself saw that farther resistance was vain, and he signalized the close of a glorious life, by mediating between the two conflicting orders. Henceforth we hear of no complaints of oppressive taxation, for all contributed equally; of no resistance to levies, but murmurs when soldiers were discharged: plebeian consuls led the armies of Rome to victory; the state increased rapidly in wealth and power; patrician and plebeian became unmeaning names, all were citizens of a common country, and Rome, at union with herself, became mistress of the world, bequeathing to posterity a glorious proof, that the greatness of a state must be founded on justice and internal harmony.

From the specimens which we have here given, of Mr. Niebuhr's History of Rome, the intelligent reader will conclude, that it is a work of no common order. It was originally published in Germany, about the year 1812 or 1813, and received great encouragement from the Prussian government, as its democratic principles, it was thought, were likely to produce a striking effect against the influence of the French. Prussia, at that period, cultivated those principles for national purposes, and has since renounced and opposed them, as inconsistent with the far-famed doctrines of the Holy Alliance. For the sake of the literature of Germany, and the character of its professors, we deeply regret to hear that Mr. Niebuhr has followed the example thus held out to him, and that he has prepared a second edition of his history, in which he has altogether erased, or very much softened down, the popular principles which speak so boldly, and with so much truth, throughout the first impression of his work. An English translation of his second edition is also, we hear, in a course of preparation, at Cambridge. It will be for the public to decide, which of the two shall be entitled to their preference; but, in the meantime, we have no hesitation in recommending to them, the translation now before us, which, if we except a few Germanicisms, is executed in a vigorous style, and with a degree of fidelity and accuracy highly creditable to Mr. Walter.

Art. VI. *Holland Tide; or Munster Popular Tales.* Vol. i. 8vo. pp. 378. 8*s.* 6*d.* boards. London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1827.

After we had perused the first of the several stories in this volume, we concluded that Holland-Tide was a new emanation from the O'Hara family; nor did the sly laudatory allusion to the novel of the

"Boyne Water," occurring in the prefatory part of the work before us, tend, a little, to confirm this impression. For, it is exactly that sort of device, with which a skilful masquerader would encounter the over-curious inquirer; the quantity of praise being just sufficient to draw off the pursuer, whilst it does not exceed that fair measure, which, in case his identity is explained, an author may be allowed to indulge in. As we proceeded, however, to increase our acquaintance with the contents of the volume, we felt strongly inclined to doubt the truth of our first impressions; and, on closing the book, were convinced that they were quite unfounded. There is a strain of merriment, particularly in the latter tales, much more a-kin to the wit and pleasantry of the collector of the "Fairy Legends," than to the melo-dramatic muse of M. Banim. Some of those tales are not inferior to the "Legends," in drollery, or in the quaint and native style of narrative in which they are clothed.

In this volume, we have so many as seven integral tales, of various length and merit. They are presented to us, as the contributions offered to the festivities of "Holland-Tide," or "Halloween," as they are celebrated in the south of Ireland, by a group of those living depositaries of traditions, whose instinct is so keen and true at that particular season, in directing them to the hospitable hearth. These stories, as our author heard them thus delivered, he collected diligently and disinterestedly, for the uses of the public; and merely takes the excuseable, and perhaps convenient, freedom, of translating them into his own language.

The "Aylmers of Bally-Aylmer," which is the first and longest of those tales is very nearly a fac-simile of the story of "Peter of the Castle," in the last series of the O'Hara Tales. We have, in the first place a supposed murderer, racked by remorse through a long life, which, otherwise, might have been a happy one. The complexion, however, of the imagined crime, is not the same in both tales; that of the character, in "Peter of the Castle," being deepened into fratricide, while the other is supposed to have merely murdered his friend. In the person of young Aylmer, we have, in full dimensions, the Redmond of the older tale. He is adopted by Fitzmaurice, the man who believes he has killed Aylmer, the father; and not only adopted, as a child, by him, but received, as a lover, by his daughter. On the present occasion, however, we find that the imputed homicide strives to compensate for his crime, by the amplest provisions for the future welfare of the orphan. Moreover, the "Katherine" of this second experiment, having appealed, we presume, against the unjust sentence which, in the former case, and under the title of Ellen, deprived her effectually of a lover, and consigned her to an undeserved fate, comes off under an arrangement which is altogether favourable to a long and prosperous life. Thus, not only in the ground-work on which the interest arises, is the community of material between the two productions, observable; but there is a striking similarity in the process for forwarding the action

in both: the same relative proportions are given to the various figures, as it were: and in each, we may observe, is manifested the same want of scruple in wresting characters, and circumstances; the same rashness in staking probability, in order to attain some immediate end—effect being the object—and effect (but of a purely melo-dramatic quality), being the result in either case.

The scene of 'The Aylmers' is laid in the neighbourhood of a point on the south-western coast of Ireland; proceeding to which place, in the primitive pedestrian fashion, we are introduced to young Aylmer, at the very opening of the story. He is returning from the Irish metropolis, 'where he had been taking the benefit of the university,' as it is somewhat satirically said. He is benighted in the fastnesses of the Kerry mountains; and, nearly overcome with fatigue, approaches a cottage, where he sues for, but with difficulty obtains, an asylum.—It turned out to be the haunt of a set of sheep-stealers—a circumstance, which, as soon as he discovered it, suggested to the adventurer the propriety of a speedy retreat. The account of the nocturnal escape and pursuit of Aylmer, by lake and mountain, is worked up minutely and elaborately; and may be presumed, therefore, to be a sanctioned specimen of the writer's powers of description. It becomes necessary, with reference to the following passage, to state, that the pursuers had the deepest possible interest in cutting off such an evidence as young Aylmer might have been against them, and that they were aided in this chase by a staunch hound, whose deep bay was carried by the wind to the heart of Aylmer, with increasing volume, every moment.

'Still he dashed forward headlong on his path, and still that horrid, sullen, twanging cry, became louder and louder upon his track, until it sounded in his ear, as the trumpet's charge might be supposed to do in that of a soldier destined to a forlorn hope. The shouting of the animal's masters, too, cheering their guide upon the game, became audible in the distance. With a failing spirit, Aylmer glanced on all sides as he bounded along, but could discern no means of even possible protection. No stream, no tract of water, by which he might baffle the terrible instinct of his four-footed enemy, not one of the many contrivances by which he had heard and read this had been successfully accomplished, here presented themselves. His brain, his sight, his senses became confused, a fear like that which oppresses the dreamer in a fit of night-mare, lodged itself upon his heart, his will became powerless, and the motion which still hurried him along his path, might almost be termed involuntary. He thought of nothing, he saw nothing, he heard nothing, but the fast approaching terrors in his rear; the heavy, confident baying of the hound, and the fierce hallooing of his pursuers. Fortune seemed in every way to conspire against the devoted youth, for in rushing down a slight declivity of the heath, a small tuft of the weed came in contact with his foot, and flung him with considerable violence on the ground. He sprung to his feet again, but fell at the first effort to proceed; his foot was maimed past all use. One thrill of utter despair shot through his frame, and the next moment a perfect indifference came over

him. The shouts of the hunters were now almost close upon him, but, and he hardly trusted his sense, when it first informed him of it, there was another sound mingled with theirs. He started to his feet, and stood erect in spite of his hurt; he heard the sound distinctly, it was the dash of waters on his left. Clasping his hands together, and offering, in one flashing thought, as fervent a thanksgiving as ever passed sinner's lips, he staggered towards the spot. Coming suddenly over the brow of the hill, he beheld, immediately before him, a small river, broken in its course by several ledges of rock, and flinging itself in masses of white foam into a kind of basin, whose surface the full winter's moon had lighted up with its gladdening influence, so as to shine "like a welcoming" in the student's eye. The banks of the stream were fringed with drooping sallows, and a dark angle close to where he stood, seemed to offer the closest and securest mode of concealment that he could desire. Without a moment's thought, or wavering, he slipped down the bank, and seizing one of the twigs, plunged himself, all reeking with perspiration as he was, into the cold, freezing, November flood.

'He had not been in this situation long enough to feel the inconvenience of the transition, when his anxieties were renewed by the approach of his pursuers. Creeping under the screen of the hanging sallows, and still clinging to the twig which he had grasped, he remained up to his chin in the water, imitating the action of some species of water-fowl, when conscious they are under the eye of the fowler. From this concealment, completely enveloped, as he was, in a piece of impenetrable shade, he could see his bandy-legged, shag-eared foe, bound fiercely to the bank immediately above him; the animal stopped short, snorted, looked across the stream, and whisked his head, with an action of impatience and disappointment. He ran up and down the bank, his nostrils expanded, and bent to the earth, and snuffed long and argumentatively about the very spot where Aylmer had descended. In a few seconds after, he heard the voices of the mountaineers, at the top of the hill.

'"Blessed Saviour o' the airth!—O Lewy! the streame!—We're lost for ever—Come back here, Sayzer!—The unnait'rel, informing Dane! To come among us, and make a fool of a shoulder of as good mutton as was ever drov the wrong way off a sheep-walk; and, I'll be your bail for it, he'll have the army with us to buckisht in the morning, av we stay for them (which we won't),—sorrow skreed o' the mait he left upon the bones, as much as would make a supper for old Vauria herself."'—pp. 45—50.

The place for which Aylmer was bound, and where he ultimately arrived in perfect safety, was the residence of his guardian Fitzmaurice, as well as of Katherine, between whom, and the young collegian, as we before hinted, the pleasing recollections of infantine association, were now ripened into a feeling more in accordance with their improved years. There is no need of entering, at any length, into an account of the plot, as it will be anticipated that Aylmer is to prosecute his guardian, for the murder of his father—that Katherine is to do penance for a season, between love and duty; that Fitzmaurice is proved to be no murderer at all, and that an universal amnesty, followed by the usual joyous events, takes place.

The character of the young lady, Katherine, is, to our mind at least, somewhat incongruously put together. The scene of discovery, between her and her father, during which she is appalled by his confession of murder, undoubtedly places her in a situation, where emotion may be naturally expected to vent itself in strong, and even violent language. But however suitable such expressions may be, to a crisis of this sort, in the abstract; still, in the case of an unsophisticated girl, of mild and patient nature, accustomed to the repose of rural privacy, and, as yet, merely conversant with the rites of filial devotion; in the case of such a person, when agitated by the strongest affection for her father, on the one hand, and the deepest horror of his avowed crime, on the other, it is hardly possible to expect an experienced, and well-disciplined heroine, one who pours forth mock passion at the top of her voice, and *stamps* away her attendants at the finest tragedy rate. One part of this scene, however, may be quoted with great propriety, as being in a more natural style than the rest, and as furnishing a favourable example of the pathetic powers of the author.

'"Good heaven! blessed mother of God!" muttered Katharine, as she rose from her knees, and passed one hand in a trembling and hurried manner over her forehead, and about her loosened hair, while her eyes became fixed in stupid terror on the earth. A silence of terrible reflection to both ensued. Fitzmaurice perceived, at a glance, that he had for ever lost the esteem of his child. That was bitter. Katharine beheld, in one short hour, the peace, the happiness of her whole existence withered and parched up; her duty made burthensome as crime; her heart's warmest and oldest affections made grievous to her soul; its faith disproved, its idol broken down, and the shrine of its worship polluted and made desolate. This was more bitter still.

'After a pause of some minutes, Fitzmaurice approached her and held out his hand. She shuddered, and shrunk back upon herself with an involuntary action, and half-stifled exclamation of repugnance. He attempted to smile, but his lip grew pale, and his brows were knit in anguish at the change.

'"I thought this, Kate," he said, sadly; "but I do not blame you for it. And yet it is a sad promise to me of what I am to expect from a malignant and suspicious world, when my own daughter, whom I have reared and cared for, now sixteen years, shrinks from my touch as if it were that of a viper."

'Perceiving that this appeal was ineffectual, and that the stroke had been too hardly dealt on his daughter's heart, Fitzmaurice continued, rising, "and now, Kate, though I put your affections to a strong test before I spoke to you on this, you shall not find me ungenerous enough to profit by the hasty enthusiasm of the moment. I have lost your love. I grieve for it, but I do not blame you. Yet, without your leave I will never allow your service nor companionship. Go you out at that door—I will take this; and let that be our final parting. Go, my loved, my injured child; forget your miserable father,—think of him as of one departed, but not in crime, for that would make his memory bitter to you; but as one

who erred, and found the grace that heaven treasures for the penitent. Another land must be my refuge from the retribution which my guilt demands, and must afford me time to labour for that divine grace. Farewell, Kate; go, and be gay and happy, and innocent as ever, and leave your old parent to his guilt, his sorrow, and his solitude."

'This speech had the effect on its hearer, which the speaker wished and intended. The sluices of her soft and feminine passions had been all dammed and choked up, almost to suffocation, by the grand and overwhelming horror that had been thrown about her, and only wanted a single pressure on the master-spring, one whisper in the ear of the heart, to set them flowing again, in all the impetuosity of interrupted feeling. She flung herself into her father's arms, and twined her own around his neck, while she leaned her head against his bosom in a hysterical passion of grief.

'"No, no, father!" she exclaimed, as soon as she could give words to her affliction, "part we shall not, at least. Whatever you may have been to others, you have been always kind, and tender, and good to me, and my hand must not be the first to cast the stone at my only friend. The changes of the world can affect us but little, for we have always lived more to ourselves than to it; and a life of loneliness will be nothing more than a prolonging of past quiet. Yes, father, my resolution is taken. If you must leave home for ever, you take all my home with you; and, for my own heart's ease, I must follow it."'

In the "Aylmers," we see the marks of a strong and cultivated imagination, with occasional indications of considerable power in the pathetic, and, generally, a very superior degree of eloquence. But the master faculty of personation is absent; and not only in his dramatis personæ, but in his plots, we may see that abruptness of action, that obvious discordance of parts to one another, which proceed either from an imperfect experience of mankind, on the part of this writer, or an imperfect instinct, in applying a knowledge of them to the purposes of fiction.

As these general observations may be, with equal propriety, addressed to the next tale, 'The Hand and Word,' we do not scruple to pass it over, in order to have the pleasure of submitting our sides once more to the peril of an hour's laughter, at the vagaries of the gentlemen fairies into whose eccentric society we are delighted to be introduced. In Ireland, it must be observed, that the fairies, or the 'good people,' as they are called, as well as, indeed, every other description of 'people' in that kingdom, are a peculiar race, differing from their species in some very ludicrous characteristics. There the 'fairies' have neither conscience nor honour, whenever there is a good joke in view; and when they have a suitable quarry in hand, there is no bound to the industrious villany with which they conspire against his peace and comfort. They have the impudence, moreover, to act as a sort of corporate attorney-general to their district, taking cognizance of, and punishing every manner of offence, against the king or against the saints. St. Martin once bountifully gave a holiday to the mariners of the river Shannon, the guardians of many a rich freight of turf to the various ports which open

on that noble stream. It was, unhappily, Brian Kennedy's destiny to think of bringing out his turf-boat on a St. Martin's morning. Early enough he stuck fast in the mud, off one of the islands in the mouth of the Clare river, pursuant to an order from fairy-land; and, in the evening, woe betide him, his affliction was crowned by the visit of a whole posse of the 'good people,' who walked the deck, and blustered about the cabin, as if they had the fee-simple of the craft all to themselves. We must take share of Brian Kennedy's birth for a while, and blinking, like him, through our half closed eye-lid, observe the motions of these impudent intruders.

'As the light now began to penetrate the thick volume of smoke that floated about the circle, sometimes enveloping it in dense clouds, sometimes rising towards the deck above, and unveiling only indistinct and misty forms, it fell in quivering and uncertain gleams on the faces and garments of the company. Brian gradually caught, in the momentary lighting up, looks and features not wholly new to him. On the left of the little hearth was a thin, yellow, shrivelled being, who might have served for a miniature design of the ghost of famine, with his long face and hollow eyes sunk down between his projecting shoulders, and the whole figure crouches us with chin on knees on the straw. This he remembered for a fat, ruddy-cheeked, jolly huntsman, who lived near Shanagolden, and was well known at every public-house by road-side, blessed-well, cross, or village, from thence to the borders of Kerry. He was late one night returning by the old road from Glin, and was found dead next morning, with his nose in a little stream that trickled across the road, near Peggy Kilbridge's old barn. Between him and Tony Taafe, was a grave-looking-fellow, stuck up in a corner, smoking. His pipe was supported by his hand, and his elbow based upon a little pedestal of turf which lay beside him. He seemed to look upon all that was going forward with the most imperturbable indifference; and but for the twitching up of the right angle of his mouth, as it opened momently, and with a mechanical regularity, to emit the smoke, and the occasional application of the finger to the contents of the pipe, he might, in the dingy light, have furnished one of the masters of the Flemish school with a memorandum for a drollery. Brian immediately recognised him for a relative of his own, one Shamus Rhue, an apathetic sort of fellow, that, so he had a potatoe to eat, and tobacco to smoke, thought the world went well enough with him; and who rambled about the country for work, when he ought to be tilling his own garden—*signs on*, he was always at a loss when every one else was digging the white-eyes. It was a long time since Brian had seen him before, and he was now a little surprised at the company he found him in. Shamus cast one glance at him when he first came in, as much as to say, is it you that's there? but deigned to take no further notice of him, which was the more inexplicable, as they were both near neighbours when at home. All the rest were perfect strangers, and formed, indeed, the busiest and most talkative part of the group. No one could think of half what they said, they spoke so fast, and there was so great an uproar; but such points of the dialogue, as more directly appertained to himself, made too deep an impression on Brian's mind to be forgotten.

'"Arn't you the droll boy, then, Tommy Meehan," observed the little red-vested man, of whom, before, honourable mention has been made, "and

to set Jem Driscoll's boat adrift, off Sod Island?" "May be 'twasn't of his own airning why," replied a hoarse voice, from the centre of a column of smoke to windward. "Was'nt I listening to him, at Mrs. Quinlivan's, a Saturday night last, and the crowd about and he making his fun of us, over his noggin?"

'"Begannies, 'tis paying the reckoning he is now, any way," observed the man of the fore-sheet. "Struck upon the Beeves, I'll be bail, with a plank or two driven in."

'"You ought to hold your tongue about that same, at any rate, Paddy," rejoined the voice, "'tis little help to your foot awhile ago, that would have made Brian Kennedy a dish for the porpoises."

'"There's reason in every thing," retorted Paddy, "for what did the blackguard prisume to be spying and obsarving us? 'tisn't to that treatment he'll be trusting, if I comes acrass him again."

'Brian here shut his eyes so close, that he could get but very indistinct glimpses of the speakers.

'"Shasthone!" ejaculated the withered little huntsman on the left, in a tone that partook half of surprise, and half of disapproval, "'tis well to have the mending hand, any how, if 'twas at the murthering itself; but I'm thinking there's better employment than to be talkin' at all of it, and the master's grey mare all in a lather in the hold. Who's to take her home, eroo?"

'"Who, but them that brought her, an had the riding of her?" cried Tony Taafe, now turning round, and joining in the conversation for the first time, "who but Tommy Meehan?"

'"E'then, bad 'cess to her for a garron," ejaculated Tom, assenting, "'tis little divarsion I had out of her; but (jogging the old woman's elbow), come, Granny, give us a taste o' your cooken, av we aee to be on the trot."

The pot was immediately drawn out to the edge of the hearth, and the crone, rousing herself up, commenced serving them in turn with a cup of the steaming liquor. They all seemed to drink with great relish, and got very merry, especially honest Tony, who became so good-humoured, that Brian had a strong inclination to speak to him, and indeed, eventually took an opportunity, when he was leaning back in a fit of laughter, to whisper in his ear, "Erah, Tony, is it you in earnest that's there?" But Tony stopped laughing, and looked at him in astonishment, never saying a word for some time. At last, stooping over when nobody was looking, he muttered in a low tone, "Brian Kennedy, if you value the life that's in you, 'tisn't for the like of you to speak to us." Just at the same moment, Paddy of the foresheet, who had drunk more than the rest, in the height of his good humour, and perhaps somewhat repentant of his late harsh treatment of Brian, demanded a cup of the beverage for him,—a piece of generosity which was hailed with acclaim by the whole party, and nothing was heard all around, but astounding shouts of "A cup for Brian Kennedy! A cup for Brian Kennedy!" Meantime he was roused up by his neighbour Tony, that he might be aware of the honour intended him.

'Brian, who had often heard of the danger of partaking fairy food, and how irrecoverably unsuspicious poor fellows had been kidnapped away in that manner, rose up like a man about to swallow poison. He stared

around the circle again and again, with a dubious, inquisitive look, as it were to catch some dubious hint, or to question the risk, by diving into the eyes of the company. They were all sparkling with delight, and at length, half assured, he was rising the cup to his lips, when the sedate face of his old friend, Shamus Rhue, caught his attention in the corner. He thought he saw him wink at him, once or twice, and, only that he had at the same moment stirred up the ashes in his pipe, with his finger, to which it might possibly be an accompaniment, Brian could not mistake the hint. A shake of the head, the next minute, decided the matter, and so terrified was he at the warning, that he instantly let fall the vessel, inadvertently ejaculating a loud, "Lord save us!" as it went to pieces. There was an instant *clear decks* among the gentlemen, as is usual when any pious invocation is made use of in their presence; a circumstance which never fails to excite their eternal enmity. A whirring noise announced their dispersion in all directions, and before it had done vibrating in his ears, Brian found himself in utter darkness, by the side of Darby Whelan.'—pp. 285—291.

We must absolutely have done here. Neither the 'Brown Man,' nor the 'Persecutions of Jack Edy;' neither the 'Unburied Legs,' nor 'Owney and Owney-na-peak,' shall be spoken of, because the notice of them could not be as extensive as they deserve. We are under the necessity of dismissing them with an expression of cordial and unreserved praise, mixed with a sentiment of personal gratitude for a great deal of entertainment. These latter tales are, doubtless, of the true Hibernian stamp, the genuine emanation of the mud cottage, redolent of turf and whiskey; and we recommend them as specifics against the spleen.

Art. VII. *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind.* By Dugald Stewart, Esq., F.R.S., &c. Volume Third. 4to. pp. 567. 2*l.* 2*s.* London: Murray. 1827.

(*Concluded from page* 274).

In our former notice of this volume, we confined our remarks to the first chapter, which treats of language, and to the two first sections of the second chapter, which is occupied with 'the principle or law of sympathetic imitation.' In the third section Mr. Stewart discusses several phenomena, which he thinks are in part resolvable into the principles previously laid down—if principles they may be called—which are all dependent upon that mysterious sympathy that is known to exist between the bodily organization of different individuals.

It is worthy of remark, that Lord Bacon touches slightly on this branch of the philosophy of the mind, to which he gives the title of *Doctrina de fœdere, sive de communi vinculo animæ et corporis;* and that he resolved the effects of this 'mental and corporal chain,' to a '*magical* transmission of spirits from body to body.' 'It is a

strange thing in nature,' says that acute observer, in his Sylva Sylvarum, 'when it is attentively considered, how children and some birds learn to imitate speech. They take no mark at all of the motion of the mouth of him that speaketh; for birds are as well taught in the dark as by light. The sounds of speech are very curious and exquisite; so one would think it were a lesson hard to learn. It is true that it is done with time, and by little and little, and with many essays and proffers; but all this dischargeth not the wonder. It would make a man think (though this which we shall say may seem exceeding strange) that there is some *transmission of spirits;* and that the spirits of the teacher put in motion, should work with the spirits of the learner a predisposition to offer to imitate, and so to perfect the imitation by degrees.'

Medical writers scarcely render the subject more intelligible, when they refer the contagious nature of convulsions, of hysteric disorders, of panics, and of all the different kinds of enthusiasm, to the mere principle of imitation. Mr. Stewart contends, that the imagination also enters into the combination of causes which produce such sympathetic effects, though he does not attempt to draw any line between those causes, or, indeed, to investigate or analyse them at all. He deals only with the practical applications of which the facts, afterwards mentioned by him, are susceptible, abstracted from all consideration of the laws to which they ought ultimately to be referred.

Among these facts, he refers to the religious frenzy which formerly operated so powerfully on the minds and bodies of the enthusiasts of Cevennes, commonly called the Camisards; to the curious and incontrovertible phenomena produced in France, in the reign of Louis XVI., by the practice of animal magnetism; and to some instances of fanatical excitement, which occurred in Scotland, at the time of Whitfield's first visit to that country. He mentions also a description, somewhat visionary, in our opinion, of the operation of what the Quakers are pleased to call 'the spirit,' upon not only the minds, but the bodies, of their congregations. From these, and other similar facts, Mr. Stewart concludes that certain bodily affections are contagious, but that the contagion operates through the *mind.* He suggests, therefore, for the consideration of physicians, an important question, whether certain kinds of insanity have not a contagious tendency. It is impossible, we think, for any person to entertain a doubt on this point, who has ever visited a madhouse. Unless habituated to that most lamentable of all scenes, the soundest observer can hardly contemplate it, without feeling his thoughts unsettled for some hours after.

Even when passions and emotions are supposed to be felt by an individual, although not manifested by any external expression, they are, to a certain degree, contagious. Has it not often happened that one person, oppressed by low spirits in a small company, has thrown a damp upon their enjoyments, which no exertions

could counteract? Thus also, may a contrary sense of pleasure, and even the devotional feelings be excited, merely by the presence of persons known to be actuated by them. It is this operation of some inexplicable common cause, which gives to an earnest and powerful orator, such irresistible influence in a large popular assembly. Upon this subject Mr. Stewart has an admirable passage, which we must extract.

'There is something in the sight of a great multitude, more favourable to the excitement of the imagination and of the passions, than to the cool exercise of our reasoning powers. Every person who has been accustomed to address a large audience, must have experienced this in himself; and, accordingly, in popular assemblies, when a speaker indulges in declamation, or attempts to rouse the passions of his hearers, his eyes may generally be observed to sweep from place to place over his auditory; sometimes, perhaps, in a moment of more than common animation, to comprehend the whole at a glance: but, when he is about to *reason*, or to detail facts, he strives to concentrate his thoughts by forgetting the crowd, and fixing the eye of a single individual. His hearers, in the meantime (at least, such of them as have not learned from early and long habit to maintain their self-possession and command of mind in circumstances so peculiarly adverse to reflection) become almost passive materials in his hands, and are prepared to follow wherever he leads the way:—So just is the maxim of Cardinal de Retz, that "all great assemblies are mere mobs, and swayed in their deliberations by the most trifling motives." In the history of human nature, few facts are more curious or more important than this; that where immense numbers of men are collected on the same spot, and their physical force is the most irresistible, their minds are the most easily subdued by the authority of (what they conceive to be) the voice of wisdom and of virtue. The consciousness of this power,—one of the proudest, unquestionably, which a man can possess over his fellow-creatures,—contributes more than any thing else to animate and inspire that eloquence which it supposes; and hence the foundation of a maxim laid down by Cicero, that "eloquence is impossible, without a listening crowd."

'On such occasions, the contagion of sympathetic imitation will be found to aid so very powerfully the ascendancy of the speaker's genius, as almost to justify the exclusive stress which Demosthenes laid on *action*, when compared with the other constituents of the oratorical art. Buffon seems to have been fully aware of the same thing, when he introduced the following description of the effects of *popular* eloquence into the discourse which he pronounced on his reception into the French Academy. The description appears to me to be just, and to be executed with a masterly hand; but I quote it at present, chiefly to have an opportunity of expressing my *dissent* from the conclusion which it is employed to illustrate. "True eloquence implies an exertion of genius, and supposes a cultivated mind. It differs essentially from that fluency of speech, which is a talent possessed by all who have strong passions, flexible organs, and lively imaginations. Such men feel acutely, and express strongly, both by words and gestures, what they feel. Hence, by a sort of mechanical impression, they impart to others their enthusiasm and their affections:—*it is the body which speaks to the body;* all its movements, and all its expressive powers lending their aid. How little is sufficient to shake the opinions of most men, and to

communicate to them the sentiments of the speaker! A tone of voice vehement and pathetic; gestures expressive and frequent; words rapid and sonorous."

'Buffon proceeds afterwards to contrast this popular eloquence with that which was cultivated in the French Academy, giving the decided preference to the latter, and, indeed, treating the former with every expression of contempt. The proper inference, however, from his premises was, that if these secondary attainments of an orator can perform so much, where there is a real deficiency in more essential endowments, what effects might they not produce, if united with the higher gifts of the understanding! Why undervalue an art, merely because it is adapted to the principles of our physical as well as of our moral frame; an art which, in ancient times, was cultivated by men not more distinguished by the splendour of their military virtues, than by those accomplishments which adorn and humanize the mind; and who, to a skill in composition, which it is our pride to imitate at a distance, seem to have added all the energy and all the grace which pronunciation and gesture, regulated by taste and philosophy, could supply? The eloquence of the French Academicians, when considered in relation to its professed objects, justly claims our admiration; but why contrast it with *that* eloquence—to which it bears no resemblance, but in name—which, in free states, has so often fixed the destiny of nations, and which the contagious sympathy of popular and patriotic emotions could alone have inspired? The compositions of Buffon himself, the most finished models, perhaps, of that polished and courtly style which he valued so highly,—what *are* they, when compared with those mightier powers of genius which

Fulmin'd over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne?

'What *are* they, even when compared with *that* eloquence (tempered and subdued as it is by modern institutions and manners), of which our own age and our own country has furnished so many illustrious examples; and which, in political assemblies far more wisely and happily constituted than those of the Athenian commonwealth, secures to its possessors an authority which no other distinctions can command? Such an ascendant is to be acquired only by talents as various as the principles of that nature on which they are destined to operate; and whoever, in the cultivation of the same art, forgets how closely the physical frame of man is linked with his imagination and his passions, may abandon all ambition of that empire over the minds of others to which the orators of antiquity aspired, and must rest satisfied with the praise of refinement, ingenuity, and wit.'—pp. 209—213.

In the fourth, and concluding section of the chapter, Mr. Stewart justly observes, that the principles upon which the phenomena, already referred to, depend, 'are subservient, *on the whole*, to beneficent and important purposes;' that the power of imitation is an essential matter to be attended to in the education of children; and that there are many accomplishments, particularly all those connected with grace, both in utterance and gesture, which children *might be* taught merely from the habitual sight of good models, —*instead of* consuming their time afterwards,—as arts which are to

e systematically studied. The section concludes with a dissertation pon ventriloquism, the connection of which with the subject unler consideration is, we own, not very apparent to us.

The succeeding chapter is devoted to the varieties of genius and f intellectual character among men. What are the original disparities in their capacities, Mr. Stewart thinks it impossible to ascertain; but he considers it as presumeable, from the analogy of he body, that such disparities exist, notwithstanding the theory of he original equality of all minds, which has been ingeniously maintained by Helvetius and others. That the varieties existing in the form of the head, and in the cast of the features, are significant of riginal varieties in the intellectual capacity, seems to be sufficiently established by the whole course of human experience. But even if his had not been the case, it scarcely admits of dispute, that the different circumstances in which men are placed, will produce great diversities in their talents. For instance, it is a matter of daily observation, that great personal beauty, either in man or woman, diverts them from the cultivation of the mind; whereas, deformity produces the very opposite effect. If it be true, as that profound observer of human nature, the author of Gil Blas, asserts, that "little men are commonly decisive and oracular in their opinions," it must be admitted, that stature also has its effects upon the intellect. But, undoubtedly, the most obvious cause of the varieties in the intellectual faculties, by which men are distinguished, arises from the different pursuits to which they dedicate themselves in civilised society. 'The metaphysician, for example, the mathematician, the poet, the critic, the antiquary, strengthen, by their respective pursuits, a corresponding combination of faculties and principles, while they suffer others to remain without due cultivation.' We regret that we cannot follow Mr. Stewart in his observations on some of these characters, shewing in what respects their intellectual faculties may be expected to be severally marked and discriminated, in consequence of their peculiar occupations. We can only find room for his reflections on the disposition to generalization, which usually increases upon men as years add to their experience.

'This tendency to abstraction and generalization commonly grows upon us as we advance in life; partly from our own growing impatience in the study of particulars, and partly from the inaptitude of our declining faculties to embrace with accuracy a multiplicity of minute details. Hence, the mind is led to experience an increasing delight in those vantage grounds which afford it an enlarged survey of its favourite objects. The flattened eye which can no longer examine the microscopical beauties of an insect's wing, may yet enjoy the variegated tints of an autumnal wood, or wander over the magnificence of an Alpine prospect.

'Is it not owing to this, among other causes, that time appears to pass more swiftly the longer we live? As the events we contemplate swell in magnitude and importance (the attention being daily less engrossed with *individuals, and more with* communities and nations), the scene must, of

course, shift more slowly, and the plot advance more leisurely to its accomplishment. Hence, that small portion of our thread which remains unspun, appears to bear a less and less proportion to the space likely to be occupied by the transactions in which we are interested. Franklin, towards the close of life, complained repeatedly in my hearing, that time passed much more rapidly in his old age than when he was young. "The year" (he said), "is no sooner begun than it is ended;" adding with his usual good humour, "I am sometimes tempted to think they do not give us so good measure now as formerly." Whoever compares the latter part of this great man's history with his first outset, will not think this change in his estimate of time very wonderful.

'The feelings which Franklin experienced when an old man, in consequence of the accidental circumstances of his history, are the natural effects of the habits of thinking, which the philosopher loves to indulge. In consequence of these habits, he feels every day more and more as a citizen of the world; and, associating himself with the inhabitants of the most remote regions, takes a deeper interest in the universal drama of human affairs. And if, in consequence of this, his years should appear to pass over his head more swiftly, it must be remembered that, after a certain period of life, this ceases to be a misfortune. Franklin himself, while he affected to hold a different language, plainly considered the matter in this light; and, indeed, could not have given a stronger proof of the happiness of his old age, than by the complaints he made of the rapid flight of time. It is only when our prospects accord with our wishes, that we are liable to the influence of this illusion.'—pp. 267, 268.

This subject leads Mr. Stewart to discuss the difference between the sexes: and here he takes occasion to express his adoption of the opinion long since sanctioned by Plato, and maintained by the most enlightened and judicious philosophers, that, "there is no natural difference between the sexes, but in point of strength. When the entire sexes are compared together, the female is doubtless the inferior; but in individuals, the woman has often the advantage of the man*."

'In this opinion, I have no doubt that Plato is in the right. The intellectual and moral differences between the sexes seem to me to be entirely the result of *education;* using that word in its most extensive sense, to comprehend not merely the instruction received from teachers, but the habits of mind imposed by situation, or by the physical organization of the animal frame.

'It must be remembered, too, that certain intellectual and moral habits are the natural and necessary consequences of that difference in point of strength which Plato allows to distinguish the Sexes. The form of the male is evidently much the better fitted for bodily exertion, and a less measure of exercise seems to be sufficient to preserve the female in health. Hence the sedentary habits early acquired by the other sex, and that comparative timidity which results from a want of familiarity with those external injuries to which the stronger sex is daily exposed. This timidity, it is to be observed, by no means implies an impatience under present

* Plato de Republica, l. v.

suffering; for the female, though less courageous than the male, is commonly more resigned and patient under severe affliction. The mental constitutions, in this respect, of the sexes, are happily adapted to the different provinces allotted to them in life; the male being the natural protector of the female in moments of danger and sudden alarm; the female destined to be his comfort and support in seasons of sorrow, and of protracted suffering.

'From the greater delicacy of their frame, and from the numerous ailments connected with their sexual temperament, combined with their constant familiarity with distresses which are not their own, the sympathy of women with the sufferings of others is much more lively, and their promptitude to administer relief, wherever it is possible, is much more eager than in the generality of men. To the truth of this remark, every day's experience bears witness; and from the testimony of travellers, it appears, that the observation extends to women in all the different stages of society.

'In consequence of the greater nervous irritability of women, their muscular system seems to possess a greater degree of that mobility by which the principle of sympathetic imitation operates. Hence their proneness to hysteric affections, and to that species of religious enthusiasm which is propagated by contagion. Hence also their tendency to mimicry, and the niceness of their tact with respect to the more delicate features of character.'—pp. 319—322.

To the different process of their education, and of their early habits, Mr. Stewart imputes the inferiority of the fair sex to the stronger, in a capacity for *patient thought*, and for all those pursuits which require systematic mental attention. From their infancy, the minds of females are peculiarly alive to sensible objects; they are, therefore, easily influenced by casual associations, and hence their acknowledged superiority in their powers of conversation, and in epistolary writing.

In the next, and concluding chapter of this volume, the author enters into a comparison between the faculties of man and those of the lower animals. After asserting, as incontrovertible maxims, that the operations of the former are guided by reason, and those of the latter by what we call instinct, he at the same time guards himself from the supposition that he would refer all the actions of man to the one principle, as all those of brutes to the other. The true line of distinction may be thus shortly stated—'the instincts of brutes are susceptible of important modifications, from the influence of external circumstances, and the accidental experience of the individual animal,' while, on the other hand, 'there are, in man, many natural propensities which seem to be perfectly analogous to instinct, in their laws, and in their origin.' These plain truths are incumbered with a mass of facts and theories, which, after all, leave the question in its original state.

How far the lower animals are governed by pure, or by mixed instinct, as it is called, is a point, we presume, that never will be ascertained. What, however, it is of some consequence to us to

know is this, that let the extraordinary acquisitions, made by the brute, be ever so great, they perish with the individual. He does not communicate them to his fellows, or to his progeny, and even in him they soon cease to appear, if not kept up by continued practice. Hence, no instance can be alleged, in which 'any one *tribe* of animals has improved its condition, since the earliest account given of them by natural historians.' Of the extraordinary accomplishments, if we may use the expression, evinced by particular animals, every day furnishes abundant instances. But we have not a tittle of evidence to shew, that these accomplishments extend themselves among the brute race, without the assistance of man, who alone can teach them.

In order to exhibit the superiority of the source whence man derives his capabilities of improvement, and as an answer to that cold system of philosophy, which teaches that all our knowledge is the result of our sensations, Mr. Stewart gives, in an appendix to this chapter, a detailed account of James Mitchell, a boy born *deaf* and *blind*, and consequently *dumb*. The story is a very melancholy one, as concerns the individual; but, in a philosophical point of view, it is highly interesting and instructive. The following compressed history of this unique case, as Mr. Stewart considers it to be, we extract from the report of a clergyman, resident in Mitchell's neighbourhood.

'"The subject of this brief notice is the son of the Reverend Donald Mitchell, late Minister of Ardclach, a Highland parish, lying on the banks of the Findhorn. He was born 11th November, 1795, and is the sixth child of his parents, being the youngest except one. All his brothers and sisters (as well also his parents), are perfectly free from the deficiency of sight and hearing, which occurs in his case; and are healthy and well-formed. His mother, who is an intelligent and sensible lady, very early discovered his unfortunate situation: she noticed that he was *blind*, from his discovering no desire to turn his eyes to the light, or to any bright object; and afterwards (in his early infancy also), she ascertained his being *deaf*, from the circumstance that no noise, however loud, awakened him from sleep. As he grew up, he discovered a most extraordinary acuteness of the senses of touch and smell; being very soon able, by these, to distinguish strangers from the members of his own family; and any little article which was appropriated to himself, from what belonged to others. In his childhood, the most noticeable circumstance relating to him, was an eager desire to strike upon his fore-teeth anything he could get hold of; this he would do for hours; and seemed particularly gratified if it was a key, or any instrument that gave a *sharp sound* when struck against his teeth. This would seem to indicate that the auditory nerve was not altogether dormant. . . . .

'"In 1808, and again in 1810, his father carried him to London, where operations were performed upon his eyes by the most eminent practitioners, with *very little*, or rather with *no* (permanent) success; while an attempt that was made at the same time, to give him the sense of hearing, by piercing the tympanum, totally failed.

'"Such is the brief *history* of this poor lad; it remains now to give some account of his appearance, behaviour, the feelings by which he seems to be actuated, the manner in which he conveys his desires, and the methods by which he is managed.

'"1. His countenance, notwithstanding his unfortunate defects, does by no means indicate fatuity; nay, the lineaments of thought are very observable upon it. His features at times (in church, for instance, and during the time of family prayer), are perfectly composed and sedate; when sensible of the presence of a stranger, or of any object which awakens his curiosity, his face appears animated; and when offended or enraged, he has a very marked ferocity of look. He is (for his age) of an athletic form, and has altogether a robust appearance.

'"2. He behaves himself in company with much more propriety than could be expected; a circumstance owing undoubtedly to the great care of his parents, and of his elder sister. He feeds himself. When a stranger arrives, his smell immediately and invariably informs him of the circumstance, and directs him to the place where the stranger is, whom he proceeds to *survey* by the sense of touch. In the remote situation where he resides, male visitors are most frequent; and, therefore, the first thing he generally does, is to examine whether or not the stranger wears boots; if he does wear them, he immediately quits the stranger, goes to the lobby, feels for, and accurately examines his whip; then proceeds to the stable, and handles his horse with great care, and with the utmost seeming attention. It has occasionally happened, that visitors have arrived in a carriage, and, on such occasions, he has never failed to go to the place where the carriage stood, examined the whole of it with much anxiety, and tried innumerable times the elasticity of the springs. In all this he is undoubtedly guided by the smell and touch only, without any assistance from sight; for, going to call lately for his mother, I passed him, near to the house, within a few feet, without his noticing me in the least; and offering him a glass of punch after dinner, he groped for it, as one in total darkness.

'"3. The feeling by which he appears to be most powerfully actuated, (at least to a stranger), is curiosity, or an anxious desire to make himself acquainted with every thing that is new to him. He appears to feel affection to those of his family very strongly;—discovered extreme sorrow on account of his father's death; laid himself upon the coffin, after his father's corpse was put into it, apparently in much grief; went frequently to his grave, and threw himself upon it, whilst he gently patted the turf, and bemoaned himself greatly. He is likewise capable of feeling mirth, and frequently laughs heartily. He is highly gratified by getting new clothes; and as tearing his clothes is the most usual expression of his anger, so the punishment he feels most is being obliged to wear them after he has torn them. He is subject to anger, upon being crossed in any of his desires, or when he finds any of his clothes, or articles with which he amuses himself, removed from the chest in which he keeps them.

'"4. Respecting the manner in which he conveys his feelings and desires, I am much at a loss to give the information that might be expected. It is certain that those of his family know perfectly in what temper of mind he is, and what he wants to have; and these intimations he conveys to them in the presence of strangers, without these last being sensible of his doing so. When he is hungry, he approaches his mother or sisters,

touches them in an expressive manner, and points towards the apartment where the victuals are usually kept. If he wants dry stockings, he points to his legs; and in a similar way, intimates his wishes upon other occasions. A pair of shoes were lately brought to him, and on putting them on, he found them too small. His mother then took them, and put them into a small closet; soon after a thought seemed to strike him, and he contrived to obtain the key of the closet, opened the door, took the shoes, and put them upon the feet of a young lad who attends him, whom they suited exactly. This action of his implies considerable reflection, and shows that he must have made some accurate examinations, though unnoticed at the time. When he is sick and feverish, which sometimes happens, he points to his head, or takes his mother's hand and places it opposite to his heart, seemingly with an intention that she may observe its beating more quickly than usual. He never attempts to express his feelings by utterance, except when angry, when he bellows in a most uncouth manner. Satisfaction or complacency he expresses by patting the person or object which excites that feeling. His smell being wonderfully acute, he is frequently offended through that sense, when other persons near to him smell nothing unpleasant; he expresses his dissatisfaction on such occasions, by putting his hand to his nose, and retreating rapidly. His taste seems also to be exquisite, and he expresses much pleasure by laughing and smacking his lips, when any savoury victuals are laid before him.

'"5. His father, when alive, was at much pains in directing him, as his mother still is; but his elder sister seems to have a much greater ascendancy over him, and more power of managing him than any other person. Touching his head with her hand seems to be the principal method which she employs in signifying her wishes to him respecting his conduct; this she does with various degrees of force, and in different manners; and he seems readily to understand the intimation intended to be conveyed. In short, by gratifying him when he acts properly, and withholding from him the objects of his complacency when he has done amiss, he has been taught a sense of what is becoming in manners, and proper in conduct, much stronger than it could be otherwise believed, that any person, in his singularly unfortunate situation, could acquire."'—vol. iii., pp. 418—423.

The latest communication, in the appendix, concerning this unfortunate person, is dated August, 1826. Added to the various papers, detailing his history, which are collected by Mr. Stewart, it demonstrates that, though Mitchell is still labouring under his original infirmities, his intellectual capacity has exhibited, with his advance in years, a gradual and striking improvement.

We have now introduced the reader to the leading topics discussed by Mr. Stewart, in this volume. We could have wished, that they had been treated within a more reasonable compass than a quarto, of nearly 600 pages, particularly as an octavo, of 300, would have been much better proportioned to the quantity of valuable matter here given to the world. We have confined ourselves chiefly to the practical principles disclosed in it, with a view rather to induce the reader to study the work for himself, than to bewilder him in controversies and comments, which would far exceed the space that we could bestow upon them.

ART. VIII. *The Gold-Headed Cane.* 8vo. pp. 179. 8*s.* 6*d.* London: Murray. 1827.

WHO would imagine, on reading this singular title, that he had opened a short history of the progress of medicine in this country during the last hundred and fifty years, mixed up with biographical sketches of the principal physicians who have adorned that period? Yet such is the two-fold object of this little volume, and, we may add, that the author, or rather the compiler, has performed his task in a simple and very agreeable manner. Several of his anecdotes appear to be derived from traditional authority; others he has selected from various authentic sources; and the whole he has put together, as the oracular narrative of the life and adventures of a gold-headed cane, which is said to have been handed down, as a sort of sceptre of pre-eminence, from Dr. Radcliffe to Dr. Baillie, through the celebrated names of Mead, Askew, and Pitcairn. The cane is now deposited among the sacred relics of the new College of Physicians, being excluded by modern fashion from the companionship which it formerly enjoyed. We suppose, that in its retirement it has been bitten by the prevailing rage for writing reminiscences; and when we find it beginning its story under the reign of William III., we must admit, that it has exhibited vast discretion in confining its memoirs within such moderate limits.

Of its boyhood and early education, our cane has, of course, no recollection, as it was not until it obtained a head, that it became conscious of existence. It seems to remember with marked delight, the first consultation at which it was present. It was in the autumn of 1689; its master, Dr. Radcliffe, had just then returned from the country, much fatigued, when a pressing message reached him at his house in Bow-street, Covent-garden, from the king, who was indisposed at Kensington.

'We were ushered through a suite of several rooms, plainly but handsomely furnished, by Simon de Brienne; and it seemed to me that the Doctor assumed a more lofty air, and walked with a firmer step, and I was conscious of a gentle pressure of his hand, as he stopped and gazed for a moment on the likeness of the Founder of the College of Physicians, Dr. Linacre, painted by Holbien, which was hanging in one of the rooms, amongst the royal portraits of the Henrys, and several other of the kings and queens of England and Scotland.

'On entering the sick chamber, which was a small cabinet in the south-east angle of the building, called the Writing Closet, a person of a grave and solemn aspect, apparently about forty years of age, of a thin and weak body, brown hair, and of middle stature, was seen sitting in an arm-chair, and breathing with great difficulty. The naturally serious character of the king (for it was his Majesty William the Third) was rendered more melancholy by the distressing symptoms of an asthma, the consequence of the dregs of the small-pox, that had fallen on his lungs. In the absence of the fit, and at other times, his sparkling eyes, large and elevated forehead, and

aquiline nose, gave a dignity to his countenance, which, though usually grave and phlegmatic, was said in the day of battle to be susceptible of the most animated expression. "Doctor," said the King, "Bentinck and Zulestein have been urgent with me that I should again send for you; and though I have great confidence in my two body-physicians here, yet I have heard so much of your great skill, that I desire you will confer with Bidloo and Laurence, whether some other plan might not be adopted. They have plied me so much with aperitives to open my stomach, that I am greatly reduced: my condition is, I think, hazardous, unless you try other measures."

'The King seldom spoke so long at a time, his conversation being usually remarkably dry and repulsive; and here his Majesty's speech was interrupted by a deep cough, and he sunk back in his chair exhausted. "May it please your Majesty," said Dr. Radcliffe, "I must be plain with you, Sir: your case is one of danger, no doubt, but if you will adhere to my prescriptions, I will engage to do you good. The rheum is dripping on your lungs, and will be of fatal consequence to you, unless it be otherwise diverted."—Upon this, Dr. Bidloo, who, though expert in the knowledge of some branches of physic, was not always happy or quick in his conjectures, was about to reply. There was something like an insinuation of *mala praxis* in the last observation; and being somewhat of an irascible temper, the Dutchman, anxious perhaps to return to his duties of professor of anatomy and surgery at Leyden, was indifferent about giving offence to his royal master. But the King, in a calm and sullen manner, imposed silence, and intimated to the physicians to withdraw and consult upon the treatment of his malady. The consultation was short, and the result was, that some medicines should be tried that might have the effect of promoting the flow of saliva. This treatment fully succeeded, for the King was so completely restored, that a few months afterwards he fought the battle of the Boyne.' pp. 7—10.

Thus we see what great events depend on little causes. Had our gold-headed friend thought proper to fall on William's great toe, Ireland would have been saved, the treaty of Limerick never would have been thought of, and consequently never have been broken, to the disgrace of William and his parliaments. So much for the treament of a royal patient. Dr. Radcliffe did not, it seems, always act upon a regular system. If the following anecdote may be relied upon, he sometimes approached very nearly to what Mr. Abernethy would call "quackery."

'His practice increased, and there were few families of any note that had not sometime or other recourse to his skill and advice. I began now to consider how his superiority over his rivals was to be explained, whence arose the great confidence reposed in him by his patients; to what, in fine, his eminent success was to be attributed. It was clear, his erudition had nothing to do with it; but though there was something rude in the manner in which he frequently disparaged the practice of others, yet it could not be denied that his general good sense and practical knowledge of the world distinguished him from all his competitors. He was remarkable for his apt and witty replies, and always ready in suggesting expedients; though, to be sure, some of them were homely enough, and occasionally sufficiently

ludicrous, and such as I never witnessed with the grave and more polished doctors into whose hands I afterwards passed. He was once sent for into the country, to visit a gentleman ill of a quinsey. Finding that no external nor internal application would be of service, he desired the lady of the house to order a hasty-pudding to be made: when it was done, his own servants were to bring it up, and while the pudding was preparing, he gave them his private instructions. In a short time it was set on the table, in full view of the patient. "Come, Jack and Dick," said Radcliffe, "eat as quickly as possible; you have had no breakfast this morning." Both began with their spoons, but on Jack's dipping once only for Dick's twice, a quarrel arose. Spoonfuls of hot pudding were discharged on both sides, and at last, handfuls were pelted at each other. The patient was seized with a hearty fit of laughter, the quinsey burst and discharged its contents, and my master soon completed the cure.'—pp. 19—21.

We shall extract from this memoir, a singular account of a fee received by Dr. Baldwin Hamey, as it is recorded in the MS. life of that physician. It is supposed to be related by Dr. Mead, in one of his conversations with Radcliffe.

"'It was in the time of the civil wars, when it pleased God to visit him with a severe fit of sickness, or peripneumonia, which confined him a great while to his chamber, and to the more than ordinary care of his tender spouse. During this affliction, he was disabled from practice; but the very first time he dined in his parlour afterwards, a certain great man in high station came to consult him on an indisposition—(*ratione vagi sui amoris*)—and he was one of the godly ones, too, of those times. After the doctor had received him in his study, and modestly attended to his long religious preface, with which he introduced his ignominous circumstances, and Dr. Hamey had assured him of his fidelity, and gave him hopes of success in his affair, the generous soldier (for such he was) drew out of his pocket a bag of gold, and offered it, all at a lump, to his physician. Dr. Hamey, surprised at so extraordinary a fee, modestly declined the acceptance of it; upon which the great man, dipping his hand into the bag himself, grasped up as much of his coin as his fist could hold, and generously put it into the doctor's coat pocket, and so took his leave. Dr. Hamey returned into his parlour to dinner, which had waited for him all that time, and smiling (whilst his lady was discomposed at his absenting so long), emptied his pocket into her lap. This soon altered the features of her countenance, who, telling the money over, found it to be 36 broad pieces of gold: at which she being greatly surprised, confessed to the doctor that this was surely the most providential fee he ever received; and declared to him that, during the height of his severe illness, she had paid away (unknown to him) on a state levy towards a public supply, the like sum in number and value of pieces of gold; lest, under the lowness of his spirits, it should have proved a matter of vexation, unequal to his strength at that time to bear; which being thus so remarkably reimbursed to him by Providence, it was the properest juncture she could lay hold on to let him into the truth of it. It may be said," continued Mead, "that this was an extraordinary case, and the fee a most exorbitant one, which the patient paid as the price of secrecy: but the precaution was unnecessary (as it ought always to be in a profession whose very essence is honour and confidence),

for the name of the generous soldier is never once mentioned in the life of Hamey, though I have good reason to believe he was no other than Ireton, the son-in-law of Cromwell." '—pp. 48—50.

It is well known that the death of queen Anne, which happened on the 1st August, 1714, was imputed by the enemies of Dr. Radcliffe, to his absence from the last consultation which was held by her physicians. This charge gained so much ground with the populace, that he was threatened with assassination, and through fear of the consequences, he confined himself to his country house at Cashalton, in Surrey, from the period of her majesty's death, until that of his own, which happened on the 1st November in the same year. He died very wealthy; and it need hardly be added, that the Radcliffe library at Oxford, and the observatory and public infirmary there, still attest the noble purposes to which his acquisitions were devoted.

The next physician to whom our gold-headed friend was transferred, was Dr. Mead, acknowledged upon all hands to be *artis medicæ decus, vitæ revera nobilis;* distinguished above his contemporaries for the encouragement which he afforded to the fine arts, literature, and the knowledge of antiquity. It was during his archonship, if we may so express ourselves, in the medical world, that that most important improvement in the physical art took place, inoculation for the small-pox. It is well known that England is indebted for the importation of this most salutary antidote against a disease, once possessed of such devastating power, to Lady Mary Wortley Montague. She had seen it practised with success in the East, and shewed her confidence in its efficacy by having the operation performed on her own children. Like all other innovations, it was slowly adopted in the beginning, but when its advantages come to be extensively known, it was only a subject of general wonder, that a remedy so simple had so long remained undiscovered. Our business, however, is less with the progressive improvement of the medical art, than with the personal history of the physicians, as we find it anecdotically treated in this little volume.

'In politics Mead was a hearty Whig, but he reckoned amongst his friends many whose sentiments differed widely from his own. Garth, Arbuthnot, and Freind, were among his chief associates; with the latter particularly he had always been on terms of the most friendly intercourse. Recently the intimacy of these two distinguished physicians had been much increased by a controversy in which they were embarked in support of their own enlightened views on the subject of the cooling treatment of the small-pox, against the attacks of the ignorant and malevolent.

'About this time Dr. Freind had been elected member of parliament for Launceston, in Cornwall, and acting in his station as a senator with that warmth and freedom which was natural to him, he distinguished himself by some able speeches against measures which he disapproved. He was supposed to have had a hand in Atterbury's plot, as it was then called, for the restoration of the Stuart family; and having been also one of the speakers in favour of

the Bishop, this drew upon him so much resentment that (the Habeas Corpus Act at that time being suspended) he was, on March 15, 1722-3, committed to the Tower. Here he lay a prisoner for some months, and my master did all he could to procure his liberation: during his confinement his practice fell chiefly into the hands of Mead. As soon as permission could be obtained, which was not till he had been some time in prison, we paid a visit to Freind, and entered that building whose low and sombre walls and bastions have frowned on many an innocent and many a guilty head.

'When his room door opened, we found him in the act of finishing a Latin letter to my master, "On certain kinds of the Small-pox;" and, as he perceived our approach, he came forward with an expression of great delight in his countenance. "I was writing a letter to you, with the permission of the governor of the Tower; and you are indebted," he added in a low whisper, "to my companion (looking at the warder, who was in the same chamber with his prisoner) for its brevity: for I don't find that his presence assists me much in composition."—During our interview, Freind told Mead that he had passed his time not unpleasantly, for that he had begun to write the History of Physic, from the time of Galen to the commencement of the sixteenth century; but that at present he felt the necessity of consulting more books than the circumstances in which he was now placed would give him an opportunity of perusing—"Though I ought not to repine," said he, "while I have this book (pointing to a Greek Testament, which was lying on the table), the daily and diligent perusal of which solaces my confinement. I have lately been reading the Gospel of St. Luke, and I need not point out to a scholar like yourself, and one who has paid so much attention to what I may call the medical history of the Bible, how much nearer the language of St. Luke, who was by profession a physician, comes to the ancient standard of classical Greek than that of the other Evangelists. To be sure it has a mixture of the Syriac phrase, which may be easily allowed in one who was born a Syrian; yet the reading the Greek authors, while he studied medicine, made his language without dispute more exact. His style is sometimes even very flowing and florid—as when, in the Acts of the Apostles, he describes the voyage of St. Paul; and when he has occasion to speak of distempers or the cure of them, you must have observed that he makes use of words more proper for the subject than the others do. It is besides remarkable that St. Luke is more particular in reciting all the miracles of our Saviour in relation to *healing* than the other Evangelists are; and that he gives us one history which is omitted by the rest, viz. that of raising the widow's son at Nain."

'My master left the prisoner, with an assurance that he would use all the influence he possessed to procure his liberty: "For," said he, smiling, "however much your cultivated mind is enabled to amuse itself by reading and writing, I presume you will have no sort of objection to resign your newly-acquired office of *Medicus Regius ad Turrim**."'—pp. 68—72.

It is highly creditable to Dr. Mead to add, that he took the earliest opportunity of pressing Sir Robert Walpole on the subject, and that he not only succeeded on that point, but on the day of

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'* This appointment was held by Dr. Gideon Harvey, from the year 1719 till 1754.'

Dr. Freind's release from the Tower, handed him over five thousand guineas, which he had received from the patients of that physician whom he had visited during his friend's imprisonment.

Dr. Mead's house, like that of Sir Joseph Banks at a later period, was the resort of all the most eminent persons of his day. The following concluding remarks upon his character, appear to be derived from an intimate knowledge of his habits:

'With respect to science, no discovery was made in which he did not take a lively interest. In the year 1746, the experiments tending to illustrate the nature and properties of electricity were made by Mr., afterwards Sir William Watson; and he was present on a remarkable occasion, to witness the effects of the Leyden phial, then newly invented. It was in the house of the ingenious philosopher whose name has just been mentioned, in Aldersgate-street; and here, amongst a large concourse of people, I saw the Duke of Cumberland, recently returned from Scotland, take the shock with the point of the sword with which he had fought the battle of Culloden.

'Two or three years after this I witnessed the famous experiments made on the Thames and at Shooter's-hill, in the presence of the President and several of the Fellows of the Royal Society; in one of which the electrical circuit was made to extend four miles, and the result of the experiment was, that the velocity of electricity seemed to be instantaneous.

'The hospitality of Mead was unbounded; and consequently his housekeeping expenses were very great: for, not content with the reception of his own friends and acquaintances, he kept also a very handsome second table, to which persons of inferior quality were invited. The consequence of this was, that notwithstanding the considerable gains derived from his profession (for several years he made between 5000*l.* and 6000*l.*, and during one year he received 7000*l.*), he did not die so rich as might have been expected. The total amount left at his death, including the receipts of the sale of his library, pictures, statues, &c. (which were between 15,000*l.* and 16,000*l.*), was about 50,000*l.*: but this sum was materially diminished by the payment of his debts.

'With respect to his manner of living, when not engaged at home, he generally spent his evenings at Batson's Coffee-House; and in the forenoons, apothecaries used to come to him, at Tom's, near Covent Garden, with written or verbal reports of cases, for which he prescribed without seeing the patient, and took half-guinea fees.

'The last work he published, which was in 1751, was entitled Medical Precepts and Cautions; in which, with great candour and simplicity, he enumerated all the discoveries that long practice and experience had opened to him concerning diseases and their cures; and concluded with many salutary directions for preserving the body and mind perfect and entire to a good old age. This he attained himself; and preserved till within three years of his death his intellectual powers in a state of perfection. Then he became very corpulent, and his faculties were visibly impaired. But his kindness of heart never deserted him. I shall never forget a piece of insolence on the part of one of his servants, who doubtless presumed on his master's known good-nature and forgiving disposition. Dr. Watson was sitting with Mead in his library, when the latter wishing to read something, looked about for his spectacles, for his eyesight had become very bad;

and not readily finding them, asked his servant for them: upon which the man gave them to him with great rudeness, saying at the time, "You are always losing your things." How I longed to have knocked the fellow down for his brutality!

'Dr. Mead died on the 16th of February, 1754, in his eighty-first year, and was buried in the Temple church.

'After his death, it was said of him, that of all physicians who had ever flourished, he gained the most, spent the most, and enjoyed the highest fame during his life-time, not only in his own but in foreign countries.'—pp. 115—118.

Dr. Askew, the next on the list, was like his friend Dr. Mead, an elegant and accomplished scholar. He is said to be the first who brought bibliomania into fashion. Though not inattentive to professional engagements, most of his time was spent in his library, which was the resort of Archbishop Markham, Sir William Jones, Dr. Farren, Demosthenes Taylor, Dr. Parr, and other most eminent scholars. Dr. Askew had been deemed the greatest traveller of his day, having visited Hungary, Athens, and Constantinople! What would he say had he now risen from the grave, and seen the crowds of our young gentlemen who have been all over the globe?

The gold-headed cane next became the property of Dr. Pitcairn; from the short account of his life, we shall extract one passage, as, besides the facts which it contains, it affords also, in a few words, an important piece of advice, which we recommend to the attention of our medical friends.

'The success of Dr. Pitcairn in practice was great, and though one or two other physicians might possibly derive more pecuniary emolument than himself, certainly no one was so frequently requested by his brethren to afford his aid in cases of difficulty. He was perfectly candid in his opinions, and very frank in acknowledging the extent of his confidence in the efficacy of medicine. To a young friend, who had recently graduated, and who had accompanied him from London to visit a lady, ill of a consumption, and who, on their return, was expressing his surprise at the apparent inertness of the prescription, which had been left behind (which was nothing more than infusion of roses, with a little additional mineral acid), he made this reply, "The last thing a physician learns, in the course of his experience, is to know when to do nothing, but quietly to wait, and allow nature and time to have fair play, in checking the progress of disease, and gradually restoring the strength and health of the patient." His manner was simple, gentle, and dignified; from his kindness of heart, he was frequently led to give more attention to his patients than could well be demanded from a physician; and as this evidently sprung from no interested motive, he often acquired considerable influence with those whom he had attended during sickness. No medical man, indeed, of his eminence in London, perhaps, ever exercised his profession to such a degree gratuitously. Besides, few persons ever gained so extensive an acquaintance with the various orders of society. He associated much with gentlemen of the law, had a taste for the fine arts, and his employment as a physician in one of the largest hospitals in the kingdom, made known to him a very great number

of persons, of every rank and description in life. His person was tall and erect; his countenance, during youth, was a model of manly beauty, and even, in advanced life, he was accounted remarkably handsome. But the prosperous views that all these combined advantages might reasonably open to him were not of long endurance.'—pp. 146—148.

This was owing to his ill health. It is remarked of him, that though he had great practical skill in his profession, the only contribution which he made towards the advancement of medical knowledge, arose from the circumstances attending his death, which was caused by a disease so peculiar in its nature, that we do not hesitate to give our author's description of it.

'On the 13th of April (1809), he complained of a soreness in his throat: which, however, he thought so lightly of, that he continued his professional visits during that and the two following days. In the night of the 15th, his throat became worse, in consequence of which he was copiously bled, at his own desire, and had a large blister applied over his throat. On the evening of the 16th, Dr. Baillie called upon him accidentally, not having been apprised of his illness; and, indeed, even then, observed no symptom that indicated danger. But the disease advanced in the course of that night, and a number of leeches were applied to the throat early in the morning. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon, Dr. Baillie again saw him. His countenance was now sunk, his pulse feeble and unequal, his breathing laborious, and his voice nearly gone. In this lamentable state, he wrote upon a piece of paper, that he conceived his windpipe to be the principal seat of his complaint, and that this was the croup. The tonsils were punctured, some blood obtained, and a little relief appeared to have been derived from the operation. Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, his situation seemed considerably improved; but soon afterwards a slight drowsiness came on. At eight, the patient's breathing became suddenly more difficult, and in a few minutes he was dead. This was the first case of this peculiar affection of the throat that has been distinctly recognised and described. It was an inflammation of the larynx, or upper part of the windpipe, of so insidious a nature, as hitherto to have passed unnoticed.

'Although approaching to the well-known complaint called croup, it differs in some respects, particularly by the presence of the following symptoms:—Painful deglutition, partial swelling of the fauces, and a perpetually increasing difficulty of breathing. The mouth of the larynx, or aperture, by which air is admitted into the lungs, is so much narrowed, that the vital functions are actually extinguished by the stricture. And yet the apparent inflammation in the throat is so inconsiderable, that, upon a superficial observation, it would hardly be noticed; but in its progress the voice is changed, becomes altogether suppressed, and the disease terminates in suffocation.'—pp. 148—151.

The volume closes with a memoir of Dr. Baillie, which we shall take leave to pass over, as it is not very long since we paid the tribute of our most respectful attention to 'The Life and Works'* of that eminent physician.

* See vol. 108 of the former series of the Monthly Review, p. 83.

We believe we are indebted to Dr. Macmichael for this little volume; it is put together in a clear and intelligent manner, and must be particularly acceptable to the rising members of the respectable profession to which he belongs. Works like this, calculated to hold forth as examples, the most successful, the most virtuous, and the most accomplished worthies of any class of men, are peculiarly deserving of commendation, not only for the honour which they confer upon the dead, but for the generous incentives which they administer to the living.

We must add, however, that this volume is rendered more expensive than it ought to have been, by the very unnecessary introduction of some dozen of wood cuts, which are so wretchedly executed, that they would disgrace a child's "Reading made Easy."

Art. IX. *The History of the Rise and Progress of the United States of North America, till the British Revolution in* 1688. By James Grahame, Esq. 2 vols. 1*l.* 8*s.* London: Longman & Co. 1827.

We do not remember to have encountered Mr. Grahame's name, until the present occasion, in the list of candidates for literary honours; and if this be, as we are therefore led to presume, his first historical undertaking, we congratulate him on the evidence of industry, and the promise of excellence which he has here displayed. We augur well of his powers, from this specimen; and though the execution of his work is by no means free from blemishes of various kinds, there is sufficient merit in it to convince us that he is capable of raising himself to an equality with many of the more practised writers of the day. The grave sense which he expresses of the historian's duty, his acknowledged suspicion of his own partialities, and the candid spirit which it has evidently been, at least, his wish to bring to his task, are all circumstances very much in his favour. There can be no doubt that his researches after materials for his purpose have been extensive, and that his use of authorities has been laborious and careful. And his style, though susceptible of improvement, is, in general, clear, simple, and therefore agreeable. Its chief deficiency is in force: but it requires only a little more cultivation and revision, to ensure for it the praise of perfect correctness, and even of elegance.

The few marks of bad taste, and defective judgment, which Mr. Grahame has betrayed, call rather for friendly admonition than severe censure. Without wasting time in the solemn enunciation of truisms, we shall not be suspected of disputing that to inculcate lessons of religion and morality is the best object of history, as it is of all other human knowledge. And the historian who neglects, by well-timed conclusions, to render his labours conducive to the promotion of virtuous principles of action, loses sight of the highest aim of that science which professes to be "philosophy teaching by examples." But he who, on the other hand, in the fervour of zeal,

insists upon making every political transaction the text for a religious commentary, only falls into the opposite extreme, and destroys the weight of all salutary reflection by the mere vulgarity of its application. He distracts the attention, or provokes the impatience of his reader; and where he would piously edify, he only heartily disgusts. Men will not, on all occasions, be forced to convert the picture of the past into the study of ethics: they will not be formally compelled to receive a religious or moral truth in every page of national annals; and such instruction must be conveyed, if attempted at all, not by didactic precepts, but by pleasing insinuation. History is not read as a sermon; and its language should not be the language of the pulpit—still less of the conventicle. These necessary maxims of successful and even of useful composition, Mr. Grahame, it seems, has yet to learn: for his whole work is largely imbued with devotional unction: as if he had caught the very spirit of the old Puritan chroniclers, of whose interminable "pourings forth" he has drunk deep and eagerly; his own digest of the annals of their godly brethren is written in the same strain of elaborate piety, and interlarded with the same abundance of scriptural allusion. We venture to assure him that all this is not in the very best taste; and, what he will allow to be of more import, that it tends rather to injure than to advance the laudable design by which, we doubt not, it has been wholly prompted.

But a far more serious objection must be taken against the liberality and sound judgment of Mr. Grahame's opinions, both in political and religious matters. A strong degree of intolerance is observable in some of his sentiments; and this has, perhaps, originated in the same narrowed enthusiasm, which is betrayed in his partiality to the tenets of the Puritans. It is impossible to contemplate the persecution which drove those sectaries from their native land to the deserts of New England, without respect for their constancy and detestation of their oppressors. But Mr. Grahame has transferred his horror at the tyranny of Charles I., and his advisers, to an universal aversion for kings and kingly government. Upon one occasion he carries this so far as to observe, with a somewhat fanatical hatred of monarchy, the expression of which, to say the least, is not very decent in an English gentleman, that (vol. i. p. 495) 'to come in contact with a king, is a circumstance which heaven, *it may be hoped*, has decreed shall never be possible within the confines of North America.' His feelings towards the Church of England are scarcely more liberal than his affection for its regal institutions; and, in observing the ejection of the Puritan divines, he uses the opportunity for the charitable remark, that 'this act afflicted her (the Church of England) with a decay of internal piety, from which, after the lapse of many generations, *she has even now but imperfectly revived*.' It is to be feared that this insidious comment is not unmingled with the spleen of a national and sectarian prejudice, which, in another passage, is suffered

unconsciously to disclose itself. It has been asserted by a host of English writers, that, owing to this interposition of the magistrate, the invasion of supposed rights and established possessions, that ensued on the Reformation, was conducted with much greater sobriety and equity in England than in Scotland. 'But the very reverse,' adds Mr. Grahame, 'appears to me a juster proposition.' The blackened and mouldering ruins of many venerable cathedrals, which still remain in Scotland, but to attest the fanatical fury of the disciples of John Knox, should, it might be imagined, have conducted Mr. Grahame to a different conclusion on the superior moderation of his countrymen in the sixteenth century!

But these obliquities of opinion are rarely and covertly expressed. In one other strain of religious intolerance, Mr. Grahame more openly and constantly indulges, without reservation, and, apparently, without shame: the Church of Rome, her ministers, professors, and tenets, are introduced as often as possible, only to be mentioned with all the ridiculous aversion and rancour, which it might have been more excuseable for a Puritan of the olden time to cherish in his heated imagination, than for an enlightened scholar and a Christian of this age, deliberately to entertain and express. Even when Mr. Grahame is compelled to acknowledge that the principles of toleration were first recognised and practised in the new world, by a Roman Catholic colony, he cannot refrain from coupling the admission of this indisputable fact with the remark, that its author had evinced 'a liberality unparalleled in that age, and *altogether surprising in a Catholic!!*' Mr. Grahame has made a general confession of his distrust of his own prejudices: we suggest it to his candid self-examination to inquire, with such a remark for his example, whether want of liberality may not exist even in this age, and under other modifications of faith?

But, *meliora canamus:* we turn with more pleasure to describe the contents, and to elucidate the general merits, of these volumes; leaving Mr. Grahame to his own reflections on the little proofs of his asperity and injustice which we have adduced; and being satisfied that his good feeling and principle will teach him to enlarge the sphere of his charity, and to expand his mental system of toleration beyond the narrow and rigid circle of Calvinistic sanctity. In a sensible and well written preface, he details the plan and objects of the history which he has undertaken, as well as the difficulties that have attended his task. These two volumes, he informs us, are destined for the first portion of a threefold series of works, which, when completed, will form 'the History of the United States of North America, from the Plantation of the English Colonies, to the Establishment of their Independence.' His plan is restricted to the history of those provinces of North America (originating, all except New York and Delaware, from British colonization), which, at the æra of the American revolution, were included in the confederacy of the United States: 'the illustration

of the rise and formation of this great republic, being the end of his labours.' The present work, as the introductory part of the projected series, embraces the rise of such of those states, comprehended within his general plan, as were founded prior to the British revolution in 1688, and traces their progress till that epoch: though in some instances it has been necessary to carry forward the history of particular states rather beyond this precise boundary, partly because the influence of the British revolution did not immediately extend to them, and partly in order to avoid breaking off in the midst of any interesting transactions. A second performance, for which Mr. Grahame declares that he has already collected a considerable mass of materials, will embrace the farther history of these earlier states, together with the rise and progress of those which were subsequently formed, till the commencement of the American revolution. This second work, which, like the present, will probably occupy two volumes, Mr. Grahame chooses to consider—we do not, we confess, exactly see why—as the most difficult and important part of his labours. Beyond these, two additional volumes, he hopes, will enable him to complete his general plan, and embrace the history of the revolutionary war, and the establishment and consolidation of the North American republic.

Of the difficulties which he has experienced in collecting sufficient materials for the volumes before us, Mr. Grahame speaks, perhaps, with something of the new-born importance and exaggerated estimate of a young author. He protests that he has been obliged to incur a degree of labour and expense, which, had he originally foreseen it, he doubts if he could have ventured to encounter. He complains that many valuable works, illustrative of the history and statistics, both of particular states, and of the whole North American commonwealth, are wholly unknown in the British libraries; and that in the Advocates' library of Edinburgh, for example, there is not a single separate history of Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Maine, Maryland, New Jersey, or Pennsylvania, nor one of the statistical works of Pitkin or Seybert: 'but the negative catalogue of the Advocates' library in this department,' he sarcastically adds, 'is too copious for farther quotation.' Nor is the British Museum, though much richer in its collection of American history, free from the same reproach of being still exceedingly defective in the same respect. It is certainly a little surprising, considering the intimate connection which so long subsisted between Great Britain and her American colonies, that a greater accumulation of the earlier chronicles of those settlements is not to be found in our public libraries: but we cannot echo the sentiments of Mr. Grahame, when he is induced, by an extravagant conception of the paramount value of his subject, to pronounce that this is a very *discreditable* deficiency; nor can we imagine to what portion of the literature of the North American republic he alludes, as having 'long enjoyed a high repute at the

seats of learning on the continent of Europe.' However, this overrated judgment of the magnitude of his enterprise, has had the praiseworthy effect of stimulating his exertions; and he was even induced to make a journey to Gottingen, in the hope, which was realised, of adding to his materials from the library of that university.

In his arrangement of these two first volumes of the history of the North American states, Mr. Grahame has adopted the only practicable plan of narration. He has treated of the settlement, rise, and early annals, of each colony, until the British revolution of 1688, in distinct books and separate order. This whole portion of his work, therefore, consists of a number of successive histories, with little more necessary connection between them, than would be observable in the vicissitudes of independent and alien nations. We apprehend, indeed, that, even in the second part of his undertaking, he will be compelled to persevere in the same plan of separation: for during a period far beyond the revolution of 1688, there was still as little community of action, as little intermingling of political feeling and interests, between the colonies, as in their origin and first vigorous growth to maturity. The French war of seven years, which commenced in 1756, was the first great occasion whereupon all the provinces acted in concert, and began to cultivate that principle of union, which shortly produced such gigantic results. The necessity of their common safety against a foreign and cruel enemy, suggested their first obligation of fellowship; and their common spirit of indignant resistance to the oppression of the mother-country, soon after naturally cemented the bonds of their federation. But with the exception of the four New England provinces, which were always more or less associated in position and by alliance, the colonies continued as disjointed in their political relations during the first half of the eighteenth, as they had been to the close of the seventeenth century; and it will not be easy for Mr. Grahame to embrace their general annals, in effect and with convenience, under a single head, until he shall enter upon the events of the seven years' war. On this account we feel some surprise, that he did not extend the first part of his design to the opening of that memorable æra. It would thus have conducted the annals of the different provinces to the point, at which their several streams may be said to have merged into the fountain of the general union. This would have been the far more natural division of Mr. Grahame's subject; and, besides many other obvious advantages, it would have very much simplified the execution of his complete work.

In the collection of provincial histories here presented to us, priority of colonization has naturally dictated the succession of subjects. Thus, to the history of Virginia, as the earliest British settlement on the continent of the New World, is the opening book devoted. That of the four New England states occupies the next

division, and fills the greater portion of the first volume, which it closes. In the second volume, we are carried, in like manner, through the settlement and annals of Maryland—North and South Carolina—New York—New Jersey—and Pennsylvania and Delaware. The history of Georgia, as not colonized until a far later epoch than the Revolution of 1688, belongs not at all to this division of time. An appendix, on the state and prospects of the North American colonies at the close of the seventeenth century, sums up the general subject, and concludes the second volume.

Mr. Grahame properly introduces his history of Virginia with a rapid and well-executed sketch of the commencement and progress of European discovery in the New World. After this, are briefly related, the first disastrous efforts of Raleigh to establish a British colony on the portion of the American continent, which had been named in honour of the virgin queen; and we are thus gradually conducted to the more successful enterprise which permanently established the earliest British settlement in North America. From this, as conveniently as from any other part of the work, we may select a page or two, for a single and general example of Mr. Grahame's style of narration; and we cannot choose a more interesting or appropriate passage than that which describes the faint and insignificant origin of the mighty republic, whose history he has undertaken to compose:

'The attention of James had been already directed to the advantages that might be derived from colonies, at the time when he attempted to civilize the more barbarous clans of his ancient subjects, by planting detachments of industrious traders in the Highlands of Scotland. Well pleased to resume a favourite speculation, and willing to encourage a scheme that opened a safe and peaceful career to the active genius of his new subjects, he listened readily to the application, and, highly commending the plan, acceded to the wishes of its projectors. Letters-patent were issued to Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, Richard Hakluyt, and their associates, granting to them those territories in America lying on the sea-coast between the 34th and 45th degrees of north latitude, together with all islands situated within 100 miles of their shores. The design of the patentees is declared to be, "to make habitation, plantation, and to deduce a colony of sundry of our people into that part of America commonly called Virginia;" and as the main recommendation of the design, it is set forth, that "so noble a work may, by the providence of Almighty God, hereafter tend to the glory of his Divine Majesty, in propagating of Christian religion to such people as yet live in darkness and miserable ignorance of the true knowledge and worship of God, and may in time bring the infidels and savages living in those parts to human civility, and to a settled and quiet government." The patentees were required to divide themselves into two distinct companies, the one consisting of London adventurers, termed the first, or southern colony; the second, or northern colony, composed of merchants belonging to Plymouth and Bristol. The territory appropriated to the first, or southern colony, was generally called Virginia, and retained that appellation after the second, or

northern, colony obtained, in 1614, the name of New England. The adventurers were authorised to transport to their respective territories as many English subjects as should be willing to accompany them, and to make shipments of arms and provisions for their use, with exemption from customs, for the space of seven years. The colonists and their children were to enjoy the same liberties and privileges in the American settlements, as if they had remained or were born in England. The administration of each of the colonies was committed to two Boards of Council; the supreme government being vested in a Board resident in England, to be nominated by the King, and directed by such ordinances as he might enact for their use; and the subordinate jurisdiction devolving on a colonial council, equally indebted to the appointment, and subject to the instructions, of the King. Liberty to search for and open mines (which, under all the feudal governments, were supposed to have been originally reserved by the Sovereign) was conferred on the colonists, with an appropriation of part of the produce to the Crown; and the more valuable privilege of unrestrained liberty of trade with other nations was also extended to them. The President and Council within the colonies were authorised to levy duties on foreign commodities; which, for 21 years, were to be applied to the use of the adventurers, and afterwards to be paid into the royal exchequer.

'The terms of this charter strongly illustrate both the character of the monarch who granted, and the designs of the persons who procured it. Neither of these parties seems to have intended or foreseen the foundation of a great and opulent society. The arbitrary spirit of the royal granter is discernible, in the subjection of the emigrant body to a corporation in which they were not represented, and over whose deliberations they had no control. There is, likewise, a manifest inconsistency between the reservation to the colonists of all the privileges of Englishmen, and the assumption of legislative power by the King, the control of whose legislative functions constitutes the most valuable political privilege that Englishmen enjoy. But we have no reason to suppose that the charter was unacceptable to the patentees; on the contrary, its most objectionable provisions are not more congenial to the character of the King, than conformable to the views which the leading members of that body plainly appear to have adopted. Their object (notwithstanding the more liberal designs professed in the charter) was rather to explore the continent, and appropriate its treasures, by the agency of a body of adventurers over whom they retained a complete control, than to establish a permanent and extensive settlement. The instructions to the colonial governors, which accompanied the second shipment sent out by the London Company, demonstrated (very disagreeably to the wiser emigrants, and very injuriously to the rest), that the chief objects of their concern were not patient industry and colonization, but territorial discovery and immediate gain. In furtherance of these views, they took care, by mixing no women with the first emigrants, to retain the colony in dependence upon England for its supplies of men, and to give free scope to the cupidity and the roving spirits of minds undivided by the hopes, and unfixed by the comforts and attachments of domestic life.

'Lightly as we must esteem the wisdom and liberality of James's institutions, it will enhance our estimate of the difficulty of his task, and abate our censure of his performance, if we compare him, as a maker of consti-

tutions, with the most eminent philosopher that England has produced aided, too, by the knowledge and experience of an additional century. The materials for this judgment will be supplied, when the progress of our history shall have reached the settlement of Carolina; but I will venture to anticipate it by affirming that, unfortunately for the credit of philosophy, the production of James will rather gain than lose by comparison with the performance of Locke.

* * * * * * * *

'The London Company, to which the plantation of the southern colony was committed, applied themselves immediately to the formation of a settlement. But though many persons of distinction were included among the proprietors, their funds, at first, were scanty, and their first efforts proportionally feeble. Three small vessels, of which the largest did not exceed 100 tons burden, under the command of Captain Newport, formed the first squadron that was to execute what had been so long and so vainly attempted; and sailed, with a hundred and five men, destined to remain in America. Several of these were of distinguished families, particularly George Percy, a brother of the Earl of Northumberland; and several were officers of reputation, of whom we may notice Bartholomew Gosnold, the navigator, and Captain John Smith, one of the most remarkable persons of an age that was prolific of memorable men.

'Thus, at length, after a research fraught with perplexity and disappointment, but I hope not devoid of interest, into the sources of the great transatlantic commonwealth, we have reached the first inconsiderable spring, whose progress, feebly opposed to innumerable obstructions, and nearly diverted in its very outset, yet always continuous, expands, under the eye of patient inquiry, into the majestic stream of American population. After the lapse of 110 years from the discovery of the continent by Cabot, and 22 years after its first occupation by Raleigh, were the number of the English colonists limited to 105; and this handful of men proceeded to execute the arduous task of peopling a remote and uncultivated land, covered with woods and marshes, and inhabited only by tribes of savages and beasts of prey. Under the sanction of a charter, which bereaved Englishmen of their most valuable rights, and banished from the American constitution the first principles of liberty, were the foundations laid of the colonial greatness of England, and of the freedom and prosperity of America. From this period, or at least very shortly after, a regular and connected history arises out of the progress of Virginia and New England, the two eldest-born colonies, by whose example all the others were engendered, and under whose shelter they were successively planted and reared.

'Newport and his squadron, pursuing, for some unknown reason, the ancient circuitous track to America, did not accomplish their voyage in a shorter period than four months; but its termination was rendered peculiarly fortunate, by the effect of a storm which over-ruled their destination to Roanoak, and carried them into the bay of Chesapeak. As they advanced into the bay that seemed to invite their approach, they beheld all the advantages of this spacious haven, replenished by the waters of so many great rivers, that fertilise the soil of that extensive district of America, and affording commodious inlets into the interior parts, facilitate their foreign commerce and mutual communication. Newport first landed on a promontory forming the southern boundary of the bay, which, in honour of the Prince

of Wales, he named Cape Henry. Thence, coasting the southern shore, he entered a river which the natives called Powhatan, and explored its banks for the space of forty miles from its mouth. Strongly impressed with the superior advantages of the coast and region to which they had been thus happily conducted, the adventurers unanimously determined to make this the place of their abode. They gave to their infant settlement, as well as to the neighbouring river, the name of their king; and James-Town retains the distinction of being the oldest existing habitation of the English in America.'—vol. i., pp. 39—47.

This infant settlement was shortly reinforced by fresh emigrations; and, in 1609, two years after its establishment, a population of 500 persons had gradually been collected. From that period, and from a foundation so humble, did the young colony, favoured by an advantageous site and a fertile soil, steadily increase in numbers and strength, notwithstanding all the checks and vicissitudes of fortune which it was doomed to encounter. In the history of most of the earlier British settlements in America, the same succession of calamities, and the same alternation of fairer intervals of prosperity, are observable; and the domestic annals of one colony differ little from those of all the rest. The pestilential and epidemical diseases, incidental to new countries, occasional scarcity of food, and even positive famine; internal dissentions among themselves, and sanguinary wars with the barbarous Indians around them,—such are the principal calamities which appear to have alone diversified the struggles of the first colonists with the difficulties of their lot, in their various seats. Details of such occurrences are worthy of record, and must be read, to observe the progression of history: but the mind naturally dismisses them, to arrive at their general results; and the frequent repetition of the same course of events, cannot fail to extinguish interest and weary attention. Mr. Grahame has done well in giving a full and minute relation of the civil and domestic fortunes of each state of the North American confederation, from its first settlement: because it was his duty, in the business of professed history, to consult the preservation of valuable facts, rather than their mere novelty or variety; and his records of the general republic would have been incomplete and unsatisfactory without these particulars. But, as not being ourselves pledged to the responsibility of his office, we may be excused from imitating the prolixity of his details.

In a general survey of the rise of the North American states, infinitely the most interesting and attractive object of consideration, is the dissimilar history of the growth of their liberties. It is very curious to observe, that scarcely in any two colonies were these asserted and acquired in the same manner. In some provinces, the general property of the soil, and the delegated powers of government, had been committed, by the arbitrary will of the sovereign, to chartered companies; in some, the same signorial rights had been assigned to noble and other individual proprietors; in one instance, the mere

fortune of foreign conquest had regulated the exercise of dominion; and, finally, in those states which were afterwards most distinguished by the assertion of republican freedom, little more than the royal sufferance had been gained by the original emigrants for their only tenure of possession, and political existence. Yet, out of these opposite and incongruous elements, was the universal structure of democratic independence to be erected; and before the close of the 17th century, the common form of an internal representative constitution had been secured to every British colony in North America. Totally different as was the primary composition of many of these societies, the people were, almost from the outset, animated in all by the same manly spirit of independence; and they were alike enabled successfully to establish the rights of freemen, by the strange accidents of revolution:—or, to speak from deeper reflection, by the inscrutable designs of that Power, which silently presides over the destiny of empires.

The liberties of Virginia were more the apparent growth of chance, than those of most of the other colonies. The proprietorship of that country, at its settlement, was vested by James I. in a royal corporation in England. A mere unauthorised act of one of the governors appointed by that company, established a representative system in the young colony, so early as the year 1619; and an institution so congenial to the character of Englishmen, when planted by their hands in America, soon grew to the soil, which it was to overshadow with its blessings. The controlling jurisdiction of the Virginia Company, in England, was anything but favourable to the liberties of the colonists; and it was, perhaps, fortunate, that a dispute between James and that body, produced the arbitrary dissolution of its charter, by the monarch. The colonists were now at the mercy of the crown; and they suffered many inflictions of the royal tyranny, both from James and his son; until, in a moment of conciliation, just before the rupture between Charles and the parliament, the king, inconsistently, restored the representative constitution of Virginia, and thus bound the colonists in enthusiastic gratitude and devotion to his cause. Feeble as was their power, they still refused, after the death of Charles, to acknowledge the government of the parliament; and an armament from England was necessary to reduce them to obedience. Virginia, therefore, experienced the severity of Cromwell; and on his death, without waiting for the overthrow of his government in England, the colony broke out in open revolt, and erected the royal standard: so that it was, long after, the boast of the Virginians, that they had been 'the last among British subjects to renounce, and the first to resume, their allegiance to the crown.' Their loyalty was, after a few years, ill-rewarded by Charles II.; and, under both that ungrateful monarch, and his brother, they were oppressed by various acts of despotic power. Long before the revolution of 1688, they had been sufficiently weaned from their

loyalty to the house of Stuart: but the forms of their representative constitution had been preserved; and the settlement of the liberties of the mother-country, extended a corresponding security to those of the colonies.

The constitutional history of the New England States is far more imposing and consistent, than that of Virginia. All these four provinces—Massachusets, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island—were colonised by the Puritans, who gladly availed themselves of permission to escape from persecution in the mother-country, to the solitudes of the New World. It is the stern independence of political spirit, and the conscientious sincerity of these men, which have won, for their memories, the admiration and honour of more enlightened times, and extended, though it cannot redeem, the reproach of their own intolerant fanaticism. The levelling character of their religious tenets, which rejected obedience to an episcopal establishment, had communicated itself to their political opinions; and they became easily the disciples and champions of republican equality. In this two-fold temper of mind, were their societies framed; and their first acts, on landing in America, were to realise for themselves a democratic constitution of church and state. To the doctrines which they had espoused, they were ever after staunch and true: the cause of the parliament, in the civil war, was their own; their adherence to it was perfectly justifiable and natural; and the treatment which they had experienced, after the restoration of Charles II., was calculated to deepen and perpetuate that aversion for monarchy, which was never eradicated from the hearts of their descendants.

The principles of furious intolerance, which the Puritans carried to New England, exhibit their religious, in a far less defensible light than their political, conduct. They had, themselves, been the victims of persecution, for conscience' sake; yet they had no sooner constituted an independent society of their own, than they cruelly denied to others that liberty of worship which they had asserted for themselves. Their expulsion of all who presumed to dissent from their own narrow articles of orthodoxy; their fierce persecution of the Quakers especially; their superstitious and sanguinary proceedings, on absurd accusations of witchcraft; are revolting circumstances in their history, throughout the whole of the 17th century. The best apology which has been attempted, for their persecuting spirit, can plead only that they acted in strict consonance, both with their own professions, and with the feelings and opinions of their age: a miserable argument for the defence of their humanity and justice, if these qualities are to be estimated by any fixed principles of morals, and not by the uncertain and shifting standard of fanatical passion.

But even this sorry apology is, in fact, denied to the Puritans, by the example of a contemporary colony; and the history of the settlement of Maryland, offers a bright contrast of the purest and

most enlightened spirit of toleration, to the gloomy picture of persecution in New England. In the year 1632, Maryland was colonized, under a proprietory grant from Charles I. to Lord Baltimore. That nobleman was of the Roman Catholic persuasion, and the colonists whom he established in the province, were exclusively composed of a body of gentlemen and inferior persons of the same faith. The first act of Lord Baltimore's legislation, was to proclaim an universal toleration, to all orders of Christians in the new colony, with an absolute exclusion of all political distinctions, or preponderance of any particular church or sect. In a congenial spirit, this enlightened and amiable nobleman promoted the establishment of a representative constitution; and a solemn act of the colonial assembly, in 1649, confirmed into law his original purpose of toleration. Under the blessings of civil and religious liberty, in its best, and only true signification, Maryland was soon converted, from a dreary wilderness into a prosperous colony. But it is painful to relate the ultimate effects of the liberal and benevolent system which had been introduced by a Roman Catholic proprietor, and ratified by a Roman Catholic population.

'Unfortunately, (says Mr. Grahame), a great proportion even of those who were constrained to seek refuge among the Catholics, from the persecutions of their own Protestant brethren, carried with them into exile the same intolerance of which themselves had been the victims: and the Presbyterians, and other dissenters, who now began to flock in considerable numbers from Virginia to Maryland, gradually formed a Protestant confederacy against the interests of the original settlers; and, with ingratitude still more odious than their injustice, projected the abrogation, not only of the Catholic worship, but of every part of that system of toleration, under whose shelter they were enabled to conspire its downfall. But though the Catholics were thus ill-requited by their Protestant guests, it would be a mistake to suppose, that the calamities that subsequently desolated the province, were produced by the toleration which her assembly now established; or that the Catholics were really losers by this act of justice and liberality. From the disposition of the prevailing party in England, and the state of the other colonial settlements, the catastrophe that overtook the liberties of the Maryland Catholics, could not possibly have been evaded: and if the virtue they now displayed was unable to avert their fate, it exempted them, at least, from the reproach of deserving it; it redoubled the guilt and scandal incurred by their adversaries, and achieved for themselves a reputation, more lasting and honourable than political triumph, or temporal elevation.'

On the constitutional history of North and South Carolina, which occupy the next division of Mr. Grahame's subject, we may observe, that his account of the rise of the liberties of the former province, is a narrative of more than ordinary interest in its department, from the very able analysis which he offers, of the constitution projected by Locke, for the colony, by the desire of the proprietory company of government. The history of New York is far less attractive: for that province was only subjected to British

colonization during the few last years of the period to which these volumes are restricted. Having the admirable burlesque chronicle of Knickerbocker fresh in our recollection, we cannot but sympathise in the embarrassment expressed in a note, half seriously, half in jest, by Mr. Grahame, at the anticipation of his theme, by the humour of Washington Irving.

'Founders of ancient colonies have sometimes been deified by their successors. New York is, perhaps, the only commonwealth whose founders have been covered with ridicule, from the same quarter. It is impossible to read the ingenious and diverting romance, entitled, 'Knickerbocker's History of New York,' without wishing that the author had put, either a little more, or a little less, truth in it; and that his talent for humour and sarcasm had found another subject than the dangers, hardships, and virtues, of the ancestors of his national family. It must be unfavourable to patriotism to connect historical recollections with ludicrous associations; but the genius of Mr. Irving has done this so effectually, that it is difficult to read the names of Wouter Van Twiller, of Corlear, and of Peter Stuyvesant, without a smile; or to see the free and happy colonists of New York enslaved by the forces of a despot, without a sense of ridicule, that abates the resentment which injustice should excite, and the sympathy which is due to misfortune. Yet Stuyvesant was a gallant and generous man; and Corlear softened the miseries of war, and mitigated the wrath of man by his benevolence. If this writer had confined his ridicule to the wars, or rather bloodless buffetings and squabbles of the Dutch and the Swedes, his readers would have derived more unreproved enjoyment from his performance. Probably my discernment of the unsuitableness of Mr. Irving's mirth, is quickened by a sense of personal wrong; as I cannot help feeling that he has by anticipation ridiculed my topic, and parodied my narrative. If Sancho Panza had been a real governor, misrepresented by the wit of Cervantes, his future historian would have found it no easy matter to bespeak a grave attention to the annals of his administration.'—vol. ii., p. 510.

The reader will find much valuable matter in the remaining books of Mr. Grahame's series, and particularly in the last, which is devoted to the colonization of Pennsylvania, and admirably illustrates the mingled virtues and imperfections which characterised the benevolent founder of that colony.

Art. X. *Travels in Mesopotamia; including a Journey from Aleppo, across the Euphrates to Orfah (the Ur of the Chaldees), through the Plains of the Turcomans, to Diarbekr, in Asia Minor; from thence to Mardin, on the borders of the Great Desert, and by the Tigris to Mousul and Bagdad: with researches on the ruins of Babylon, Nineveh, Arbela, Ctesiphon, and Selencia.* By J. S. Buckingham. 4to. pp. 571. London: Colburn. 1827.

The name of Mesopotamia was chiefly applied by the Greeks, to that tract of Asia which occupies what may be called the Delta, *formed by the Euphrates* and the Tigris. It is a country peculiarly

interesting, as it contains the ruins of several cities mentioned in the sacred writings, and as some of its inhabitants still retain the manners and customs which prevailed there in the earliest ages of the world; thus affording an uninterrupted mass of evidence to attest the accuracy and authenticity of those inspired productions. It is a country, too, which our modern Asiatic travellers have unaccountably neglected, though most have, either on the one side or the other, traversed its outskirts. No doubt, the difficulties and dangers attendant on a journey through the most interesting parts of Mesopotamia, must have had their share in deterring our enterprising countrymen from undertaking this Herculean labour. The whole of its territory is overrun with armed and well-mounted tribes; who, under the pretext of levying imposts upon the caravans which pass through their different districts, plunder them in the most audacious manner, and apparently to such an extent, that the merchant who sets out with a considerable venture, finds himself nearly stripped of all his property before he arrives at his destination.

The real amount of the depredations committed by these roaming banditti, is in itself, sufficiently great: of course it is not a little exaggerated in the complaints of those who suffer; and in consequence, the whole country has obtained so infamous a name, that a stranger, who attempts to travel through it, must make up his mind to expose his life to more than the common perils of a desert.

We cannot, therefore, too highly applaud the spirit which induced Mr. Buckingham to undertake, and enabled him, under circumstances sometimes of the most adverse nature, to complete a journey through this dangerous, yet most inviting district of Asia. If he has not given so perfect, and so minute an account of its actual condition, at the time he visited it, as we might have wished to receive, yet, he has gone farther towards the attainment of that object, than many travellers could have done in his situation. This present work is by far better written, in point of style, and in reference to those little picturesque details of manners and of scenery, than any of his former volumes. It abounds also with personal adventures, some of them highly romantic and amusing, which impart great variety and animation to his narrative.

We have to complain, however, of one great and pervading blemish in this volume; it is, to speak within a fair compass, literally burthened with a quantity of matter, from which a moiety might be abstracted, without the slightest injury to the work. On the contrary, we think, that the volume would have been much more popular, had Mr. Buckingham limited his pages to the observations and incidents strictly appertaining to his own journey. Instead of doing this, he has thought fit to make his quarto a history of Mesopotamia, almost from the period of the flood, to his own time. Not content with describing towns and villages, ruins and mountains, as they appeared to his own eye, he presents to the

reader, either in the body of his composition, or in foot notes, that often reach near the confines of a whole page, under the protection of two or thee lines of text, elaborate digests of the researches made by former travellers; and very frequently long extracts from the volumes in which they have recorded them. The Rabbi Benjamin, of Tudela, who travelled through Mesopotamia, in 1170, and whose accuracy Mr. Buckingham, everywhere, thinks it necessary to attest; Dr. Rauwolff, a German, who visited the country in 1530, and Niebuhr, also a German, who traversed it in 1760, are his great authorities. From these he borrows copiously; nor does he disdain to take a leaf, now and then, from the Bibliothèque Orientale, from Rousseau, and even from Gibbon; as if these, and the other numerous sources from which he replenishes his stores, were inaccessible to any reader who has any disposition to go deeply into the history of Mesopotamia.

What we want from a modern traveller, and what, on opening his book, we expect to find in it, is a modern account of the countries which have been the scene of his labours. Unquestionably, such details concerning celebrated ruins, or sections of territory, as may connect their history with the observations of former travellers, are essentially necessary; but that necessity forms no excuse for giving, also, great portions of the works of those writers into the bargain. So extensive have been Mr. Buckingham's obligations in this way, that we assert, without fear of contradiction, that one half of his present volume might have been written by him, if he had never been farther from his residence than the British Museum.

From some motive or other, which we do not pretend to divine, it seems to have been an object with this author, to produce a thick quarto of nearly six hundred pages. But his own personal acquisitions of knowledge during his journey through Mesopotamia, not having been susceptible of extension beyond two, or at most, three hundred pages, how does he proceed to work? When he arrives at a town, or at any place celebrated in antiquity, he takes the earliest opportunity of explaining it, for which we yield him due praise: he next sits down and makes his notes, and connects with them all that he can find recorded by others concerning the objects of his inquiry. But he goes farther than this. In some instances, he presents us with copious details of places which he never visited at all, and never even saw at a distance. As for instance, how does he treat Sinjar, or Singara, which was a celebrated military post during the contest for universal empire? Mr. Buckingham, on his journey to Mousul, obtained a transient view of the mountain which took its name from that town, or rather, perhaps, gave the town its own name; and without being able to visit it, or even to verify a single assertion made by any former writer about it, strait goes he (p. 260), to Cellarius, to the Memoires of the French Academy, des Inscriptions, et Belles Lettres,

to Gibbon, to Ammianus Marcellinus, to his friend Benjamin, and others, for a most erudite account of the said Singara.

Neither does it seem to concern him much, whether the town or village which the labours of others have enabled him to describe, be worthy of his attention, or the reverse. For instance, he candidly acknowledges, that Monsul appeared to him as being, 'on the whole, the worst built, and, altogether, the least interesting city, especially considering its large size, that he had seen in the East.' p. 281. Does he, therefore, dismiss it with laudable brevity? No such thing. Mousul must be taxed, at least, for twelve pages, and forthwith he applies again to the Jew,—the inexhaustible Benjamin of Tudela; to the Sieur Boullaye-le-Gouz, whose name, we protest, we never heard before; to Otter and others; and the requisite quantity of matter appears spread out before him, as if at the call of a magician.

This superfluous congregation of details is so much the vice of authorship, at the present day, that we trust we may be excused for having thus far dwelt upon, what we conceive to be, so serious a blemish in the volume before us. It is the less pardonable in Mr. Buckingham, as he is no tyro in the art of writing, and has, we believe, even occasionally wielded, with no mean success, the sceptre of criticism. Besides, he informs us, that he had, generally, better opportunities for making his observations, and greater facilities for preserving them, during his journey in Mesopotamia, than on any former occasion. 'It was performed,' he says, 'without the pleasure and advantage of a European friend, companion, interpreter, or attendant of any sort; the dress, manners, and language of the country were adopted, and continued throughout the whole of the way; and the utmost care was taken to ensure as much accuracy as was attainable, by recording all the observations that suggested themselves, while fresh on the memory, and amid the scenes and events which gave them birth.'

It was towards the latter end of May, 1816, that Mr. B. commenced his journey from Aleppo; his object being to proceed from that city by Orfah, Mardin, and Mousul, to Bagdad, on his way to India. This was, it must be owned, rather a circuitous course for a gentleman employed, as Mr. Buckingham then was, upon a mercantile mission, of great importance to his principals. But, we must presume that no other route was, at that time, practicable for him, and we, at least, have no right to complain, if he preferred the gratification of his curiosity to the immediate execution of his duties. For this purpose, he joined the party of Hadjee Abd-el-Rakhman, a wealthy merchant of Mousul, who was returning to his native city, with merchandise, from the pilgrimage at Mecca. He had thus the advantage of accompanying a small caravan, which was destined for the route already mentioned.

Nothing worthy of notice presented itself in the early part of the

journey, unless our matronly readers think that a singular operation for making butter, which was witnessed at a village called Oktereen, has a claim upon their attention.

'In an hour from Oktereen, we came to another village of the same name, each of these being called by that of the district in which they stand. The pointed dome-tops to the dwellings were now no longer seen, all the houses being flat-roofed, with terraces. As we stopped at this place to drink milk, we had an opportunity of seeing the method followed by its inhabitants in making butter. The milk is first put into a goat's skin, without being scalded, and a small space is left in this for air and motion; the skin is then hung by cords to a peg in the side of the wall, or suspended to a sort of sheers, formed by three poles, in the open court; it is then pushed to and fro, until its motion in the skin shall have been sufficient to churn it; when the watery part is thrown off, and the thick part stirred by the hand until it becomes of the oiliness and consistency required. Such of the women as we saw here were really handsome; all of them were unveiled, and displayed blooming complexions and agreeable features, not disfigured by stains of any kind. As an additional charm, they were remarkably clean and well dressed, with white or red trowsers, white upper garments, wreaths of gold coin across their foreheads, and their long black hair hanging in tresses over their shoulders.'—pp. 9.

On the third day after its departure, the caravan was attacked by a predatory troop of horsemen, and was thus compelled to form a slight anticipation of the dangers which it was subsequently fated to encounter. Mr. Buckingham's description of the scene that followed is striking and picturesque, and it will afford the reader a pretty good general idea of rencontres of this kind.

'We had scarcely left Shahaboor an hour behind us, before we were alarmed by a troop of horsemen making towards the caravan, in full speed, from the southward. The camels were widely scattered, so much so, that there seemed to be a distance of nearly two miles between their extremes. The design of the enemy being to attack and cut off the rear, all who were mounted rushed towards that quarter, leaving only the men on foot, who were armed, to protect the other parts. The enemy checked their horses, advanced, retreated, wheeled, and manœuvred on the plain, with great skill; and, as they were all mounted on very beautiful animals, it formed as fine a display of horsemanship as I had ever witnessed.

On the other hand, nothing could exceed the confusion and disorder which prevailed in our train. As there was no acknowledged leader, a hundred voices were heard at once, all angry at not being attended to: the women and children shrieked, the asses brayed at the noise of other animals, and the men set up the wildest shouts of defiance. When our enemies, however, betrayed fear, it was the moment chosen by those attacked to affect courage; and, accordingly, all who were dismounted, young and old, came out from among the camels, behind which they had before taken shelter: and those who had muskets without powder, of which there were several, borrowed a charge or two of their neighbours, and idly wasted it in the air. There were at least 200 balls discharged in this way in the course of the hour that the Turcomans harassed us, by changing

their apparent point of attack, and flying round us with the velocity of the wind.

'This skirmish had, at least, the effect of exciting exaggerated ideas of our force, and of inducing the enemy to abandon their design, though they were twice near enough for us to distinguish their features, or within short pistol-shot; but, from the rapidity of their movements, they all escaped unhurt. Their number, as nearly as we could estimate them, seemed to be about fifty; all well mounted, and armed with a short lance, a musket, pistols, and sabre. Had they persevered in their original design, and not given us time to form, their success would have been easy: for, in the whole of our party, we did not muster more than a hundred stand of arms; and these were so disunited, and so unskilfully used, that they must have failed in repelling, though they might have annoyed, the attacking force. The alarm, however, was in some degree a benefit, as it occasioned the straggling individuals of the caravan to keep closer order; for, before this, each seemed to follow his own pace, without reference to the general security, and undisturbed by any thought of danger.'—pp. 13, 14.

This predatory band was composed of Turcomans, a tribe who are said to hold the same position on the borders of Turkey, as the Bedouins on the confines of Syria. They are, however, much more wealthy, as well as more stationary, than the latter, though their chief abode is in tents, which still preserve the most primitive form. Each of these domiciles occupies a space of about 30 feet square, and is formed by one large awning, which is sustained by 24 small poles, in four rows, of six each, the ends of the awning being drawn out by cords, fastened to pegs in the ground. Each of these poles gives a pointed form to the part of the awning which it supports, and hence the outside looks like a number of umbrella-shops, or small Chinese spires. The half of this square is open in front, and at the sides, having two rows of poles clear, and the third is closed by a reeded partition, behind which is the apartment for the females, surrounded entirely by matting.

We have followed Mr. Buckingham in the description of these tents, because, in the first place, we entirely agree with him in thinking that they present a perfect outline of the most ancient temples, and the model from which the first architectural works of those countries were taken. 'We have here,' he justly observes, 'an open portico of an oblong form, with two rows of columns of six each in front, and the third engaged in the wall that enclosed the body of the tent all round; the first corresponding to the porticoes of temples; and the last, as well in its design as in the sacredness of its appropriation, to the sanctuaries of the most remote antiquity.' In the next place, the description of these tents answers precisely to that of the tent in which Abraham received the three angels. The passage in Genesis, in which this interview is described, receives, we think, the clearest possible illustration from Mr. Buckingham. After relating the hospitable reception which he and his companions *met with from* a chieftain of the tribe, in the great plain of Barak, *he thus proceeds:*—

'Others of the caravan, seeing us halted here as they passed, alighted likewise, and took their seats without invitation, all being received with the same welcome salute, until the party amounted to 26 in number.—While we were talking of the Turcomans, who had alarmed us on our way, a meal was preparing within; and soon afterwards, warm cakes, baked on the hearth, cream, honey, dried raisins, butter, lebben, and wheat boiled in milk, were served to the company. Neither the Sheikh himself nor any of his family partook with us, but stood around, to wait upon their guests, though among those who sat down to eat were two Indian fakirs, or beggars, a Christian pilgrim from Jerusalem, and the slaves and servants of Hadjee Abd-el-Rakhman, all dipping their fingers into the same dish. Coffee was served to us in gilded china cups, and silver stands or finjans, and the pipes of the Sheikh and his son were filled and offered to those who had none.

'If there could be traced a resemblance between the form of this tent, and that of the most ancient buildings of which we have any knowledge, our reception there no less exactly corresponded to the picture of the most ancient manners, of which we have any detail. When the three angels are said to have appeared to Abraham in the plains of Mamre, he is represented, as sitting in the tent-door in the heat of the day. "And when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent-door, and bowed himself towards the ground." "And Abraham hastened *into* the tent, unto Sarah, and said, 'Make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth.' And he took butter and milk, and the calf which he had dressed, and set it before them, and he *stood by them* under the tree, and they did eat." When inquiry was made after his wife, he replied, 'Behold she is *in* the tent." And when it was promised him that Sarah should have a son, it is said, "And Sarah heard in the tent-door, which was *behind* him." The angels are represented as merely passengers in their journey, like ourselves: for the rites of hospitality were shewn to them, *before* they had made their mission known. At first sight they were desired to halt and repose, to wash their feet, as they had apparently walked, and rest beneath the tree, while bread should be brought them to comfort their hearts. "And after that," said the good old Patriarch, "shall ye pass on, for *therefore* are ye come unto your servant;" so that the duty of hospitality to strangers seems to have been as well and as mutually understood in the earliest days, as it is in the same country at present.

'The form of Abraham's tent, as thus described, seems to have been exactly like the one in which we sit; for in both, there was a shaded open front, in which he could sit in the heat of the day, and yet be seen from afar off; and the apartment of the females, where Sarah was, when he stated her to be *within* the tent, was immediately *behind* this, wherein she prepared the meal for the guests, and from whence she listened to their prophetic declaration."—pp. 18, 19.

Mr. Buckingham, in noticing some of the very peculiar customs of the Turcomans, mentions the extraordinary method which they adopt for the cure of a fever. They sew the patient tightly up in the hot skin of an ox, freshly flayed for the occasion; they afterwards cover him with blankets and carpets, and then, sometimes, even sit upon him until he is in danger of suffocation. An odd mode

this, one should think, for the cure of a fever. The jealousy of the Turcomans, regarding the honour of their women, who are in general distinguished for their beauty, is another strong characteristic of that people. Our author mentions, in proof of this, a curious incident, which, even in the East, would have been deemed too romantic for credibility, had it not been given upon the most respectable authority.

'Two young persons of the same tribe, loved each other, and were betrothed in marriage: their passion was open and avowed, and known to all their friends, who had consented to their union, and even fixed the period for its celebration. It happened, one evening, that they met, accidentally, alone, but in sight of all the tents: they stopped a moment to speak to each other; and were on the point of passing on, when the brothers of the girl, perceiving it, rushed out, with arms in their hands, to avenge their disgrace. The young man took to flight, and escaped with a musket-wound; but the poor girl received five balls in her body, besides being mangled by the daggers of her own brothers, who had aimed to plunge them in her heart; and when she fell, they abandoned her carcase to the dogs!

'The young man gained the tent of a powerful friend, the chief of another tribe, encamped near them, and told his story; begging that he would assist him with a troop of horse, to enable him to rescue the body of his love from its present degradation. He went, accompanied by some of his own people, and found life still remaining. He then repaired to the tent of her enraged brothers, and asked them why they had done this? They replied, that they could not suffer their sister to survive the loss of her honour, which had been stained by her stopping to talk with her intended husband, on the public road, before her marriage. The lover demanded her body for burial; when her brothers, suspecting the motive, exclaimed, "What, is she not yet lifeless?—then we will finish this work of death;" and were rushing out to execute their purpose, when the youth caused the troop of horsemen, sent to aid his purpose, to appear, and threatened instant death to him who should first stir to interrupt his design. The young girl was conveyed to his tent, and, after a series of kind attentions, slowly recovered.

'During her illness, the distracted lover, now expelled from his own tribe, came, under cover of the night, to see her; and, weeping over her wounds, continually regretted that he had been so base as to seek his safety in flight, and not to have died in defending her. She as heroically replied, "No! No! It is my highest happiness that I have suffered, and that you have escaped; we shall both live, and Heaven will yet bless us with many pledges of our lasting love." This really happened; the girl recovered, was married to her impassioned swain, and they are still both alive, with a numerous family of children.'—pp. 21, 22.

On the entry of the caravan into the city of Orfah, they were entertained in the most hospitable manner by several of the Hadjee's friends. Among the amusements provided for them, Mr. Buckingham describes what must be considered amongst us, at least, as a dance of a very licentious nature. But Mr. Buckingham is not satisfied with representing the character of this dance alone; he thinks it right to add, in a note, (p. 58,) a sort of epitome of all the most indecent exhibitions of this kind which are recorded in history. We cannot

understand the reason of this: it did not necessarily belong to his subject; and he can only have introduced it from some supposition that it will add an attraction to his work, in the eyes of a certain class of readers. If so, we can only observe, that his resources must be as limited as his taste is objectionable. There are other passages in this work, in which the author dwells very unnecessarily, on subjects not very remote from that which we have just mentioned. We allude to them merely for the purpose of setting upon them the seal of silent reprobation.

There is nothing in the construction, or appearance, of the city of Orfah, which need detain us. It is like most of the oriental towns, composed of narrow, mean and straggling streets, with the usual appendages of coffee-houses and bazaars. We may, however, remark, that according to the report of Mr. Buckingham, articles of English manufacture, which are held in the highest estimation there, have been, for several years, sought after as objects of rarity.

'I repeatedly heard,' he observes, 'expressions of wonder, as well as regret, from dealers, at the failure of the usual importations of British goods from Aleppo. Formerly, it appears, there were many English merchants established there, who furnished regular supplies of cloths, shalloons, printed cottons, arms, hardware, and glass. At this moment, there is not one of these establishments existing; and the few bales of cloth, which are to be had from the remaining Frank dealers of Aleppo, are complained of, as being of a much worse quality, and higher price, than those they had been accustomed to receive. If the English factory at Aleppo should ever again recover from its decline, there is little doubt but that its trade would be soon as extensive as ever, since the superiority of British goods, of every description, seems to have been better learnt by privation of them, than by their actual rise.'—pp. 80, 81.

While upon this subject of British manufactures, we cannot forbear to notice with unqualified commendation, a remark made by Mr. Buckingham, upon the great advantages that would be conferred on the less civilised nations of the world, by diffusing amongst them some of those improvements in the arts of industry, for which our own country is so conspicuous. We perfectly concur with him in thinking, that 'Missionaries dispersed into different quarters of the globe for this purpose, would do more in a few years towards civilising and uniting the discordant parts of it, than all the merely religious societies have done since their first establishment.' We presume the 'religious societies' here alluded to, are those which have undertaken the distribution of the Bible in foreign parts—an enterprise which is perfectly ludicrous, if the missionaries imagine that they can thereby convert whole communities to Christianity.

As the caravan pursued their way from Orfah to Mardin, our author had an opportunity of meeting some individuals of a race called the genuine Yezeedis, from Sinjar, who, besides being remarkable for their eminently villainous appearance, are distin-

guished for the singularity of their religious creed, if such it may be called.

'Among the particulars which I heard of this people, it was said, that in their sacred books no mention is made of any superior beings, except Sheitan and Eesa, or Satan and Jesus; but they paid to the former the higher honours of the two; as they did not scruple to use the name of Jesus, while that of Satan could not, even by the most cruel deaths, be extorted from them. The interview described in the Gospels, where the Devil is said to have tempted the Messiah; the instances of his sending whole legions of his inferior spirits to torment men, and possess herds of swine; and more particularly the occasion on which the Devil is said to have taken Christ up into a high mountain, to have shewn him all the kingdoms of this world, and promised them to him if he would fall down and worship him;—are all interpreted by them as favourable to the high dignity of this Prince, or Melek, as they call him. They contend, that if the assertion of the Gospel be true, that all the kingdoms of the earth *are* at the disposal of Satan, and the power and the glory of them delivered to him, to give to whomsoever he will, he must be a personage of the highest consideration, and one whose favour all the *good* kings and emperors of the earth must have won; for to *his* influence alone do they owe the possession of their respective thrones. This is the orthodox doctrine in the mountains of Sinjar; and any one who should dispute it, would no doubt be treated with much the same kind of indulgence that is shewn to sceptics elsewhere.

'The Yezeedis have one large church, somewhere in the north of Mesopotamia, which they all visit at the yearly feast; and besides this, there are many smaller ones in their native hills. The brazen image of a cock is said to be set up in their temples, as an object of adoration; but they suffer no one to enter their places of worship except themselves, and are also scrupulously reserved on the subject of their religious opinions, in which particulars, as well as in their isolated situation in a range of mountains going by their name, they resemble the Druzes and Nessaries in Syria. Their women are most carefully concealed from public view; but I could not learn whether each man confined himself to one wife or not. Blue, which is the distinctive colour of the Christians throughout the Turkish empire, is studiously avoided by them. They will neither sit upon it nor touch it, as they consider it the colour peculiarly sacred to Satan.'—pp. 162, 163.

Mardin is an irregularly built town, from the circumstance that it occupies the eastern and southern sides of a lofty hill. It is two miles in circumference, and contains, besides the usual supply of baths and bazaars, a population of about 20,000 inhabitants, the greater part of whom are sunk in a deplorable state of poverty. They are composed of Mahometans, Christians, and Jews. From Mardin, Mr. Buckingham made an excursion to Diarbekr, whence he was under the necessity of returning alone to Mardin, a considerable distance. His account of this excursion, and return, is well told, particularly that part of it which relates his personal adventures. We recommend it to the manufacturers of novels, as a passage that will admit of plagiarism.

We have already seen Mr. Buckingham's opinion of the town of Mousul. We, therefore, make no apology for passing over his ela-

borate description of it, as well as the account of his visit to the ruins of Nineveh. These are scattered along the eastern banks of the Tigris; and, though highly deserving the attention of the traveller, afford but little attraction, in their details, to a reader. From Mousul, Mr. Buckingham proceeded on his way to Bagdad, and as we are now on ground which has been recently passed over by several travellers, we shall merely notice a circumstance that occurred on this part of his journey, and which served to introduce him to as precious a model of combined curiosity and ignorance, as ever perhaps quitted a mother's apron strings. Our traveller happened to be detained, by a mischance, at the town of Kiffree, and while, like a thorough philosopher, he was endeavouring to console himself, as well as he could, under his misfortune, a Tartar arrived from Bagdad, bringing under his charge two Europeans.

'They arrived so opportunely, that we made them joint partakers of our feast; and the two gentlemen, who were but yet in the commencement of their journey, being well provided with cordials and spirits for their own use, we assisted to drain, notwithstanding the heat of the weather and the presence of some of the Faithful, their travelling cases of a portion of the fine French brandy and excellent Ratafia with which they were furnished.

'Over our afternoon pipes, and while the Turks beside us were sleeping away the heat of the day, I began to learn more of my companions, who had thus suddenly come upon us, and who now very agreeably relieved the tedium of our detention. Both of them were Italians; the eldest, named Padre Camilla di Jesu, was a friar of the Carmelite order, who had been many years resident at Bagdad, and was now returning to Rome, by way of Constantinople; the other was a young man, who had gone originally from Italy to Constantinople, where he had resided some time with his father, a merchant of that city. Having heard, from some of the distant traders with whom his father corresponded, of the fame of Damascus, he solicited permission to make a journey to that city, and it was granted to him, under the hope of his being able to transact some useful business there, at the same time that he gratified his curiosity. The most singular part of the history of this young man's travels was, however, that he went from Constantinople to Alexandria in Egypt, believing that to be the straightest and shortest road to Damascus; and, after landing there, he went up to Cairo by the Nile, under an impression that that city was also in the direct road to the place of his destination. When he had at length reached Damascus, by this circuitous route, having gone from Cairo to Jerusalem by the Desert of Suez, one would have thought that the recollection of this error would have taught him to make more careful inquiries regarding the relative positions of places he might have to visit in future. But it appears he never did discover that he had not come by the nearest way, believing always, on the contrary, that his voyage to Alexandria by sea, and his journey from Cairo to Damascus by land, had been in nearly a straight line. It was thus, that when he was about to leave Damascus, on his return to Constantinople, having heard of great caravans going from the former place to Bagdad every year, and being aware of others coming also from Bagdad to Constantinople in about the same period of time, he conceived that these caravans must be the same; and concluding from this, that Bagdad lay in his

direct road home, he had actually journeyed from Damascus to that place, over the Syrian Desert, in the hottest season of the year, without ever once asking, during the whole forty days of his route, in which direction Constantinople lay!'—pp. 345, 346.

Arrived in the city of the Caliphs, Mr. Buckingham, of course, enters into a variety of observations upon it, which the reader, who has not already made himself acquainted with Bagdad, will be well pleased to have the opportunity of perusing. They are ample, and very pleasantly written. We can only afford room for a little peep into the routine of domestic life, which seems to prevail among its inhabitants. It need hardly be premised, that their bed-rooms are usually the flat roofs of their houses.

'As the view from our lofty terrace at an early hour in the morning laid open at least eight or ten bed-rooms in different quarters around us, where all the families slept in the open air, domestic scenes were exposed to view, without our being once perceived, or even suspected to be witnesses of them. Among the more wealthy, the husband slept on a raised bedstead, with a mattress and cushions of silk, covered by a thick stuffed quilt of cotton, the bed being without curtains or mosquito net. The wife slept on a similar bed, but always on the ground, that is, without a bedstead, and at a respectful distance from her husband, while the children, sometimes to the number of three or four, occupied only one mattress, and the slaves or servants each a separate mat on the earth, but all lying down and rising up within sight of each other. Every one rose at an early hour, so that no one continued in bed after the sun was up; and each, on rising, folded up his own bed, his coverlid, and pillows, to be taken into the house below, excepting only the children, for whom this office was performed by the slave or the mother.

'None of all these persons were as much undressed as Europeans generally are when in bed. The men retained their shirt, drawers, and often their caftan, a kind of inner cloak. The children and servants lay down with nearly the same quantity of clothes as they had worn in the day; and the mothers and their grown daughters wore the full silken trowsers of the Turks, with an open gown; and if rich, their turbans, or if poor, an ample red chemise, and a simpler covering for the head. In most of the instances which we saw, the wives assisted, with all due respect and humility, to dress and undress their husbands, and to perform all the duties of valets.

'After dressing, the husband generally performed his devotions, while the slave was preparing a pipe and coffee; and, on his seating himself on his carpet, when this was done, his wife served him with her own hands, retiring at a proper distance to wait for the cup, and always standing before him, sometimes, indeed, with the hands crossed, in an attitude of great humility, and even kissing his hand on receiving the cup from it, as is done by the lowest attendants of the household.

'While the husband lounged on his cushions, or sat on his carpet in an attitude of ease and indolence, to enjoy his morning pipe, the women of the family generally prayed. In the greater number of instances, they did so separately, and exactly after the manner of the men; but on one or two occasions, the mistress and some other females, perhaps a sister or a relative, prayed together, following each other's motions, side by side, as is done when a party of men are headed in their devotions by an Imaum. None of

the females, whether wife, servant, or slave, omitted this morning duty; but among the children under twelve or fourteen years of age, I did not observe any instance of their joining in it.'—pp. 549, 550.

In taking our leave of Mr. Buckingham, we cannot but express our unfeigned admiration of the manly and truly British character which he has evinced, in resisting, and ultimately defeating, the rancorous and insolent opposition, so industriously carried on for several years against his literary exertions, by Mr. W. J. Bankes, and all that gentleman's numerous relatives and dependants. The history of letters in this country, offers no example of a persecution, so unjust in its origin, so bitter in its progress, and so disgraceful in its termination, to all the parties who confederated to support it. We sincerely congratulate Mr. Buckingham on his victory, for its consequences extend beyond himself, inasmuch as it adds a signal proof, to the many already on record, that mere family influence, however powerful, in the fashionable and political world, dwindles to the weakness of a baby, when it dares to contend with the common law of England.

ART. XI. *National Tales.* By Thomas Hood, Author of 'Whims and Oddities.' 2 vols., 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.* London: William H. Ainsworth. 1827.

MR. HOOD is well known, and extensively too, as a humourist of resistless power, but whose singular delight it is to make out the oddest resemblances in the world. He brings ideas together, which nobody would have ever thought of associating: and one is obliged to laugh at the strangeness of the juxta-position. He will shew you a man shooting his arrow at an oak, and the weapon glancing past it—an exhibition, Mr. Hood tells you, that hierogliphically shadows forth the name of one of the most popular of modern songstresses: and is it not, to all intents and purposes, an unquestionable "*miss tree?*" The capacity to jest successfully in this way, is no very great power in itself; but it is a dexterity that supposes power. The faculty which shapes conundrums at leisure, which toys with rebusses, charades, and the other pastimes of the mind, will, in a more expanded sphere, approve itself capable of a superior destiny. The habitual conqueror at the chess-board, is a very likely person to out-manœuvre his adversary in the field. In saying thus much of Mr. Hood, we have, we think, assigned to him a turn of mind, which is not much disposed to harmonize with "the melting mood." Why it is that he has volunteered upon the ensanguined domain of the tragic muse, and attempted to wield the instruments of terror, must be left to the solution of those who have already ascertained wherefore it is, that Mr. Liston still has a hankering after Macbeth and Othello; and fondly, and very seriously, believes, that the time will yet come when he can murder

old Duncan, and dispatch Desdemona, in good theatrical earnest, at Covent Garden! Nothing can be more awkward, however, than the acting of Mr. Hood, in this chosen suit of sables. He is in danger every moment of turning the scene into a mockery; nor is it without a vigorous struggle that he can preserve the balance of his mind, in a position so foreign to all its experience. The dagger of death is in his hand; but ere long you suspect that he will make a merry burlesque thrust with the implement. The direful imprecation falls from him—but his mystery is out at once—detected by the droll leer which plays about his lip. In short, the moment he assumes one of those sorrowful disguises, he winks at his audience, as if to establish a communication with them, for the purpose of their being all merry together at somebody's expense.

In a province of literature where Mr. Hood is so little known, and where, we may add, he knows so little, it is perfectly natural that he should carry things to an extreme. The "*novitas regni*" is his excuse: but certainly, in the Tales before us, there appears such a superfluity of disasters of all kinds, with so much of abominable crime, which, along with being thoroughly revolting, is altogether gratuitous, that Mr. Hood very forcibly reminds us, in his poetical distribution, of that wicked judge, who never thought that he did his duty to his country, unless he ordered every body whom he tried, for immediate execution. A very formidable example of this abuse is to be found in the very first tale, which is called, not inaptly, "The Spanish Tragedy." This is a story which leads the reader through every mood of the tragic scale,—there are love, and eternal separation—the terrific revelry of a banditti; and after various individual murders, there is a general slaughter, in which not even those escape, who were already sufficiently punished by madness and despair. The supposed narrator of this tale, on his way from Andalusia to Madrid, whither he goes to search for his uncle, now more than a reasonable time missing from his family, stops, by chance, at a house, apparently, of entertainment, but as it afterwards turned out, really the habitation of a banditti. There is no chance of escape, after he has once entered the den of terrors, save through the agency of a wild maniac girl, the daughter of the chief brigand (who is called also the inn-keeper). This wretched being, discovering a resemblance in the young cavalier to a lover, for whose untimely death she had sorrowed herself to madness, takes pity on him, and appoints an hour at night when she will come to his cell, and rescue him effectually from his imminent danger. It was of the utmost consequence that she should be exceedingly punctual, for that very night, the inn-keeper, as he had overheard, was to dispatch him. The moments went heavily by—the hour of assignation passed—and no angel of deliverance made her appearance, and an appalling uncertainty held the mind of the young cavalier.—

'At length a sound came, which my ear readily distinguished, by its

distinctness, from the mere suggestions of fear: it was the cautious unlocking and opening of the door. My eyes turning instantly in that direction, were eagerly distended, but there was not a glimmer of light even accompanied the entrance of my unknown visitor: but it was a man's foot. A boiling noise rushed through my ears, and my tongue and throat were parched with a sudden and stifling thirst. The power of utterance and of motion seemed at once to desert me; my heart panted as though it were grown too large for my body, and the weight of twenty mountains lay piled upon my breast. To lie still, however, was to be lost. By a violent exertion of the will, I flung myself out of the bed, furthest from the door; and scarcely had I set foot upon the ground, when I heard something strike against the opposite side. Immediately afterwards a heavy blow was given—a second—a third; the stabs themselves, as well as the sound, seemed to fall upon my very heart. A cold sweat rushed out upon my forehead. I felt sick, my limbs bowed, and I could barely keep myself from falling. It was certain that my absence would be promptly discovered: that a search would instantly commence, and my only chance was, by listening intensely for his footsteps, to discern the course and elude the approaches of my foe.

'I could hear him grasp the pillows, and the rustling of the bed-clothes as he turned them over in his search. For a minute all was then deeply, painfully silent. I could fancy him stealing towards me, and almost supposed the warmth of his breath against my face. I expected every instant to feel myself seized, I knew not where, in his grasp, and my flesh was ready to shrink all over from his touch. Such an interval had now elapsed as I judged would suffice for him to traverse the bed; and in fact the next moment his foot struck against the wainscot close beside me, followed by a long hasty sweep of his arm along the wall—it seemed to pass over my head. Then all was still again, as if he paused to listen; meanwhile I strode away, silently as death, in the direction of the opposite side of the chamber. Then I paused: but I had suppressed my breath so long, that involuntarily it escaped from me in a long deep sigh, and I was forced again to change my station. There was not a particle of light; but in shifting cautiously round, I espied a bright spot or crevice in the wall: upon this spot I resolved to keep my eyes steadily fixed, judging that by this means I should be warned of the approach of any opaque body, by its intercepting the light. On a sudden, it was obscured; but I have reason to believe it was by some unconscious movement of my own, for just as I retired backwards, from the approach, as I conceived, of my enemy, I was suddenly seized from behind. The crisis was come, and all my fears were consummated: I was in the arms of the assassin!

'A fierce and desperate struggle instantly commenced, which, from its nature, could be but of short duration. I was defenceless, but my adversary was armed; and wherever he might aim his dagger, I was disabled, by the utter darkness, from warding off the blow. The salvation of my life depended only on the strength and presence of mind I might bring to the conflict. A momentary relaxation of his hold indicated that my foe was about to make use of his weapon; and my immediate impulse was to grasp him so closely round the body, as to deprive him of the advantage. My antagonist was fearfully powerful, and struggled violently to free himself from my arms; but an acquaintance with wrestling and athletic sports,

acquired in my youth, and still more the strong love of life, enabled me to grapple with him and maintain my hold. I was safe, indeed, only so long as I could restrain him from the use of his steel. Our arms were firmly locked in each other, our chests closely pressed together, and it seemed that strength at least was fairly matched with strength.

'From a dogged shame, perhaps, or whatever cause, the ruffian did not deign to summon any other to his aid, but endeavoured, singly and silently, to accomplish his bloody task. Not a word, in fact, was uttered on either part—not a breathing space even was allowed by our brief and desperate struggle. Many violent efforts were made by the wretch to disengage himself, in the course of which we were often forced against the wall, or hung balanced on straining sinews ready to fall headlong on the floor; at last, by one of these furious exertions, we were dashed against the wall, and the panelling giving way to our weight, we were precipitated with a fearful crash, but still clinging to each other, down a considerable descent. On touching the ground, however, the violence of the shock separated us. The ruffian, fortunately, had fallen undermost, which stunned him, and gave me time to spring upon my feet.

'A moment's glance round, told me that we had fallen through the secret panel, spoken of by the maniac, into her own chamber; but my eyes were too soon riveted by one object, to take any further notice of the place. It was her—that wild, strange being herself, just risen from her chair at this thundering intrusion, drowsy and bewildered, as if from a calm and profound sleep. She that was to watch, to snatch me from the dagger itself, had forgotten, and slept over the appointment that involved my very existence.' —vol. i., pp. 49—55.

In the moment of stupor into which the ruffian had been thrown by this accident, the cavalier has time to rush to a trap-door, and to lift it, when his ears are assailed by the sound of tumultuous strife. The banditti were, at the moment, engaged with a party of military. A scene of terror ensues; the innkeeper shoots his own daughter, by mistake; he himself, with the majority of his gang, being soon after disposed of in the like summary manner. We will now give the conclusion of this tale, in which the fate of the object of his search is related, and the horrors of the drama are summed up:

'One of the troopers, in shifting some litter in the stables, remarked that the earth and stones beneath appeared to have been recently turned up: the fact was immediately communicated to his officer, and I was summoned to be present at this new investigation. The men had already begun to dig when I arrived, and some soiled fragments of clothes which they turned up, already assured them of the nature and the nearness of the deposit. A few moments' more labour sufficed to lay it bare; and then, by the torchlight, I instantly recognised the grey hairs and the features of him of whom we were in search. All that remained of my uncle lay before me! The starting and blood-distended eyes, the gaping mouth, the blackness of the face, and a livid mark round the neck, confirmed the tale of the maniac as to the cruel mode of his death. May I never gaze on such an object again!

'Hitherto, the excitement, the labour, the uncertainty of the search, had sustained me; but now a violent re-action took place, a reflux of all the horrors I had witnessed and endured, rushed over me like a flood;

and for some time I raved in a state of high delirium. I was again laid in bed, and in the interval of my repose, preparations were made for our departure. The bodies of the slain robbers and militia-men were promptly interred; and after securing all the portable effects of any value, which the soldiers were allowed to appropriate as a spoil, the house was ordered to be fired, as affording too eligible a refuge and rendezvous for such desperate associations. At my earnest request, a separate grave had been provided for the remains of the unfortunate maniac, which were committed to the earth with all the decencies that our limited time and means could afford. The spot had been chosen at the foot of a tall pine, in the rear of the house, and a small cross, carved in the bark of the tree, was the only memorial of this ill-starred girl.

'These cares, speedily executed, occupied till day-break, and just at sun-rise we commenced our march. A horse, left masterless by the death of one of the troopers, was assigned to me; two others were more mournfully occupied by the bodies of Antonio and the Condé, each covered with a coarse sheet; and the captive robbers followed, bound, with their faces backward, upon the innkeeper's mules. The innkeeper's wife was amongst the prisoners, and her loud lamentations, breaking out afresh at every few paces, prevailed even over the boisterous merriment of the troopers, and the low-muttered imprecations of the banditti. When, from the rear, I looked upon this wild procession, in the cold grey light of the morning, winding down the mountains, that warlike escort, those two horses, with their funeral burthens, the fierce scowling faces of the prisoners, confronting me; and then turned back, and distinguished the tall pine-tree, and saw the dense column of smoke soaring upward from those ancient ruins, as from some altar dedicated to Vengeance, the whole past appeared to me like a dream! My mind, stunned by the magnitude and number of events which had been crowded into a single night's space, refused to believe that so bounded a period had sufficed for such disproportionate effects; but recalled again and again every scene and every fact,—as if to be convinced by the vividness of the repetitions, and the fidelity of the details—of a foregone reality. I could not banish or divert these thoughts: all the former horrors were freshly dramatised before me; the images of the innkeeper, of the maniac, of Juan, of Antonio, were successively conjured up, and acted their parts anew, till all was finally wound up in the consummation that riveted my eyes on those two melancholy burthens before me.

'But I will not dwell here on those subjects, as I did then. An hour or two after sun-rise we entered a town, where we delivered up to justice those miserable wretches, who were afterwards to be seen impaled and blackening in the sun throughout the province. And here also my own progress, for three long months, was destined to be impeded. Other lips than mine conveyed to Isabelle the dismal tidings with which I was charged; other hands than mine assisted in paying to the dead their last pious dues. Excessive fatigue, grief, horror, and a neglected wound, generated a raging fever, from which, with difficulty, and by slow degrees, I recovered,—alas! only to find myself an alien on the earth, without one tie to attach me to the life I had so unwillingly regained!'—vol. i., pp. 69—73.

Considering these tales as the production of one mind, they certainly do great credit to the invention of Mr. Hood. They amount, in the whole, to twenty-five; and reference being made to the size

of the volume, it will be seen that the extent of each narrative must be very limited. To the quality of brevity we entertain no objection; but one would expect, in relations of this short compass, to see some striking point or another—something effected—that, after raising our interest, will satisfy the mind. It is the leading defect of the second class of those tales, to which we refer all those that are not of a purely tragic stamp, that they have not that unity of design, and completeness of effect, which are necessary to make the reader feel that he has been occupied to some purpose, and that nothing further remains to be done. A reference to any of the tales we allude to, will be sufficient to shew the justice of this observation. But this fault, however it may detract from the effect of the story, has nothing to do with the manner of telling it, and here it is that Mr. Hood can claim a very large portion of eulogy indeed. Simplicity is the reigning character of his style, as we find it in these tales; but it has much of that quaint phrase and archness of remark which assist in forming the great charm of the compositions belonging to the unequalled Arabian school. We shall present the reader with a specimen of one of those tales, 'The Chesnut Tree,' which may be regarded as a fair representative of the rest.

'A certain Hidalgo was walking in a lonely plain, in the neighbourhood of Granada, when be was suddenly attacked by a small wild Spanish bull. The spiteful creature, with red sparkling eyes, and a body as black as any coal, made a run at the gentleman so nimbly, that he had barely time to save himself by climbing up a large chesnut-tree; whereupon the wicked beast began to toss about the loose earth with great fury, instead of the human clay he had intended to trifle with.

'There is no such creature in the world as your bull for a revengeful memory, for he will cherish affronts or dislikes for a considerable while; and besides, he takes great pleasure in any premeditated mischief, which he will pursue with a vast deal of patience. Thus, whenever the Hidalgo set his foot upon the ground, the wily animal, who had kept at a convenient distance, immediately ran at him again, so that he was forced to betake himself to the tree with the utmost alacrity. Then the bull would stray farther off, still keeping a wary eye towards the tree; but feeding in the meantime so quietly, that every thought of malice seemed to have quite gone out of his round roguish head; whereas, he was ready at a twinkling for a fresh career, his perseverance excelling that of grimalkin, when she sits watching at a mouse's street-door.

'The impatient Hidalgo, weary at heart of this game, where all his moves tended to no purpose, at last gave up the point, and removed higher up in the tree, in order to amuse himself with the surrounding prospect, which was now enlivened by the oblique rays of the declining sun. I will wait, said he, till night makes a diversion in my favour, and, like the matadore, hangs her cloak on this wild devil's horns; so, turning himself about, from side to side, he began to contemplate the various objects in the distance.

'Whilst he was thus occupied, with his eyes turned towards the East, there came two men on foot from the opposite quarter, who, passing beyond the tree, approached the browsing bull without any kind of mistrust.

The dissembling creature allowed them to come pretty near, without any suspicion; and then suddenly charging at the two men, they were obliged to run to the tree as the only shelter, and with great difficulty clambered out of reach of his mischievous horns. The animal, being thus foiled for the second time, revenged himself on the hat of one of the travellers, which had been dropped in the race, and then began to feed again at the usual distance.

'The two pedlars, for so they seemed, made several attempts, like the Hidalgo, to get away, but the bull still intercepted them in the same manner; so that, at last, they were fain to dispose themselves as comfortably as they could on a lower branch, and await the pleasure of the animal, to proceed on their way. The Hidalgo being a shy, reserved man by nature, as well as very haughty on account of his nation and his birth, did not choose to make any advances towards his fellow-lodgers in the tree, who by their dress were people of the common sort. The two men, on their part, knew nothing of a third person being perched above their heads; wherefore, to pass away the time, they began to talk over their affairs together, with as much confidence as if they had been sitting in the middle of the great Arabian Desert.

'At first the Hidalgo, being much occupied by his own reflections, did not listen very attentively to their discourse; besides, he had a great contempt for the conversation of such vulgar persons, which would have prevailed over any common curiosity; however, as some sentences reached him against his will, he happened to overhear a name passing between them that made him prick up his ears.

'"I am afraid, Gines Spinello," said one of the voices, "that this cursed creature will spoil our sport for to-night."

'Now it was no wonder that the gentleman became so much interested in their conversation, for the fellow just mentioned was a notorious robber, and the terror of the whole province. The Hidalgo, therefore, felt a natural curiosity to behold so remarkable a character; and peeping down very cautiously between the leaves, he saw the two men sitting astride, with their faces towards each other, on the lowermost bough. They were so much below him, that he could not judge of their physiognomies; but of course the very hair of their heads seemed, to his fancy, to partake of a very ruffianly expression.

'"As for that matter," returned Spinello, "our job to-night is a trifling one, that may be dispatched in two hours. What frets me more is to be obliged to sit thus, cock-horse, upon a cursed branch; for I have always a misgiving at getting up into a tree, since nothing has proved so fatal to several of our gang."

'The other, laughing heartily at these expressions, which he supposed to allude to the gallows, Gines interrupted him in a very grave tone.'—vol. ii., pp. 166—171.

The robbers then proceeded to converse very calmly about an unsuccessful attack which had been made by one of their gang upon the Hidalgo; and after being thus regaled with an account of the past, he is let a little into the secret of part of their plans for the future.

'The unhappy Hidalgo, though he was miserably terrified, dared not

even to quake—the least motion causing a rustling amongst the leaves, or a creaking of the bough; and getting cramped, as any one must, to ride so long on a wooden chesnut horse, without a saddle, yet he could not venture to stretch a limb to relieve himself. In the meantime, fear caused such a boiling noise in his ears, as if of the devil's cauldron at a gallop, that he could not make out the history of the other robbers who had perished by means of the trees. The two rogues, on the contrary, finding themselves very much at their ease, continued to gossip together with great coolness, though the bull had now removed to a considerable distance. The Hidalgo, at last, resuming the use of his faculties, overheard as follows:—

'"As for the chesnut trees," said Gines, "you will see the stumps of them to-night, for the Hidalgo did not choose to leave a perch for any more such birds so near his house. But there are other ways to know what goes on within, as well as by looking through the windows; and we shall soon see whether the people of this random shooter are more properly his servants or my own."

'At this insinuation, the wretched person who sat aloft could not help uttering a half-stifled groan, which would have infallibly betrayed him, if it had not paseed for the grumbling of the bull. Notwithstanding, he had to endure still worse tidings; to conceive which, suppose Gines to describe the abominable plot he had laid for the murder of the Hidalgo—two of his servants being in the pay of the banditti, and engaged to admit them in the middle of the night. The rogues did not omit, moreover, to dispose of the two daughters of the unfortunate gentleman overhead; and as their inclinations pointed differently, the one choosing the youngest, and the other the elder lady for a mistress, they soon came to an amicable understanding on this part of the design. Thus the Hidalgo, who had always intended to match his children as he would, without question even of the girls themselves, was obliged to hear them disposed of beforehand, and without having any voice whatever in the affair.

'The encroaching dusk closing round, in the meantime, till the horizon was confined within a very narrow circle, the two villains at last dismounted from the bough, and proceeded on their way without any interruption from the bull, who was now scarcely visible, amid the distant shadows. As soon as the rogues were out of sight, the Hidalgo scrambled down the trunk, to the infinite relief of his limbs, which from long confinement to the same posture had grown as rigid and almost as crooked as the boughs they had embraced: however, the thought of what was to take place at home, soon enforced a suppleness in his joints, and he departed with a brisk shuffling pace, from what had been to him such a very bitter tree of knowledge.'—vol. ii., pp. 174—177.

The Hidalgo, it may be naturally supposed, lost no time in preparing for the reception of the robbers.

'It was concerted to send for the two traitorous servants, one by one, into the chamber, where, as soon as they entered, they were seized, and bound hand and foot before they could think of any resistance. The wretched men, finding themselves in this dreary plight, and that their lives were at command, began readily to confess all they knew of the plot; adding several particulars which had not been touched upon by Spinello. Amongst

other news, it came out that the banditti had deposited their arms in readiness in a certain hollow oak, which stood in the rear of the house; whereupon the Hidalgo made a vow, inwardly, to cut down that dangerous tree, as he had done before by the chesnuts.

'It was towards midnight, when Spinello, with his comrades, approached for the execution of their design. The night was very boisterous, with frequent gusts of wind, that drove the low black clouds with great rapidity across the sky. Thus every now and then there was a short bright glance of the moon, followed, at a few minutes interval, by the most profound shadows; and, by the help of those snatches of light, the desperate Gines led on his fellows, who were about half-a-dozen in all, towards the hollow tree.

'Now it happened, just as he came up, that a fresh cloud came over the face of the moon, so that the mark he aimed at was quite swallowed up in the gloom. Groping his way, therefore, with his hands, he began to feel about the ragged stem for the entry to the magazine; but he had no sooner thrust his arms into the opening, than they were seized by some person who was concealed within the hollow trunk.

'I know not whether Gines recalled, at this moment, his superstition about a tree, but he set up a loud yell of dismay. The Hidalgo, who lay close by in ambush, with his party, instantly discharged a well-aimed volley at the rest of the banditti, who, finding themselves betrayed, and without arms, took at once to their heels, leaving two that were miserably wounded, upon the grass. By this time, Spinello, recovering his courage, made a desperate struggle to get away; but, before he could disengage his arms, the Hidalgo came up with his assistants, and the robber was quickly overcome and secured. Of the other two men, one was already dead, the bullet having lodged in his breast: as for the second, his leg-bone was broken by a ball just above the ancle joint, and it happened that this was the very same rogue who had gossipped with Gines upon the chesnut-bough.

'It was a dreadful sight to behold the countenance of the latter, when he was dragged into the chamber, and how he foamed and gnashed his teeth at the two desponding varlets, who had been double traitors, he supposed, to both masters. Although he was so securely bound, those wretched men could not look upon him without an extreme trembling; however, when he was informed of the true cause of the discovery, he raved no more, remarking only, to the other robber, that his misgiving about the chesnut-tree, had been justified by the event.

'The Hidalgo repairing afterwards, with the two young gentlemen, into the presence of his two daughters, there ensued many compliments between them, and joyful congratulations on the conclusion of the danger. At last, the Hidalgo, growing more and more pleased with the graceful manners and conversation of his guests, his heart warmed towards them, and he began to wish that they were all but his sons.

'"Gentlemen," he said, "a late welcome is better than none at all, and especially when it comes maturely from the heart. Pray accept of this apology for my tardiness; and for your great services, I will try to make amends to you on the spot. Your gallantry and agreeable bearing, persuade me that you are truly the honourable young persons that you have named to me; and I rejoice, therefore, for my own sake as well as yours, that my

daughters remain at my disposal. If you are willing then, to accept of each other, I foresee no difficulties—that is to say, provided that you can both agree in your election, as readily as my other two robbers."

'It would be hard to declare whether the two ladies were most happy or confused by this unexpected proposal; they therefore made off, with fewer words than blushes, to their own bedchamber: but the three gentlemen sat up together, for security, during the remainder of the night.

'On the morrow, the criminals were delivered to the proper authorities, and the process with such atrocious offenders being very summary, they were executed, before sunset, in divers places about the province. For the most part, they were suspended on lofty wooden gibbets; but the body of Spinello, in order to make the greater impression, was hung up on the very same Chesnut Tree that had led to his defeat.'—vol. ii., pp. 180—185.

We should have thought that Mr. Hood was, by this time, so irrecoverably committed with the comic muse, as to render his appearance in any other service a matter of very questionable policy on his part. Few are the instances in which a leading faculty, that, for instance, of raising laughter, does not engross the powers, to the almost total exclusion of any effective degree of ability in an opposite province. That Shakspeare combined such distinct qualities is almost enough to shew, that that degree of versatility is of the nature of a phenomenon, an example of which we do not expect to see repeated in the world. Mr. Hood seems to us to fall into the common error of confounding a susceptibility in ourselves of affecting impressions, with a capacity of raising them in others. 'Because,' he says,

'Because I have jested elsewhere, it does not follow that I am incompetent for gravity, of which any owl is capable; or proof against melancholy, which besets even the ass. Those who can be touched by neither of these moods, rank lower indeed than both of these creatures. It is from none of the player's ambition, which has led the buffoon by a rash step into the tragic buskin, that I assume the sadder humour; but because I know from certain passages that such affections are not foreign to my nature.'—vol. i., Preface, p. vii.

But that, surely, is not enough. It is because Mr. Hood has 'jested elsewhere' *with effect*, that it is less likely that he will make us weep with the same success.

The plates by which these volumes are illustrated, have been designed, and drawn on stone, by Mr. T. Dighton. They are, we think, highly beautiful specimens of the extraordinary and rapid improvement in the lithographic art.

NOTICES.

Art. XII. *Crockford-House; a Rhapsody, in two Cantos. A Rhymer in Rome.* 8vo. pp. 147. 7*s*. London: Murray. 1827.

If this be the production of Mr. Luttrell, as we have reason to believe that it is, we look upon Crockford-House as another example from him of that high

ee of dexterity and finish which may be attained in poetical literature, out the aid of the original poetic fire. There is great freedom of veration in the lines; they are correct and elegant, bearing the evident es of the scholar and the well-bred man of the world. The phrase is chosen, smart, and spirited, and occasionally refined to good epigramic point. The first canto runs pleasantly on, describing the brief his- of the great host who has given his name to Crockford-house, a place ch, it is scarcely necessary to say, has been the pandæmonium of ıblers, and is now nearly re-edified, on a truly alarming scale of magniıce. The gathering of the victims, at the splendid feast, which is ıtly prepared to seduce and confound their senses, is thus described:—

'Midnight sounds!—'Tis twelve o'clock!
See, like pigeons, how they flock
From the opera, or the play,
Or from t'other side the way.
Some, when gossip scarce requites
Those who linger there, from *White's;*
Others, little to the cook's ease,
From *The Travellers'* or *Brooks's.*
Pleased they ply the four-pronged fork,
Pleased they free the fettered cork,
Where, in rich abundance stored,
Every dainty crowns the board,
Heaped together, to entice
Squeamish tastes, at any price.

'Some their hunger ill conceal,
Bent upon a solid meal.
Others carelessly discuss
Early peas or 'sparagus:
'Sparagus, which, passion-stricken,
For the young and tender chicken,
And, by pitying knife set free
From the fields of Battersea,
Crowd, in hundreds, to be near
What they love so fondly here.

'Some, to slake their glass of sherry,
Dally with the hot-house cherry;
Some at strawberries take their fling,
Which the stout-built wenches bring,
While their arms in cadence swing;
While, with firm, yet cautious tread,
Nicely balanced on her head,
Each conveys her fragrant load
Safe along the Brentford-road.

'Scarcely could the *gourmand* wish,
Or imagine any dish,
But 'twas here, at the command
Of his eager eyes and hand.
While champagne, in close array,
Pride of Rheims and *Epernay*,

Not in bottles, but in dozens,
(Think of *that*, ye country-cousins!)
Stood, of every growth and price,
"Peeping forth" its tubs of ice.

'Hungering now no more, nor thirsting,
See them with impatience bursting!
Now to business from repose
Briskly every creature goes.
Play, with magnet-like attraction,
Bids them all prepare for action.
Play alone can pleasure give;
Only while they play, they live.
Each who is not at his post
Thinks a dozen throws are lost,
And, in fancy, thumps, while able,
Heavily the absent table.

'Follow to the room adjoining;
Now begins the work of coining.
"Now," says Crockford, "ye who hanker
After gain, behold your banker!
Draw upon me, every man,
Freely draw for what you—can.
You must suffer me, 'tis true,
Now and then to draw on you;
Yet so soft shall be my *pull*
On your purse, when over-full,
Still so gentle shall you find it,
Ten to one you'll never mind it."'—pp. 14—19.

The following passage furnishes a very good specimen of the lively a ingenious manner of our author:—

'Ne'er has ivory neck or shoulder
So enchanted the beholder,
When, perchance, the parted robe
Half betrays each rising globe,
As the ivory cubes that lie
Paired beneath the punter's eye,
Cubes in matchless beauty drest,
Or in motion or at rest:
Ne'er was any "mole, cinque-spotted,"
Like the cinques upon them dotted.

'Talk of woman's red and white!
Can *they* minister delight
Like the counters in our view,
Flowing with the self-same hue?
Or which, o'er the verdant plain,
As the *nick* succeeds the *main*,
Clad in every colour, pass
Like a rainbow over grass.

'Tell me—(but you scorn to tell, beaus);
Wherefore, when you shake your elbows,
Or with confidence and pluck,
Or despairing of your luck,
By such various paths you press
To the wished-for goal, success?—
Mark the timid and the brave.
These how lively! Those how grave!
Some in silence lose or win,
Others deal in noise and din.
One the table loudly knocks,
Rattling well Pandora's box,
As a dose, before 'tis taken,
Long and lustily is shaken.
T'other, by the best advice,
Slowly dribbles out the dice.

'Then, how strange a coalition
Fancy forms with Superstition!
When for *nine* or *ten* they strive,
When they aim at *four* or *five*,
Each adopts a different throw;—
Hard for high, and soft for low.
Voting every one a fool
Who neglects so plain a rule!

'Be it, wise ones, as you will,
Chance is sovereign here, not skill.
No design have I to quiz,
But, beyond all question, 'tis
Six of one, and six's brother
Half a dozen of the other.
For while all, devoted to her,
Soberly or briskly woo her,
Fortune deems not either mood,
In itself, or bad or good.
Hoodwink'd she, and much a rover,
Yields in turn to every lover,
Poor or wealthy, great or small,—
And, in turn, rejects them all.'—pp. 23—26.

he author, in the wantonness of his fancy, agreeably enough imagines it at law between Crockford and the proprietors of the club-house, :h, when it was adjacent to Crockford-house, was yearned after by the grasping host, and finally (on poetical authority) undermined by his tion. The instigation to Crockford to delay the suit, and the effec- means of accomplishing that purpose, are, we think, very entertaining, not a bit the less so, for having a little malice mingled with their santry.

'There's a charm to save you still—
Crockford, you may file a bill.
Law to equity must yield;
Equity, that Gorgon-shield,

To the liveliest suitor shewn,
Stiffens him at once to stone.

'Bring the haughty warriors down,
Make them truckle to the Gown;
Folks like you have no compunction,
Only move for an *injunction*,
And with charges so involve it,
That no answer can dissolve it.
If they stir an atom faster,
Have them up before a Master,
Ply them well with forms for fudge meant,
Never let them hope for judgment;
And if, eager in the suit,
On they rush to seize the fruit,
As on cattle does a lion,
As on Juno did Ixion,
Let their arms, in vain held out,
Only clasp a cloud of doubt,
Raised, to check their daring love
Of dispatch, by Chancery's Jove;
While the' avenging pangs they feel
Of his slow-revolving wheel.

'Think what anguish and surprise,
Mingled, in their bosoms rise,
Chill their hearts, and glaze their eyes,
When my Lord, to cure their vapours,
Talks of *taking home the papers*,
Where, perchance, his Lordship weighs them,
Reads, perchance,—perchance *mislays them!*

'Term by term, and day by day,
Wear their patience thus away,
Till arrives that consummation
Of their woe, the long Vacation.
Drained by sums already lost,
Scared by dreams of future cost,
You may curb these men of war
With their own Solicitor;
Or, if Fortitude endures
Aught more terrible, with *yours*.
Think, if these should charge together
On the baffled suitors, whether
Proof there'd be in gun or blade
'Gainst two Chancery-bills unpaid!

'Thus tormented let them be;
Feeing ever, still to fee,
For a lingering last decree:
While till domesday off you stave it
With a *special affidavit*.
Think in oaths what magic spells lie!
Think of Beaufort *versus* Wellesley!

'Friends and foes you may defy,
Thus intrenched in Chancery.
'Tis like Doubting-Castle, where
Dwelt that giant-form, Despair,
Save that all the luckless clients,
Though his namesakes, are not giants,
But, by heavy fees exacted,
Into pigmy-forms contracted.
Can a standard here be planted?
Hence, avaunt!—The ground 's enchanted.
Warlike engines are in vain,
Storm, or sap, or *coup-de-main.*
Guards, you might with less ado,
Win a second Waterloo,
Than a victory achieve
Here, without a Conjuror's leave.

'He can keep you all at bay
With one magic work—*Delay.*
Send you to the right about
By two syllables—'*I doubt.*'
So impregnable a fort
Ne'er held out as Eldon's court.
Europe's armies would be beat
Matched with Eldon, and—*the Fleet!*'—pp. 58—63.

great deal of equivocal advice to Crockford follows, with some very ical hints how he may evade the laws, and maintain his authority over the fashionable world. Sundry directions are then given to him, reby he may be enabled to carry on his dangerous trade with impunity, enjoy its profits with pleasure. All this is characterised by a rich of irony, and calm, steady satire, and, though suppressed, a strong sion to gaming, which lead us to hope, that it is not as an amusing k alone we will have to eulogise Crockford-House, but that it will be id entitled to the far higher praise of being a useful monitor in certain ses of society.

A Rhymer in Rome" is a very lively, witty remonstrance, of some ty stanzas, against the dirt and defilement which are permitted to exist the city of Rome. The only inducement which we would have to e an extract from this performance, would be a desire to shew the talent manner of the author; and as that purpose has already been suffi- tly answered by our quotations from Crockford-House, we are obliged to close our notice of this agreeable volume.

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r. XIII. *A Selection from the Papers of Addison, in the Spectator nd the Guardian, for the Use of Young Persons.* By the Rev. E. Berens, M.A. 8vo. pp. 300. 4*s.* 6*d.* London: Rivingtons. 1827.

EN every lesson-book abounds with passages from the writings of lison, and when, by this time, the whole spirit of his works are pre- ted, in one shape or another, to every description of scholar, the utility

of such a publication as this may be doubted; nor should we have thought it necessary to give any attention to it, except for a collateral purpose.

It is undoubtedly true, as Mr. Berens observes, that both the "Spectator" and "Guardian" are replete with passages which are exceedingly obnoxious to the charge of grossness: and, therefore, it becomes necessary to interdict the tender mind from an indiscriminate acquaintance with their pages. The inference from this, gives rise to reflections, which are, in our opinion, curious and interesting. Here is a publication, the "Spectator," proceeding from a writer, the most eminent of his day, for his services to the cause of the national virtue—a publication, professedly aiming to fix morality in the heart, and to infuse grace into the external behaviour of men; its fitness for such a purpose, not questioned in the day of its immediate appearance, or rather attested by the patronage of the rigid and scrupulous of the time, and acquiesced in almost ever since; nay, what is more, its effects, its victories over a coarse system of domestic manners, existing at the period, and especially its conquests over the viciously great, described and applauded; such is the "Spectator," which the delicacy of modern times, in a great part, condemns; which it* is obliged to dishonour, by unsparing castigation—and which, henceforth, is to be admitted into decent families, only on the condition of submitting to the expurgatory knife of some guardian of their purity.

The selection itself is made on a very judicious and useful plan: it embraces 65 Papers, some of which have been curtailed; nor were we unprepared to expect a sensible arrangement in the work, after reading the preface of Mr. Berens.

Art. XIV. *The Italian Confectioner.* By G. A. Jarrin. Third Edition. 8vo. 15*s*. Ainsworth. 1827.

The Italian school of confectionery ranks, deservedly, as high as the French school of cookery. We have lately had many works on the practice of the *Cuisine Française*—particularly Mr. Ude's excellent work,* to which Mr. Jarrin's "Confectioner" forms an admirable, and, indeed, a necessary supplement; but we have had no *practical* books on confectionery. The volume before us bears on its title-page two strong recommendations: the one is the fact of its having passed into a third edition—the other is the name of Mr. Jarrin, who is well known as an artist of the first order. None of our readers can forget a name which is on all their *tablets*—the man of mighty twelfth-cakes, who, last year, *preserved* the fame of Byron, and added sweets even to Elysium. From the preface to the work, we extract a list of the contents of the volume, from which our readers will see how extensively useful it is calculated to be:—

'The Work is divided into Sections, and treats at large of Sugar, and the manner of preparing it; of the numerous *Candies*, and Bon-Bons, as they are made in France; of the Imitation of Vegetables, Fruits, and other natural objects, in Sugar, and of a great variety of *Drops*, *Praw-*

* The "French Cook," an eighth edition of which, we perceive, has just appeared.

lings, &c. &c.; of the best mode of preparing Chocolate and Cocoa; of SYRUPS, MARMALADES, JELLIES, FRUIT, and other PASTES; and of PRESERVED FRUITS, including Directions for Preserving Fruit *without sugar*, according to the method of M. APPERT; with Hints, respecting the construction of OVENS and STOVES, and a Table of the various degrees of heat adapted to the different articles of Confectionery.

'The "Italian Confectioner" will also be found to contain Receipts to make Tablets and Rock Sugar; the various *Compotes;* the French method of preparing COMFITS; the best manner of making *Creams* and ICES, with some important hints respecting the latter, upon which their excellence entirely depends; how to preserve Fruits in Brandy; to make and arrange *Pieces Montées*, Confectionery Paste, and the mode of producing Picturesque Scenery, with trees, lakes, rocks, &c.; LOZENGES and *Jellies;* Cool Drinks for Balls and Routes; *Cakes*, *Wafers*, *Biscuits*, (particularly those of Italy), *rich Cakes*, *Biscotini*, *Macaroons*, &c. &c.

'The Section on DISTILLATION, includes Distilled Waters, LIQUEURS, composed of Spirits, and RATAFIAS of all kinds. That part of the Work which regards the DECORATION OF THE TABLE, necessarily treats of the articles which compose the various ornaments used for this purpose; as *Gum Paste*, and the most approved mode of MODELLING Flowers, Animals, Figures, &c.; of *Colours* for Confectionery, with full instructions how to prepare them; of Varnishing and Gilding; of MOULDING, with directions to enable every Confectioner to make his own moulds; of *Works in Pasteboard*, *Gold and Silver Papers*, *Borders*, &c. &c.; and, to complete the whole, and render the Confectioner independent of every other Artist, the manner of ENGRAVING ON STEEL, and on WOOD, is fully explained.—Preface, pp. vi—viii.

When we add to this account of the contents, that the various processes (many of which are little known in England), are explained in very clear and idiomatic English, without the admixture of foreign words, which render some late pretended translations of French cookery books unintelligible; and that plates illustrate what the author supposes he has not been able to explain quite distinctly in words—our readers will be enabled to judge for themselves of the value of Mr. Jarrin's work. We ought to add, that the various *flavours* are exquisitely selected and combined in all the tablets, drops, prawlines, cedrats, compotes, &c. &c., and by a careful observance of Mr. Jarrin's precepts, drawn from his long practice, any one may now be qualified to spread our table, with

A perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no *crude surfeit* reigns.

This is the true secret of confectionery, in which the two lines quoted above, prove Milton's taste to have been as delicate as it evidently was in cookery. See "Paradise Lost," B. iv., and the Sonnet to Lawrence.

ART. XV. *Sketches in Ireland: descriptive of interesting and hitherto unnoticed Districts in the North and South.* 8vo. pp. 411. 10*s.* 6*d.* Dublin: William Curry & Co. 1827.

THE author of these "Sketches" would seem to have been drawn to the contemplation of Irish character and manners, by the force of that sort of

influence which, in chemistry, has obtained the name of "the attraction of repulsion." He has a predominating horror for Popery: priests are the emissaries of Satan, in his philosophy: and his Christian forbearance is really put to the test, when he comes to talk of Lough Dearg, and the abominations of St. Patrick's purgatory. He is a firm believer in the Rev. Mr. Pope, and whilst he rebukes the Catholics for holding the tenet of exclusive salvation, he, preposterously enough, would seek to reclaim them from the eternal guilt of being Christians in their own way. What sort of a performance we are to have from an artist of this school, it would not be difficult to predicate. Really, we never are to have done with these priests and their doings —they are inveterate, we must say, in raising ghosts as they do,—holy water and beads are still forthcoming; and truly may we exclaim in despair, that "miracles will never cease."

And yet there is a great deal of what is amusing—and, with reference to the political state of Ireland, much that is valuable in this work. The writer has visited two of the most remote and romantic districts in that kingdom, the counties of Donegal and Kerry: and he imparts to his descriptions of the natural scenery of those places, the warmth of a genuine feeling for its pleasures; certainly his sketches of character and manners, whilst they are sufficiently amusing in themselves, have all the merit of being perfectly true copies of national peculiarities. It is fair also, to state, that this writer, though he evinces a sort of natural antipathy to the Catholic form of worship, yet he is not disposed to overlook the vices of systems which may be said to be in competition with it: and wherever a landlord is to be blamed, his religion or his politics will not secure to him impunity from the condemnation of our author.

ART. XVI. *The Eventful Life of a Soldier, during the late War in Portugal, Spain, and France.* By a Serjeant of the —— Regiment of Infantry. 1 vol. 8vo. 7*s.* pp. 369. Edinburgh: William Tait. London: C. Tait. And Dublin: W. Curry & Co. 1827.

A SERJEANT has, undeniably, more and better opportunities than any other description of functionary connected with a regiment, of observing its constitution, of being acquainted with the administration of its internal affairs, and watching the effects of different modes of treatment on the men. The writer before us fortunately added to those facilities the advantage of a vigorous and cultivated mind. His testimony, therefore, and it is due to him to say, that a more bold and uncompromising witness of the truth we have seldom seen, approaches us with the strongest claims on our respectful attention.

One of the most striking features of this book is, the picture which it exhibits of the contrasted results of kindness and severity on the part of the officers.

Although the details of sieges and battles in this volume are highly interesting, not only in themselves, but as connected with the history of an ever-memorable war; yet it is simply for the valuable information which it supplies respecting military economy, and the hints for improvement in that important department, which are scattered through its pages, that we now recommend it to public attention.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

APPENDIX TO VOL. IV.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

ART. I. *Commedie di Alberto Nota.* 5 vols. 12mo. Firenze. 1826.

THE origin of Italian drama is involved in some obscurity. The first rude specimens of the art consisted of sacred performances, or *mysteries* relating to some event, or illustrating some of the promises of Revelation, and were acted in open places as early as the times of Dante. In these the sacred and the burlesque, the terrific and the absurd, were often profanely blended. From one of these *mysteries* the great father of Italian poetry has been supposed, by some, to have taken the first idea of his poem, which he styled the Divine Comedy. A drama on the subject of the visit of the Magi was performed at Milan towards the middle of the 14th century; and another at Florence, on the subject of Abraham and Isaac. These performances lasted several days, and were executed with much pomp and pageantry. Next appeared allegoric dramas, in which virtues and vices were personified, and in which angels and demons sung or recited parts.

Towards the end of the 15th century, ancient mythology was again brought upon the stage, in the shape of pastoral plays, in which nymphs and fauns, and other deities, sung and danced, dressed in rich costume, and surrounded by splendid scenery and decorations.

Poliziano's Orfeo, which was styled a *favola tragica*, was performed at Mantua in 1483. Trissino wrote his *Sofonisba*, which was the first regular Italian tragedy. Cardinal Bibbiena composed the first known comedy, *La Calandra*, in imitation of Plautus's plays, and it was performed at Rome in 1510. Machiavelli, Aretino, and Ariosto wrote comedies in prose and in verse. Grazzini invented a new sort of popular comedy, and his example was followed by Firenzuola, Gelli, Salviati, and other Florentine writers. In these, the wit and humour peculiar to their countrymen were, at *times, joined to licentious* expressions and allusions.

It appears, also, that Venice had its theatre long before Florence; several critics, among the rest Riccoboni and Denina, pretend that it was at Venice that Italian comedy had its origin; the last mentioned historian asserts, that Venice had comic performances previous to the age of Leo X., and he almost affirms the Venetian theatre to have been the earliest in modern Europe. It appears that the principal elements of the Venetian comedy were the *maschere*, which consisted then of harlequin, pantaloon, *dotton* and *brighelta*, each of whom spoke his respective dialect, and this was, probably, the beginning of that style of comedy, called *commedia dell'arte*, in opposition to classic comedy, or *commedia antica*, which afterwards became universally popular all over Italy. Venetian companies went to perform at the imperial court of Germany, in the reigns of Ferdinand I. and Maximilian II. But as the Venetian comedians used the dialect, and seemed solely intent to amuse their audience, without following any rules of composition, the literati of the rest of Italy took no notice of their labours; and the Tuscan or Florentine comedies, alone, of the 16th century have been handed down to us, and are known under the name of *commedie antiche*. The number of plays written in that age, amounted to several thousands.

At the beginning of the 17th century, this ancient style of comedy, which was modelled on the Greek and Latin dramatists, and was not remarkable for interest of plot or variety of incident, fell into neglect, and gave way to the *commedia dell'arte*, or burlesque comedy, more suitable to the national temper, and in which masked personages sustained an essential, and, to the audience, a most attractive part. Each of these personages was meant as a representative of the peculiar character, humour, and ridicule of the inhabitants of some Italian city or district; each had his peculiar dress and mask, and spoke the dialect of his native place. Besides those who performed the burlesque part of the play, there was a serious part, or plot, which was acted by the *amoroso* and his mistress, and supported by the *servette*, or waiting-maid; all of whom spoke Italian, and wore no masks. Thus the two actions, serious and burlesque, proceeded on, as it were, abreast, and the latter was a sort of parody of the former.

Such was the plan of the *commedia dell'arte*, a sort of drama peculiar to Italy, and which has been supposed to trace its origin from the Atellanæ of the ancient Romans. The author of the play only wrote a *scenario*, or a sketch of the different scenes and incidents, upon which each actor caught the idea of his part, and filled up his speeches extempore: hence the name of *commedie a sogetto*, by which they are also known.

It will occur to our readers, that this singular mode of composition, whilst it afforded great opportunities for the display of originality and talent in the performer, must have been open to great abuses and licentiousness. Goldoni perceived this; and impelled

by a natural sense of order and propriety, he undertook and effected a great change in Italian comedy. He put down the impromptu comedies, and substituted for them regular-written plays. In his Teatro Comico, he states the faults and abuses of the former practice with great fairness. However, Goldoni retained the principal masks in many of his plays; but he wrote down their parts in their respective dialects. He has made rather free with the unities, especially with that of place. Those of his plays which are written in the Venetian dialect, have more vivacity and humour than his Italian comedies. However, some of the latter are possessed also of considerable interest. His Italian is far from being pure; his phraseology is often vulgar: but he has, on the other side, abstained from indecency and scurrility. Goldoni wrote much, and hastily; he has, however, been the founder of modern Italian comedy, which is sometimes distinguished by the name of *Goldoniana*. He stands, by the common consent of three generations of his countrymen, on the summit of Italian theatrical fame; his reputation has maintained itself in the midst of all vicissitudes; he is to the Italians what Moliere is to the French.

Carlo Gozzi, a cotemporary and countryman of Goldoni, an eccentric, but truly original genius, thought that the change Goldoni was working in the Italian drama, would prove detrimental to its spirit and interest, and would entail hereditary dullness on the stage. He endeavoured to oppose it by all the arms of ridicule, and of roused national feeling. His temper was violent; his disposition satirical; and he brought on himself a sea of troubles. He succeeded to uphold, for a time, *le commedie dell'arte*; but they fell, after him, never to rise again.

Gozzi wrote many allegorical and satirical plays, in which he introduced fairies, sorcerers, and all their supernatural machinery, in furtherance of his favourite object, of ridiculing Goldoni and his regular plays and Martellian verse. Gozzi's plays were translated into German: Schiller himself employed his pen in the task, and German professors in the university of Halle, expounded them to their pupils. Considerable resemblance may be traced between Gozzi's plays and those of Aristophanes, in the nature of their machinery, as well as in the temper in which they were written.

Gozzi was not, perhaps, altogether wrong in deploring the banishment of the *commedie dell'arte*. The latter, under proper management, might have been preserved and improved. The *buffo*, or burlesque, is, after all, the real spirit of Italian comedy. Even in the melo-drama, the *opera buffa* proves in general to be much superior in attraction to the stately *opera seria*, of which, bating a few ariettas, nothing is, in our humble opinion, more soporific.

Goldoni's successors and imitators did not all inherit the natural talent, the felicity of style, and the flow of ideas, of which, undoubtedly, he was possessed. A set of imitators of French and German literature introduced on the Italian stage the lachrymose

and elegiac style—the style of domestic tragedy, which, in the absence of real passion, and real grief, served to excite the tears of romantic and love-sick damsels, and was applauded by idle young men, who mistook vanity and egotism for philosophy; foreign manners and maxims for real feeling; and pompous rhapsodies for moral precepts. The contrast between this display of cheap morality and of morbid sentimentality, and the well known conduct of both performers and spectators, removed *toto cælo* from either Platonic or chivalresque models, bore a lamentable, and, at the same time, ludicrous, evidence of the evils of affectation and servile imitation; and will strike, even now, occasionally, the reflecting spectator in some of the Italian theatres.

The political storms which broke out towards the close of the last century, and the real calamities which then befell every Italian state, acted as a powerful corrective on the distempered taste for fictitious woe. A healthier and more natural impulse was given; and a few really clever writers arose, who supported, in some measure, the character of the Italian comedy. Plays, describing actual characters and incidents, and ridiculing or exposing the prevalent failings of the times, were written in natural style and good language, and were well received by the public.

Italy could not, from her political condition, have satirical or political comedies after the manner of the ancient Greeks, in which the great interests of state were discussed under the veil of allegory; comedy, therefore, was obliged to confine itself to the domestic circle. However, in exposing the views of various classes and individuals, it often brought under its lash the abuse of power: especially of delegate power, the most oppressive of all. This has been done in several plays of De Rossi, Capacelli, and Federici. The latter dramatist, a man of considerable skill, who wrote towards the end of the last century, became very popular by his severe censure of the injustices and irregularities of the high and the powerful, in which he spared no rank or condition. But these *pieces de circonstance*, as the French would call them, passed away with the times to which they referred; and they were laid aside the sooner, as they were defective in their plot and style.

Among those who have contributed, and still contribute in the present day, to improve and strengthen the Italian comic drama, is Alberto Nota, the writer whose name is prefixed to this article. A Genoese by birth, and bred to the profession of the law, he has for several years past employed himself in writing comedies for the Italian stage; in which, although he may be considered as being of the Goldonian school, he has however imparted a reality to the sentiments, novelty to the situations, and has brought forth occasional bursts of natural feeling, which have acquired him the reputation of being the first dramatist of the day. Nota has pourtrayed classes, rather than individuals; but some of those classes he has painted with great fidelity and spirit, and with a deep

knowledge of the human heart; and what is not a little to his praise, in the most unexceptionable language.

The evils of a country like Italy do not all proceed from the rulers, as some are apt to persuade themselves, for the sake of saving themselves the labour of investigation. One of the great sources of unhappiness, immorality and guilt, in Italy, has been for ages past the culpable excess to which gallantry (so misnamed) is carried, and the unpardonable liberties which are taken with the marriage state, in opposition to the feelings of human nature, and to the principles of justice and of religion. The looseness of the marriage tie; the arts of coquetry, to which many young women are trained up, by those who ought to give them better examples; the vanity of parents in disposing of their daughter's hand and happiness, and the domestic dissensions, the dissipation of fortunes, the scandal, the sins and crimes which spring from all the above causes; these form the canker which preys on the vitals of Italian society, and which prevents its members from rising to the full dignity of men. How can a man, who allows his wife to be openly courted by a set of idle or dissolute characters, and to appear in public places under the protection of a forward admirer, while he, the husband, is courting as openly another man's wife; how can such a man presume to improve the condition of his countrymen, who cannot reform his own family? We know, however, and with pleasure assert it, that the evil just complained of has been for some time abating; but yet it is undeniable that it still exists to a baneful extent in most Italian cities. Of course, the rulers ought to give the example of regularity in this, as in other respects. Some of the Italian courts are known to be extremely correct in their domestic habits and conduct; but perhaps they do not discourage the opposite propensity, among the patricians and their own dependants.

For the laudable object of correcting this evil, writers can do much; and here they have a subject upon which they can exert their pens freely, without fear of the *censure*. Some of them may perhaps disdain such a homely topic: Nota has however exposed, in several, and the best among his plays, the various vices, and their results, which spring from one source; *i. e.*, want of proper steady principle in females. In his play, entitled '*I primi passi al mal Costume*,' he describes a young lady of natural good feelings, married to a man she loves, but who, seduced by the dangerous example and imprudent freedom of general society, by the evil advice of an intriguing maid, and by the arts of a dissolute young officer, admits the latter to her intimate society, bestows on him her portrait, gives him assignations, and thus proceeds step by step towards inevitable ruin; from which she is only saved by the cool sense and judicious interference of her husband, who, taking her to a masked ball, in a dress different from that in which she had promised the officer to accompany him, gives her the opportunity

of ascertaining with her own ears the profligate sentiments of the man, for whom she had put in jeopardy her character, and risked her honour; and whom now she hears boasting with his associates of his conquests, among which she is already numbered.

In his 'Donna Ambiziosa,' Nota has described a woman of inferior extraction, but vain and ambitious, married to a man of weak character, who becomes the humble slave of her caprices; she persuades him to give up a profitable business, in which he has realized his property, and to set up as a man of independent fortune. She aspires to obtaining a title for him, by making friends at court; and for this purpose she intrigues with several of the local authorities, and she even induces her husband to accommodate one of them, a receiver-general, with a considerable sum, to fill up a deficit in the revenue chest. She also persuades her husband to bestow his only daughter on a profligate nobleman, in preference to an honest young man, to whom she is attached. The result of all her intrigues is, that she ruins her husband, exposes herself, is forsaken by her pretended friends, and is at last saved from utter destruction by the timely assistance of a brother, who had been from home since a boy and was considered as lost, but who re-appears now with the rank of a general. Such characters as the 'ambitious woman' were not uncommon in the petty Italian states, and are not perhaps even now altogether extinct. Women are known to have borne a great share of the odium attached to the disastrous political measures of the late Italian wars and revolutions.

In another play, '*La Lusinghiera*,' Giulia, the heroine, is a sprightly young widow from Perugia, a papal city, renowned for its classical lake, its rich territory, its fat cattle, its idle aristocracy, buxom dames, and thriving convents. In an inland town of this sort, the wealthy landed proprietors, having no scope for exertion, and little opportunity or wish for acquiring information, either sink into grovelling pleasures, or resort to the dangerous pastimes of play and gallantry. The fair Giulia, in her widow's weeds, had already attracted a host of admirers in her native town; but apparently not satisfied with the extent of her conquests, she has undertaken a journey to Rome, in quest of fresh incense and fresh adoration. She prevails on her uncle, Don Ambrogello, a talkative, unsuspecting old batchelor, to afford her his protection; a task, of the difficulties of which the good-natured man is not at first aware. They have hardly been, however, a few days in the metropolis, when the newly arrived beauty finds herself besieged by no less than four gallants. Three of these are well-drawn caricatures, each of a particular cast; a pedantic *cruscante*, a Frenchified young dandy, and a coarse vulgar upstart, who has purchased the title of count, and talks in the same breath of his love for Giulia, and of the great bargains he is making by some speculations in corn. The fourth admirer, Edward, is really attached to Giulia, and has followed her from Perugia; and she, were she left to the

impulse of her own heart, would return his affection. But her mind is inflated with vanity, her temper is capricious and imperious; she dreams of nothing but fresh conquests, and fresh victims, whom she thinks of discarding also, after a time, to make room for others, little caring for their feelings or peace of mind. And in truth, with most of her lovers, she need not give herself much trouble on the latter score, as they are just as devoid of feeling, and as impenetrable to passion, as she herself is. But the case is different with regard to poor Edward, whose wretched fate or weakness it is, to be desperately in love with this jilt. She had promised him, that on leaving her native town, she would discard all her flatterers, and reward at last his constancy by bestowing her hand on him. But nothing is farther from her real intentions. The nature of these she discloses in a scene with her maid, Lisa, her trusty confidante, who is herself almost startled by the heartlessness and duplicity of her mistress. We shall give one extract, as a specimen of Nota's style of dialogue. Lisa has just brought in some letters from the Perugian admirers of her mistress. Giulia reads them one after the other, with inward triumph, but with apparent carelessness; and comments upon each, as follows:

'"Poor Count Alphonso says he cannot live long unless he sees me return. Were he as pleasing to me as I have appeared agreeable to him.. but he is dull, captious and obstinate, and *we* want men docile and pliant. The Marquis Auriga says that he sighs, he droops, he dies for me. Poor man! and I do not even think of him. The Chevalier Ulderico....let us peruse his epistle: '*Mudam, I cannot bear my life far from you, moments appear to me like ages, day and night you are present to my thoughts, but a cruel jealousy torments me,' &c. &c.* Poor madman! I don't dislike him, but he always repeats the same phrases, and does not perceive that this continual repetition will at last become wearisome. I must, however, answer the two I care most about."

'*Lisa.*—"Pardon me, but you have not yet perused Edward's note of this morning."

'*Giulia.*—"Oh yes! I shall read it....did he call betimes this morning?"

'*Lisa.*—"He did, but Pasquali told me that he went away again with his brother."

'*Giulia.*—"Oh, he will soon come back."

'*Lisa.*—"Truly I don't know, he seems tired out, he looks very much altered."

'*Giulia.*—"But! this is nothing: meantime I shall write to Perugia, as this afternoon I am expecting visits. You have seen then the Chevalier Giraldino? always gay, always lively:"

'*Lisa.*—"He is also to come to-day."

'*Giulia.*—"I like that young man very much. He has travelled, has been at Paris, speaks elegantly, has a smattering of every thing, and is a very pink of politeness."

'*Lisa.*—"Thanks to fate, we may then begin to think of bridals."

'*Giulia.*—"Bridals! no indeed! he who will pass tolerably well for a *cavalier servente*, will not suit me for a husband; and all that politeness, all

those elegancies and pleasing follies in which the Chevalier excels, would be nothing but intolerable affectation in a husband, of which I should grow tired in a month."

'*Lisa.*—" He, however, and many more besides, entertain hopes."....

'*Giulia.*—" And I shall not drive them away. Such is my pleasure, to see one sighing, the other languishing, a third fearing, a fourth despairing."

'*Lisa.*—" But poor Edward."....

'*Giulia.*—" You pity him, I see."

'*Lisa.*—" He loves you."

'*Giulia.*—" He loves me rather too much, and this tires me."

'*Lisa.*—" Indeed, Madam, now I don't understand you: I never heard before a woman complain of too much tenderness in an admirer."

'*Giulia.*—" Poor simpleton! because they would not tell you all the truth. But believe me, that singleness of heart which never furnishes a pretence for a fit of jealousy, for a moment of suspicion; that assiduous courtship, that dull sameness, which eternally repeats to you that which you know by heart; that remaining for hours fixed to a chair in the drawing-room—oh! these are truly tiresome."

'*Lisa.*—" Then I see that you have not decided yet among so many."

'*Giulia.*—" Not yet, I have not yet found one who could induce me to decide."

'*Lisa.*—" You ought at least to undeceive poor Edward; that young man is going mad for you."

'*Giulia.*—" Not I indeed, the others may perhaps grow tired at last, but Edward will always remain faithful to me."

'*Lisa.*—" And for his reward?...."

'*Giulia.*—" Listen, that you may form a better opinion of me. If within a twelvemonth I don't find another person to my taste, I shall then think of rewarding Edward's constancy."

'*Lisa.*—" Meantime he must suffer."

'*Giulia.*—" He himself sought his chains, let him bear them now; many others are in the same predicament. Thus I avenge so many poor women who blindly believe the fine promises of their lovers, and waste afterwards in sighs and tears the best days of their lives."

'*Lisa.*—" If you have no commands for me at present, I am going to pay my respects to a gentleman from Bologna, in whose family I served for three years, and who, I understand, has just arrived in this hotel."

'*Giulia.*—" Do as you please, but be quick."

'*Lisa.*—" Yes Madam."

'*Giulia.*—" Hear! who is this gentleman?"

'*Lisa.*—" The Marquis Rodrigo Argellati."

'*Giulia.*—" Is he young."

'*Lisa.*—" He is young, of a noble and wealthy family, and an only son."

'*Giulia.*—" You mentioned his name to me once before."

'*Lisa.*—" Two years ago he was accounted the most accomplished and amiable nobleman in Bologna."

'*Giulia.*—" I believe it all."

'*Lisa.*—" If by chance, he should wish to be introduced to you."

'*Giulia.*—" Not now, I have too many already about me."

'*Lisa.*—" I crave your pardon, Madam."

'*Giulia.*—"However....if he were to shew great desire, if he were really in earnest, you will tell me of it, and we shall see."

'*Lisa.*—"I understand you perfectly, Madam." (*Aside.* I know already that she wishes for nothing better than to make his acquaintance).

ACT. 1. SC. XV.

Such characters as Giulia's are by no means very rare in some of the finest countries in Europe, and among some of the fairest of its daughters. It is lamentable to see beauty, natural perspicacity, grace, accomplishments, and talents, the best gifts of nature, thus misused. The sequel of Giulia's story is, that this same Marquis Rodrigo, with whom she soon gets acquainted, and whom she hopes to captivate also, being a man of experience, soon sees through her arts, and becomes the means of undeceiving poor Edward, and of exposing Giulia's duplicity, before her admirers and her uncle. Giulia, overwhelmed with confusion, sets off precipitately from Rome, promising that she will profit by the severe lesson she has just received.

The following are some of the titles of Nota's other plays:—'Il Progettista,' 'Il Filosofo Celibe,' 'La Pace Domestica,' 'I Litiganti,' 'Il Nuovo Ricco.' They have been acted repeatedly, and with full success, on the different Italian stages, at Naples, Milan, and Turin. The collection of his plays has already gone through several editions, and he is still writing to increase it.

We may observe here, *en passant*, that the Italians place the interest of a play, chiefly in the vivacity and spirit of the dialogue, and in the natural imitation of manners, joined to the well-kept unity of the action, rather than in the variety and combination of the incidents. They say, that theatrical imitation is like imitation in painting; that in both, the parts ought to be subservient to the effect of the whole; and that in every dramatic composition, there ought to be a principal character always kept in view, to display which the incidents should principally serve, and the dramatis personæ ought to have all an intimate connexion with, and reference to, this principal subject. This unity of action, this gradual harmony of perspective, appears to be deeply rooted in the minds and taste of the Italians, perhaps from the classic elements of their national character and literature; perhaps, also, from the genius of their tongue, to which we have alluded in a former article*. They will sooner or later give up the unities of time and place, but they will preserve the unity of subject. Romanticism, with them, will be always tempered by classicism; we mean, in regular composition. In one thing, however, and that is in their fondness for the farcical, or buffo, the Italians are inclined to break through all rules, and to indulge their boisterous mirth, which breaks out in sudden bursts, from under the general gravity and thoughtfulness of their character. This is shewn by their excellent *berneschi*, or mock-

* See article on Manzoni, vol. iii. of the M. R., p. 484.

heroic poems; by their *cicalate*, or burlesque dissertations; and by their *farse*, which form the great attraction of the minor theatres of their principal cities, and in which one or two of the masks, or provincial clowns, generally act a part.

Besides true comedy, which is the same that the French call *haute comedie*; and the *farsa*, of which we have just spoken, the Italians distinguish a third class, viz., the *drama*, which includes the serious and didactic, and the sentimental dramas. Of this sort are many of Nota's, and of Count Giraud's plays *. The latter writer, a native, we believe, of Rome, but of French extraction, is, next to Nota, the most popular dramatist of Italy now living. Professor Barbieri, of Milan, is also a dramatic writer of some reputation; he has published a collection of plays, some of his own composition, and others from the various dramatists already mentioned, besides translations from the French, German, and English. Among the latter we find *La Scuola Della Maldicenza*, translated from Sheridan's original, by Countess Locatelli. Barbieri's collection is styled; *Nuova Raccolta Teatrale, o sia repertorio scelto ad uso dei Teatri Italiani.*

Art. II. *Hellenische Altersthumskunde aus dem Geseihtspunste des Staates; von Wilhelm Wachsmuth. Erster Theil.* 1 vol. 8vo. Halle. Black & Young: London. 1826.

In a country, where classical education is so general as in ours, few persons are to be found totally unacquainted with the leading features of Grecian history, manners, and religion. Indeed, till of late years, Greece and her mighty Western sister exercised an undue influence on the minds and reasonings of modern Europe; they were looked up to as models on every subject, they were considered as having attained the very pinnacle of human perfection. The wisdom of the ancients was proverbial, in politics, in arms, and in arts; they were esteemed to have arrived at a degree of eminence which modern times might copy, but could never hope to surpass. The political writers of Europe eulogised the institutions of antiquity, (which term was appropriated to Greece and Rome, par excellence); moralists justified every assertion by the authority of the ancients, and poets extolled to the skies the virtues, the happiness, the genius, the liberty, the every thing of ancient Greece and Italy; and philologists finally assured us, that their languages had arrived to a degree of philosophical precision, power, and beauty, not to be hoped for in the barbarous dialects, bastards of the Latin or descendants of the rude Teutonic, to the use of which we, born in these degenerate days, are condemned.

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* Commedie del Conte Giraud, 6 vol. 12mo. Firenze. 1825. Teatro domestico per istruzione della gioventù. 2 vol. 12mo. *ibid.*

But, of late years, other ideas have begun to prevail on these subjects. Philosophy has here, as well as every where else, diffused her steady light, which pierces through even the densest shades of antiquity, and reveals the true forms of things. We can now look on the Greeks and Romans of old without being dazzled, and we can see that they boast no pre-eminence over the gallant descendants of the Teutonics, who trampled down the pride of Rome, and who impressed on their race a noble and generous character, which, perfected by the influence of a religion so immeasurably superior to the polytheism of Greece, has given birth to institutions as far superior to the boasted ones of Greece, as the might of a region hardly known to her even by name, in her days of glory, is superior to the collective power of all the republics contained within the circuit of ancient Hellas. If we still name with respect Plato, Aristotle, and Archimedes, we fear not to oppose to them Bacon, Newton, Leibnitz, and a crowd of others. Athenian eloquence is still admired; yet, perhaps, modern times have not fallen so short of it as many may fancy. Homer seems, by prescription, to retain his seat on the summit of Parnassus; yet nothing but classic prejudice will, we apprehend, assert that he was a greater poet than Dante, Shakspeare, or, perhaps, Milton. Finally, we will assert that, as writers of fictitious narrative, ancient times never produced any rival to Fielding, Le Sage, or Walter Scott.

In Grecian antiquities, the present work is the first of its kind. On urns and instruments, games, sacrifices, and matters of that sort, we had abundance in the works of Meursius and Potter, and many others, not to mention all that has been stolen from Athenæus and Aristophanes, and served up to us in periodicals. But the antiquities of Greece, regarded from a definite point of view; the continuity and connection of her civil and political relations; the picture of her geographical position, of her people, of her general and particular constitutions, in union or opposed: all this combined in one work, was a desideratum.

This desideratum, Mr. Wachsmuth, professor of history in the University of Leipzig, a gentleman already well known by his writings, has undertaken to supply, in the present work, called "Hellenic Antiquities, in a Political Point of View." Of this production, we have now before us the first division of the first part, containing the constitutions and the external political relations of the Hellenic states, till the time of the Persian wars.

In noticing the different forms of government, and systems of laws, he dwells particularly on those of the two leading states, Athens and Sparta; and in the last section, enters into a discussion of the Tyrannes, their various degrees and influence on the people, and their fall.

From this very slight sketch of Mr. Wachsmuth's work, the reader will be enabled to form some idea of its worth. Such per-

formances are particularly to be prized at this moment, when a spirit of general philosophy is so prevalent, and universal principles are applied to the history and institutions of all countries, of both ancient and modern times. We hope that Mr. Wachsmuth's work, when completed, will not long want an English translator.

ART. III. *Le Globe Journal Philosophique et Litteraire.* Paris. 1827. Sautelet. London, at the General Foreign Agency Office, 38, Norfolk Street, Strand; and Treuttel & Würtz.

THE state of the periodical press in France is so little known in this country, that we think our readers will be glad to receive some information concerning it, which we have collected from authentic sources. The journals published in Paris, may be divided into two classes. Some of them treat principally of politics, and the others are especially devoted to the sciences, fine arts, and the belles-lettres. The latter class of journals has acquired in France a prodigious augmentation since the peace. Although almost totally unknown before the Revolution, they stepped in to satisfy the wants of the age, and to register the imposing mass of truths that has been acquired during the last thirty years. Each science has now its particular journal in France; and merely to make them known, would be to trace the tree of human knowledge.

NATURAL SCIENCES.

1. *Annales des Sciénces Naturelles.* (Monthly).
2. *Mémoires du Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle* (do.).
3. *Annales de la Société Linnéenne.* (Every two months).
4. *Bulletin de Flore.* (Monthly).
5. *Annales des Mines.* (Every two months).

The *Annales des Sciences Naturelles,* conducted since the year 1824, by Messrs. Audoin, Ad. Brongniard, and Dumas, is one of the most important scientific repositories that are at present published in France. When we say that the three volumes of the last year contained 51 memorials, or notices, on anatomy, animal physiology, and zoology; 30 on vegetable physiology and botany; 35 on mineralogy and geology; 6 on different subjects; making altogether 122 articles; and that in the number of the corresponding contributors to the Annales, we find the names of Messrs. Cuvier, Humboldt, Vanquebois, and other disinterested writers, the reader may form some idea of the intellectual wealth which this repository offers to the consideration of the learned, and to the curiosity of men of the world. It embraces all the branches of natural history, and exhibits a collection of the most important observations concerning them. The other periodicals above enumerated, are also eminently deserving of the attention of the learned; particularly, *Les Annales des Mines,* which is perhaps one of the most scientific of the periodical publications published in Europe.

AGRICULTURE.

1. *Annales de l'Agriculture Française* (monthly).
2. *Annales Européennes de la Fructification de la France* (do.).
3. *Bibliotheque Physico Economique* (do.).

These publications bear a strong resemblance to the Farmer's and Gardener's magazines, both published in London, quarterly. The *Bibliotheque Physico Economique* is certainly inferior to them, and this journal frequently contains advice which no experiment has ever justified. It moreover recommends innovations which will lead the cultivator astray, and sometimes states facts that are not easily to be credited. Thus the editor of this periodical publication recommends the use of *paragreles*, with all the zeal of conviction, although the most skilful natural philosophers in Europe express their doubts as to the efficacy of this discovery. He likewise maintains, that in the Department of Voges the winter is as rigorous as in Siberia, an assertion that is against all experience. It is, besides, a soil on which fruit-trees grow, and being elevated above the level of the sea not much more than Geneva, it can hardly be with justice compared to the soil of Tobolskow or Berezowk. But if this repository is inferior in merit to the Farmer's and Gardener's magazines, the latter in their turn are far beneath *Les Annales Européenes et de l'Agriculture Française*. The first of these publications is less theoretical than practical, and embraces, along with the most interesting phenomena which display themselves in the physical world, the regeneration of vegetable nature, the climates and the seasons, the multiplication of animals and birds, the repeopling of the waters by new fishes: in short, every thing that constitutes the solid resources which secure the life, strength, and grandeur of nations. The second is more theoretical than practical, and collects all the knowledge acquired in agriculture. The memoirs which it contains are not devoted exclusively to new materials, as the old methods are discussed in it: the well-grounded theories are subjected to a new scrutiny, and all the agricultural knowledge is exactly criticised, and reduced to the standard of perfection.

PHYSICAL AND CHEMICAL SCIENCES.

1. *Annales de Chimie et de Physique* (monthly).
2. *Bulletin de la Societe Philomatique* (do.).

The *Annales de Chimie et de Physique*, received their birth from modern chemistry, and have been associated with its progress and its glory. It was to this journal that *Lavoisier*, *Guzton*, *Morveau*, *Monge*, *Fourcroy*, and *Bertholet*, addressed their first discoveries; and it is still in it, that in our own days, the worthy successors of those illustrious men preserve the fruits of their labours. The 'Annales' are under the direction of Messrs. *Gay-Lussac* and *Arago*; they frequently contain articles from Messss. Vauquelin, Chevreul, Du Long, and translations of the memoirs of learned foreigners.

MEDICAL SCIENCES.

1. *Annales de la Médecine Physiologique* (monthly).
2. *Archives Générales de Médecine* (do.).
3. *Bulletin de la Société Médicale d'Emulation* (do.).
4. *Bulletin des Travaux du Cercle Médical* (do.).
5. *Cours sur les Généralités de la Médecine Pratique* (every two months).
6. *Gazette de Santé* (three times a month).
7. *Journal des Progres des Sciences et des Institutions Médicales* (every two months).
8. *Journal Clinique* (quarterly).
9. *Journal Complementaire du Dictionaire des Sciences Médicales* (monthly).
10. *Journal de Chimie Médicale de Pharmacie et de Toxilogie* (do.).
11. *Journal de Médecine Vétérinaire* (do.).
12. *Journal de Pharmacie* (do.).
13. *Journal de Physiologie Experimentale* (quarterly).
14. *Journal Général de Médecine Française et Etrangère* (monthly).
15. *Journal Pratique de Médecine Vétérinaire* (do.).
16. *Journal Universel des Sciences Médicales* (do.).
17. *Nouvelle Bibliothéque Médicale* (do.).
18. *Nouvelle Hygie* (twice a week).
19. *Repertoire Général d'Anatomie, de Physiologie Pathologique, et de Clinique Chirurgicale* (quarterly.)
20. *Revue Médicale Français et Etrangere* (monthly.)

The medical journals published in Paris, present precisely double the number of those printed in London. Some of them, such as, *The Revue Médicale Française et Etrangere*, and the London Medical and Physical Journal; *L'Hygie*, and the Medical Adviser; The Medical Gazette of Health, and *La Gazette de Santé;* present several points of resemblance: but a much greater number of the French repertoires are of a different nature from those published in this country. We may mention for example, the excellent 'Journal de Pharmacie,' the 'Journal de Médecine Vétérinaire,' that of 'Physiologie Expérimentale et Pathologique,' and 'L'Hermès,' in which the doctrine of animal magnetism is maintained, if not with reason and argument, at least with ingenuity and talent.

Moreover, almost all the medical journals that are published in Paris, are, with respect to doctrines, the expression of the labours of a single anatomical, physiological, and pathological school; a school entirely modern, and entirely French. The only one among them which is truly personal, if we may so distinguish them, is the journal of Dr. Broussais, entitled 'Annales de la Medicine Physiologique.' All the other journals confine themselves to an accumulation of facts, which, however, would rather be an advantage than otherwise, if these facts had not been all collected and recorded in one single direction.

A new journal has lately been commenced, under the title of

'Journal du Progrèss des Sciences et Institutions Médicales en Europe et en Amerique,' which proposes to publish all the labours operated in medicine in all parts of the civilized world.

THE MATHEMATICAL SCIENCES.

Annales de Mathematiques pures et Appliquees (monthly).

This excellent repository, which is conducted by Mr. Gergonne, Professor of the Faculty at Montpellier, will soon reach the seventeenth year of its existence. The success that has attended it, is highly honourable to France, and proves that we are no longer at the period, in which Duclos called the Frenchmen 'the children of Europe;' nor at that, in which Raynal compared the French to "a nation of women." The Frenchman of the eighteenth century, who was gay, flighty, pleasant, and frivolous, is not the Frenchman of the present day. Forty years of vicissitudes, revolutions, and political reactions, have contributed to mature his mind and character; and though he does not now enjoy the monopoly of frivolities, he has entered fully into the boundless career of industry. At the present moment, the physical and mathematical sciences are more eagerly cultivated by Frenchmen, than literature and the fine arts. Mathematical learning, especially, has made great progress in France; and the intellectual power acquired by these studies, presents a consoling prospect to the friends of liberty.

THE INDUSTRIOUS ARTS.

1. *Annales de l'Industrie Nationale et Etrangere* (monthly).
2. *Annales des Arts et Manufactures* (do.).
3. *L'Industriel* (do.).
4. *Le Flambeau* (do.).
5. *Journal Hebdomadaire des Arts et Metiers de l'Angleterre* (weekly).
6. *Feuille Hebdomadaire des Arts et Metiers* (do.).
7. *Bulletin de la Societé d'Encouragement* (monthly).

The character and great utility of these journals, may be collected from their titles.

'Our aim, says Mr. Christian, the learned editor of 'L'Industriel,' is to introduce the light of science into the establishments of industry, to cause practical operations to approximate to theoretical principles, to watch and attend the march and progress of the arts, and even to contemplate the attempts that are made to accelerate their motion.

'After the example of our neighbours beyond the sea, says M. Lenormand, the editor of Les Annales de l'Industrie Nationale et etrangere, we are sensible that all the artists who are engaged in the different branches of national industry, would derive great advantage from the discoveries made every day by the learned men who investigate and promote the application of science to the industrious arts, if the description and the results of these discoveries were exhibited in simple language, and expressions suitably adapted to their capacity. The tendency of our efforts will be to disseminate in the

workshops of the manufacturers, in the fields of the husbandmen, and in the counting-houses of merchants, those elements of science which are indispensible to them, in order to direct their labours with economy, and to execute them with more perfection and dispatch.'

On every occasion, when there is an exhibition at Paris, of the productions of French industry, the authors of the latter work, the publication of which commenced in 1820, make a complete description of them, according to the technological order, pointed out in a prospectus drawn up with great perspicuity. The species of industry exerted by each exhibitor, the history of his establishment, and the progress he has made in his art, a comparison with similar productions of foreign industry, the extent of the fabrics, the sales and exports, the honourable recompense obtained by the manufacturer; all these form the matter of this very valuable journal.

The 'Annales des Arts et Manufactures,' bear a great similarity to our own 'Repository of Patents and Inventions.' The 'Journal Hebdomadaire,' was received at its commencement in France with great favour, as it attempted to gratify a wish generally felt, of introducing a knowledge of the state and progress of the arts and trade of England. But as it was conducted by a political writer, instead of a man of science, it was, of course, full of gross errors, in the description which it gave of British industry. It has been replaced within a few months, by the 'Feuille Hebdomadaire,' which has met with some success. The 'Bulletin de la Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie,' which has been published now twenty-four years, is reputed to be the best repository devoted to the arts in France. Each article of it is a regular report, made in the name of a committee, composed of competent judges; the matter submitted for investigation is carefully described, and if the explanation of it requires any drawings, they are sure to be correct. Matters of mediocrity receive no compliment in this bulletin; and nothing of an inferior quality is admitted into it, unless to be censured and condemned. The 'Flambeau,' is not worth notice.

THE MILITARY SCIENCES.

1. *Journal Militaire* (monthly).
2. *Journal des Sciences Militaires* (do.).
3. *Le Spectateur Militaire* (do.).

It is to military men alone that these compilations are addressed, which are devoted to the science of strategy. The 'Journal Militaire,' which was begun in 1790, is solely occupied by the laws, decrees, instructions, and circulars relating to the national forces by sea and land. It is the only journal in which the military corps can find the documents necessary to their administration. The Minister of War makes a stoppage of fifteen francs a year, from general officers and commanders of corps, and supplies them

with this compilation in return, which has an unlimited number of pages, that depend entirely on the fertility of the minister's brain. From that fertility the 'Journal Militaire' is now supplied, in time of peace, with a number of pages far more considerable than in the time of war, under the sway of Napoleon.

The 'Journal Militaire,' is principally devoted to furnishing instruction on matters of administration, or military police. The 'Journal des Sciences Militaires,' and the 'Spectateur Militaire,' do not, however, neglect this branch of the service; but they are more full and diffuse on those points which elucidate the principles that contribute most essentially to the success of military operations. With this view, the different *arms*, their division into regiments, battalions and companies; their various organizations, exercises, manœuvres, marches, encampments, engagements, sieges, fortifications, reconnoissances, passages of rivers, debarkations and stratagems; the military *hygieia*, the police of the army, the interior regimen of corps, are the principal matters discussed in these two depositories. But the first of them, which is under the direction of general de Vaudoncourt, devotes more pages to the subject of fortification, artillery, and topography; and sometimes diverges into other matters, such as the project of uniting the two oceans by a canal acrose the isthmus of Panama, and other points which are foreign to his plan. The second, on the contrary, is engaged more at large with the legislation and administration of armies. The 'Journal des Sciences Militaires,' is, therefore, the proper journal for the engineering officer, the geographical engineer, and the officer of artillery. The 'Spectateur,' is principally addressed to the infantry, as well as the cavalry officers, who, in both these branches, will find in the articles supplied by generals Lamarque, Fririon, Gourgaud, Pelet, and colonels Bory, St. Vincent, and Marbot, the most useful instruction, as well as a mass of reading both entertaining and select.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SCIENCES.

1. *Journal des Voyages* (monthly).
2. *Nouvelles Annales des Voyages* (do.).
3. *Bulletin de la Société de Géographie* (do.).

The passion for travelling, and reading books of voyages and travels, is more ardent and universal in England than in any other country; and it is in consequence of this spirit, that no nation has contributed so powerfully to the promotion and progress of the geographical sciences, nor has produced so numerous a collection of books of travels in remote and unknown parts of the world. An Englishman talks in as familiar a style of going to the East or West Indies, as a Parisian would of going to St. Cloud; and traverses the Atlantic with less fear than a Frenchman feels at a trip across the Straits of Dover. Yet, strange to tell! Paris possesses a Geo-

graphical Society, composed of more than 500 members; it has, besides, a *Georama* in the number of its public monuments, and three journals devoted exclusively to geography and voyages; whereas, in London, the resort of the most renowned navigators, the centre of the commerce of the world, a metropolis abounding in men of science, there is but one geographical miscellany, *The Sailor's Magazine;* nor is there any society especially established for the promotion of the science. It has nothing at all like the *Georama*, an immense sphere of 40 feet diameter, which represents our globe.

THE COMMERCIAL SCIENCES.

1. *Le Guide du Commerce* (daily).
2. *Prix Courant* (do.).
3. *L'Echo de la Halle aux Bles de Paris* (twice a week).
4. *Cours de la Banque et de la Bourse* (daily).
5. *Bulletin des Capitalistes* (do.).
6. *La France Commerciale* (do.).
7. *Mercure Commercial* (twice a week).

The first of these journals gives a daily list of the ships that load and unload in the ports of France, as well as in foreign sea-ports; it describes the nature of their cargoes, their destination, the names of their proprietors, consignees, captains, the names of the passengers on board, &c. The second and third contain the price current of wholesale merchandise, quoted as authority by the mercantile brokers of Paris. The fourth states the prices of the public securities, the exchanges, the rates of exchange for Paris, London, and Amsterdam, and the prices of the shares of the most important joint stock companies. *The Bulletin des Capitalistes*, has for its object, to fix the state of opinion on the degree of public or private utility, on the good or bad administration of affairs, and on the real or fictitious security presented by all the financial, agricultural, and industrious enterprises that take place in France. *La France Commerciale* is occupied with the internal and external commerce of that kingdom; and the *Mercure* treats of the state of manufactures and fabrics.

Bulletin Universel des Sciences et de l'Industrie (annual).

This miscellany, which is published under the direction of M. le Baron de Ferussac, treats of all those matters in general, which the former journals discuss in detail. All the sciences, however, are not, strictly speaking, treated of in this journal; and those that are handled in it, are far from being discussed with that superiority of talent which characterises the Annales de Chemie de Mines de Mathematiques et des Voyages. But we have already overstepped the limits which we have assigned to this subject in the present number. We shall resume it, however, without delay.

ART. IV. *Opere di Pietro Giordani.* 14 vols. Modena. London: Treuttel & Würtz. 1826.

ITALY never perhaps was so fruitful in stupendous works of genius, as in the eighteenth century. A splendid crowd of distinguished men arose, as it were by enchantment, to spread wide the light of profound erudition through every department of human knowledge. Civil history could boast of two illustrious authors in Giannone and Muratori: literature, antiquities and fine arts, produced three of not inferior merit in Tiraboschi, Maffei, and Lanzi. Verri and Galiani had discovered many truths of political economy, before the acute intellect of Adam Smith had rendered this a science: and Cesare Beccaria and Filangieri, following the slight tracks that had been partially opened by Montesquieu, gave a powerful impulse to political and legislative theory. Genovesi shook with a strong arm the throne of Descartes, and gave popularity to the philosophy of Bacon and of Locke; and Giambattista Beccaria shared only with Priestley the glory of having defended, enlarged, and established the brilliant discoveries of Franklin, concerning electricity. Spallanzani, Frisi, and Lorgna, enlarged the sphere of natural history, mechanics and hydraulics; and while Volta and Galvani wrested from nature the secret of a new agent for the progress of physics and of chemistry, Piazzi and Oriani discovered new constellations, and displayed them to the contemplation of the world.

Nor did the language of the muses remain uncultivated. Italy did not, certainly, at that time, attain a new epopea—perhaps she never will. The names of Dante, Tasso, and Ariosto, appal even the most vigorous minds from attempting this career. But a new kind of lyric was invented by Varano, Mazza, and Parini: comedy, and the musical drama, were raised to the greatest perfection by Goldoni and Metastasio; and tragedy, the only crown that was wanting to embellish Italy, was at length formed in gigantic splendour by Alfieri.

So much glory was however partly obscured, by a defect of no slight description. Purity of language, particularly towards the latter end of the century, was almost entirely neglected. It seems as if the avidity of research after facts had occasioned propriety of diction to be overlooked; and Italian style insensibly fell from its primitive height and purity. What contributed exceedingly to this decay, was the abundance of French books, translations of which were hastily published by men of no taste—either for the purpose of exciting still further the emulation of Italian science, by the discoveries made beyond the Alps—or, as is more probable, to minister to the miserable and interested speculations of booksellers.

Nor was that all. The Italian language might at that time be said to have been neglected, but not yet degraded and disfigured.

But when, at the commencement of the present century, Italy was subdued by the French, disorder had no limits. The conquered were compelled to learn the language of the conqueror; to understand him, and to be understood. The acts of government were generally dictated in French. The editors of public journals had hardly time to change the terminations of the words, in order to divulge these orders; and they stained these rapid translations with terms, phrases, and constructions, that accorded as well with the genius of Italian speech, as with that of Malabar. The youth, who drank deep at this poisoned fount, forgot entirely that pure spring which for five centuries had been the glory and the pride of Italy.

Meritorious men, jealous of the honour of their country, at length excited a universal cry against these abuses. They called to mind the old Athenian proverb, that "*it is more infamous to lose our language than our liberty:*" they called to mind the noble conduct of the ancient Greeks, who, when fallen under the Roman yoke, received their chains in silence, but would never consent to receive the Latin idiom; insomuch, that the proud conquerors were themselves compelled to study Greek, in order to maintain their dominion.

Strenuous and emulous efforts were made, to reclaim the erring mind from such an excess of debasement. The generous appeal to national dignity met at first with obstinate opposition. Those who, in the pravity of heart and head, shrunk from the extensive and accurate research required for the study of their own language, pretended that it ought to be freed from ancient rules, that it might be accommodated to the new acquirements and new wants of the human mind: and victory was, for a while, on their side; because some supporters of the contrary opinion, falling into the opposite extreme, thought it necessary to write the Italian language according to the rough manner and rude grammar of Guitton d'Arezzo and of Semintendi. But moderate and discriminating philosophers arose to demonstrate, that the harsh penuriousness of the ancients was equally blameable with the unlimited freedom of the moderns; and shewed how to conciliate the purity and elegance of the thirteenth century, with the copiousness which the progress of modern intelligence may require. This struggle lasted many years; but the victory was at length decisive in favour of the last. The contest was productive of much intellectual light; for the most intelligent among the combatants, in discussing the precepts, gave models of the most pure and elegant style. The disquisitions published upon this argument, by Cesari, Perticari, Colombo, Rosini, Niccolini, and that great poet of the age, Vincenzo Monti, do honour to Italy in this respect; and it may be said that the Italian language is in their works fully re-established in its primitive lustre, and equally freed from harshness and corruption.

Pietro Giordani was one of the most ardent champions for the restoration of the pure Italian language. But he never openly entered the arena, to combat maxims and precepts. He wrote, and produced such excellent examples, that he is become the first among living Italian authors, with respect to idiom and style. Highly informed in ancient and modern literature, he unites the ingenuous simplicity of the Grecian, with the purity, elegance and pomp of the true Italian dialect. Setting aside the forced inversions, and the Latin form of period, used by Boccaccio and Guicciardini, he imitated them alone in the freshness and loftiness of their phraseology; and has invested his prose with such grace and charm of expression, as to have rendered himself singularly worthy of admiration.

His works, lately collected and published at Modena, may be divided into three classes: panegyrics, essays on the fine arts, and articles of literary correspondence.

Modern Europe is entirely destitute of *panegyrics;* nor can she possess any, so long as this kind of literature, instead of rising to the dignity of history, as in Plutarch and Tacitus, shall be restrained within the narrow limits of an academical production, in which the author, intent upon pleasing the ears of an audience assembled, not for instruction but for pleasure, directs all his efforts to dazzle their minds by the harmony and stately eloquence of his discourse. Every man, it is true, cannot expect an opportunity of describing the exploits of a Cæsar or an Agricola: but the moral and domestic, as well as the political and military virtues, have their interest and their sublimity; and if the author does not succeed in depicting them with dignity and propriety, the fault must be imputed, not to the poverty of the art, but to the want of skill and taste in the artist. The celebrated eulogies of Fontenelle and Thomas are admired by all, and with justice, for the philosophic reflections with which they abound. But he who has the perception of real beauty, will only feel pleasure in hearing them once recited in an assembly: on reading them deliberately and alone, he will be struck by the affectation of one of those panegyrists, and the bombast of the other; and will perceive, that the necessity of taking the tone of public oratory, has deprived the author in the first place, of the possibility of a natural style, and in the next, of simplicity of thought. They contain less the eulogy of him whose actions are related, than of the historian, who strives to render apparent his own eloquence and learning. When Voltaire wrote to Thomas, '*I have read the eulogy of Descartes, or rather your own,*' we hardly know whether that sharp and sarcastic genius meant a compliment or an epigram.

Giordani wrote eulogies on Masini, Galliadi, Martinelli, Pallavicino, and the amiable Maria Giorgi, whose memory is so dear to Italy, for the sweetness of her song, and her knowledge of the art of music. But though he had delivered many of them in public

academies, his good sense drew him away from the vices into which many of his predecessors in this kind of composition had fallen. He does not assume the character of a man, who, with a comedian's wand in his hand, endeavours to describe by action, part by part, the design, colouring, and harmony of a picture; but acts the part of a friend, who introduces us to an unknown personage, and places us in a position, by which we may ourselves see and appreciate him. In this manner the panegyrist disappears, and the reader is delighted to find himself face to face with the object with whom he sought to be acquainted.

To this class belongs the panegyric written by our author upon Buonaparte, with which he was entrusted by the academy of Cesera. The reader is at first embarrassed in his judgment of this work, with respect to its moral aspect; for it is displeasing to behold a liberal mind prostitute praise to power. But this objection will be found more apparent than real in the eyes of a reasoning man, when dates and circumstances are considered. Buonaparte entered Italy, bringing glory and fortune behind his car; and, protesting that he had not forgotten his Italian birth, promised institutions and prosperity to his former country; and thereby excited enthusiastic hopes on every side. He began by destroying the old machines of public mal-administration, and the rooted abuses of government, that stood interposed as insuperable obstacles to the restoration of that unhappy land. It is true that having destroyed, he could not, or would not, or had not time to, build; and, on his fall, Italy was again hurled into the abyss of her former miseries. But what now we read in the past, belonged then to the future; and no one presumed to prophecy aught of ill. Hence the great admiration and blind faith accorded to that fatal conqueror: hence the applause dictated by a sentiment of hope. The wisest were deluded; and whom could not that giant dazzle? Giordani was but the interpreter of general opinion, excited by circumstances; and fulfilled his difficult task with equal moderation and dignity, avoiding, above all, the vile custom of those, who cannot praise one great man, without pouring forth a mass of calumny on his enemies.

This historical phenomenon is not new. Posterity reads with contempt Pliny's panegyric of Trajan, knowing that, notwithstanding this flattery and adulation, the senate was degraded, Rome enchained, and imperial despotism accomplished, by that warlike monarch. But do we not form a false judgment, by overlooking the date of the time? Trajan did not ascend the throne under the semblance of a Domitian or a Caligula. Pliny, therefore, praised, because he hoped for the good of his country; and hope will ever be one of the noblest virtues of the patriot. The really wise, indeed, should only praise the dead, who it is impossible should belie themselves: but this kind of wisdom is, perhaps, beyond the limit of human passions.

The oration read in the academy of Bologna, upon the re-acqui-

sition of the three legations made by the pontifical court, belongs also, in a great degree, to the class we are here considering; only that the author, finding more independent materials in his hand, clothed them with a power of thought and eloquent dignity, that passes expectation. It might seem not to be a modern production, but the translation of some ancient manuscript, found in the caves of Athens, beside a ruined statue of Pericles or Demosthenes.

Giordani's essays on the fine arts relate, principally, to some paintings in *fresco*, by Innocenzo Francucci, recently discovered at Bologna, and to the two large paintings from scripture history, which Landi and Camuccini, the most celebrated among living Italian artists, painted, some little time since, for the church of Placentia. The simple manner of exposition, the acute reflections, and the graces of erudition which embellish the whole, operate like a charm on the reader. What profound knowledge in those eloquent pages! what exquisite taste in discriminating the most secret beauties of that divine art! The description of the new forum at Milan, which precedes the essays, shews him to be a no less just appreciator of correct and noble architecture. Every thing is noted with precision, rapidity, and eloquence.

The articles of correspondence contain letters to friends upon literary subjects, and analyses communicated to the editors of periodical Reviews, upon new publications. Among the first, those addressed to Vincenzo Monti, concerning questions upon language and style, are the most distinguished: among the second, those inserted in the journal of Milan, upon Cesare Arici's poem, and upon the *palimpsesti* manuscripts, discovered in the library of the Vatican, and published by the illustrious Abbé Mai. It seems that the author looks upon these latter productions with little esteem, considering them as a series of thoughts thrown hastily upon paper, and which he had not leisure afterwards to correct. His judgment is modest, but perhaps too severe. A flowing diction, and simplicity of sentiment, pervade the articles throughout, and give them great value. His researches concerning the unpublished writings of Dionysius of Halicarnassus; the fragments of Plautus and of Terence; the orations of Isœus and Themestius, and the philosophy of Empedocles, exhibit him as a profound critic, and a most expert Hellenist.

Giordani has not yet been enabled to employ himself in any work which, for matter alone, might deserve to descend to posterity. Feeble health, and a life continually harassed by persecution and misfortune, have made him constantly abandon undertakings that would have raised him to the highest degree of reputation. He refused to write the life of Canova, his intimate and honoured friend, not feeling sufficient strengh to bring it to a termination, amid the tribulations by which he was afflicted; and, lastly, he has even refused to write the life of Antonio Onor, a celebrated philanthropist, of the Republic of S. Marino. A journalist has launched a

bitter reproof against him on this account, saying, that the panegyrist of Buonaparte ought not to have refused to write the eulogium of a man so dear to virtue and humanity. We think that there is great injustice in this reproof. A fugitive, without a country, because of the independence of his character, Giordani has with difficulty obtained hospitality from the magnanimity of the grand duke of Tuscany; and could not write the life of an ardent republican without dishonour, if he spoke false, or exposure to new persecutions, if he spoke the truth.

This excellent literary man is, through the entreaties of those who esteem his talents and love his moral qualities, at present employed at Florence in editing a selection of Italian classics, illustrated by analyses, which Italy impatiently expects. And since fortune is so adverse to him, he must be content to expect distinction for his works, not for the matter of which they treat, but for the graces of his style, and the noble purity of his language. Nor is the hope ill founded. Seneca and Lucan are rich in lofty thoughts: the poetry of Catullus, the odes of Horace, and the fables of Phœdrus, only contain harmonious trifles. Yet the fame of the latter, founded on the elegance and beauty of their style, obscures that of the former, where the diction is that of bombast, exaggeration, and poverty; and while Seneca and Lucan lie forgotten amid the dust of libraries, Catullus, Horace, and Phœdrus, are the constant delight of every educated mind.

The study of Italian literature has, in our days, become general in England, thanks to the generous impulse given by Roscoe, and to the enthusiasm by which Mathias has drawn the attention of his countrymen that way. Among the many anthologies executed with little discernment upon this object, it would be desirable for some able London bookseller to undertake the publication of a selection of the incomparable prose of Giordani. British youth of both sexes might derive great advantage from it, by familiarising themselves with an author, who offers a rare model of Italian style and language, amid the most elevated and recondite thoughts of literature and the fine arts.

Art. V. *Dell' Ingiuria, dei Danni, del Sodisfaccimento, e relative basi di stima avanti i Tribunali Civili. Dissertazione* di Melchiorre Gioia. Milano. 1826.

A Dissertation upon Injuries, Damage, Compensation, and the relative basis of Assessment by Civil Tribunals. By Melchiorre Gioia.

Signor Melchiorre Gioia possesses the merit of originality, frequently of a most whimsical description, to which he incontrovertibly adds that of unwearied diligence, having, in the course of seven years, enriched the Italian world with eight quarto and eight octavo volumes; comprising the following works: *Un Nuovo Prospetto delle Scienze Economiche* (a New View of the Economical

Sciences); *Gli Elementi di Filosofia* (Elements of Philosophy); *Il Nuovo Galateo* (the New Galateo); *Un Discorso sulle Manifatture Nazionale* (a Discourse upon National Manufactures); another upon *I Mezzi di Scemare la Miseria del Popolo ne' Tempi di Carestia* (the Means of relieving the Distress of the People in times of Scarcity); *Un Trattato del Merito e delle Ricompense* (a Treatise upon Merit and Rewards); and, lastly, its counterpart, the *Dissertazione*, whose title heads this article. Our author's industry is moreover attested by the quality, as well as by the quantity of his productions; for his compositions consist of any thing but vague reasoning and verbosely inane declamation upon his subject-matter: he, on the contrary, sets himself most laboriously and mathematically to work. But, prior to applying his algebra to law questions, he takes a survey of the past and present condition of jurisprudence throughout the civilised world, so far as relates to compensation for injury, privation of life included.

The Roman law upon this subject our author utterly condemns, inasmuch as it left the assessment of damages to the discretion of the plaintiff, qualified only by the less partial discretion of the prætor, or judge. The system of the old Germans is more to his mind. He entirely approves of their plan of punishing every crime by fine, dividing the sum forfeited between the state and the individual wronged, in compensation alike of the public and of the private injury; but he severely reprobates their unscientific want of a general principle for the regulation of their pecuniary mulcts, and their attempts to remedy this deficiency by a ludicrously minute description of the length, breadth, depth, and situation of every posssible wound, and by a valuation of the relative atrocity of every possible slanderous word. The laws of the Italian republics of the middle ages, sin by referring the amount of fines to the discretion of the *Podestá*, their chief magistrate, and trusting for his fairness to his responsibility upon quitting his office at the end of the year. Those of modern Europe offend generally by regarding only the pecuniary amount of the injury, leaving the feelings of the sufferer out of the question; and those of France and England, especially, by proportioning the *quantum* of damages to the defendant's means of payment.

All codes, past and present, being thus rejected, the dissertator proceeds to explain his own system. For the perfection of criminal jurisprudence there are, according to his view of the matter, only two *desiderata:* 1st, to fix the relative proportion of injuries; and, 2ndly, to find invariable bases from which to estimate the compensation due to the least possible injury. To solve these two problems is the grand object of the Dissertation; and that once effected, it is self-evident, that the whole business of administering criminal justice may be transacted with mathematical accuracy, and without much study. 'If 8 be the compensation due to the physical injury X, and X be to the moral injury Y, as 1 to

10, every child that can say its multiplication-table, is as competent as the most learned judge upon the bench, to pronounce that 80 must be the compensation due to Y.'

By this simple process of calculation does our author propose to fix the compensation due for, 1st, wounds; 2nd, impairing the powers of labour; 3d, impairing beauty; 4th, homicide; 5th, mental disturbance; 6th, threats of death; 7th, insults; 8th, seduction; 9th, rape; 10th, adultery; 11th, false imprisonment; 12th, illegal sequestration; 13th, false accusations. His mode of ascertaining the proper compensation for a wound will happily elucidate the system, and requires, moreover, particular attention, as the basis upon which all subsequent calculations rest.

That the wounded person ought to receive all expenses incurred during his cure, as well as payment for loss of time whilst incapable of labour, has been pretty generally admitted; but our Italian legislator claims further a compensation for the pain endured on behalf both of the sufferer himself and of his family. But we must borrow the author's own words:—

'The compensation for pain endured, must equal the product resulting from the multiplication of the intensity by the duration of such pain.

'The duration admits of no doubt, and must be held equal to the length of the malady; so many days of pain must be reckoned as intervene between the infliction and the cicatrization of a wound. Consequently, if the illness last 30 days, let A. represent the intensity of the pain, and the compensation will be 30 A.'

We have now only to discover the value of A., and our labours, as far as regards the wounded man, will be ended. For this purpose we must inquire for what sum people will bear pain. Signor Gioia rejects the instance of those courtiers of Mithridates, who, for good places or pensions, subjected their persons to the monarch's surgical and pharmaceutic experiments, considering those transactions as *fancy prices*, out of the regular way of business; and takes as his fixed basis, the amount of alms obtained by such beggars as inflict wounds or sores upon themselves, in order to excite compassion; and of the day-wages earned in painful, hazardous, or peculiarly fatiguing occupations, which he reckons at about 4 Italian *lire per diem*.

'If we now consider that these poor persons—

'1stly, Discover symptoms of a rugged and somewhat obtuse sensibility;

'2ndly, Experience a partial diminution of pain from habit;

'3rdly, Submit to it voluntarily;

'4thly, Submit to it, impelled by urgent wants;

'If, I say, we consider these four circumstances, and add

'5thly, That in invalids the sensibility to physical and moral pleasures is lessened, whilst the sensibility to pain is increased, as is proved by the irritability accompanying illness;

'*6thly*, That in wounds a forced privation of happiness is incurred;

'*It will be found* that a day of irksome and inconvenient illness cannot

be calculated at less than five times the amount of the above-described daily earnings.'

We cannot divine our author's reason for fixing upon 5 as his multiplicator, rather than 6.

'Taking these earnings, then, at 4 *lire*, the lowest price of physical pain will be 20 *lire per diem*.

'This lowest price will, in different cases, be multiplied by different figures, rising as high as 10, according to

'1stly, The more or less painful nature of the malady, attested by physicians and surgeons;

'2dly, The circumstances influencing the degree of sensibility, contra-distinguished by ascertainable characters and signs, such as age, sex, pregnancy, childbirth, or other disease.'

Having thus disposed of the claims of the individual wounded, we come to those of his family, which have been overlooked, we apprehend, by the whole race of legislators in all ages and countries, even, as far as we know, by the *Codificator*, Jeremy Bentham himself, until discovered by his lynx-eyed Italian rival. *He*, with the truly parental affection of an inventor for the offspring of his brains, thinks the omission of the family much as if a person throwing a stone intentionally against a large mirror, which, in its rebound, accidentally broke four more, should be held responsible only for the first. The family, he says, in addition to what they suffer from sympathy, 'are tormented with incessant anxiety springing from their affection;' and are, moreover, 'put to great trouble and inconvenience during the continuation of the malady.' In consideration of all this, he allots to each member of the family one quarter as much as to the principal sufferer. Here, as upon some other occasions, we cannot but think Signor Gioia falls short of the mathematical exactness which he professes. We cannot conceive why the rates of payment to the different relations of wounded persons should not be graduated according to the table, which, it will presently be seen, regulates the claims of the same classes in cases of murder. We hope he will more carefully consider this, as well as the modifying effect of circumstances, such as absence, &c., when employed to prepare a code; meanwhile, grounded upon these bases, we proceed to the price of human life.

In this division of the subject, it is evident that the claims of the principal party, however high they might be estimated in respect of the injury sustained, do not require investigation. Those of the family, which in this instance have been pretty generally admitted, our author divides into two kinds; the economical and the moral. The economical claim refers to the wealth, of whatever description, of which the family is deprived by the murder; the moral, to the sum of social enjoyment thereby lost. We begin with the economical.—But prior to entering upon this inquiry, we must state that Signor Gioia points out, with severe comments, the error of an Austrian law, which obliges the homicide to defray the expense of his victim's funeral. The funeral, he justly observes, is an expense not

created, but merely hastened on, by the murder. The family of the slain has, therefore, no claim to the principal money, although possessing an incontestible one to interest upon such monies, for so many years as the murdered person was likely to have lived.

The individuals justly entitled to economical compensation, are, the widow and children, the parents, who have invested labour and capital in the education of the deceased, and those to whom the deceased may have pledged any portion of his earnings. If the person slain was unproductive, and likely to continue so, no economical claim to compensation can exist. But if he was productive, our author thus calculates:

'Let A. be the annual produce of the industry of the deceased; let B. represent the number of years of life naturally remaining to him: multiply A. and B. together; and we shall have the sum of profit of which, in the common course of things, he was susceptible. Deduct from A. x B. one-third, which the deceased would himself have consumed, had he lived, and there remains the right of the family to two-thirds of A. x B., or $\frac{2 \text{ A. B.}}{3}$.'

Can any reader, judge, jury, or plaintiff, wish for a clearer algebraical statement of pecuniary damages? In case there should exist any dull mortal yet unsatisfied, we will assist his defective powers of comprehension, with a table drawn up by the learned author for that especial purpose.

Profession.	Annual Gains.	Probable years of Life.	Damage by Homicide.	Claims of the Family.
Merchant	*lire* 15,000	2	*lire* 30,000	*lire* 20,000
Agent.....	do. 6,000	4	do. 24,000	do. 16,000
Artist.....	do. 600	20	do. 12,000	do. 8,000

In order to obtain more perfect accuracy in his calculations, the author proposes to allow some abatement for declining abilities in advanced age. This is unobjectionable; but he should equally take into consideration the probable improvement of a promising young artist.

We now come to the moral division, or the mode of mathematically estimating mental affliction.

In treating this portion of his subject, our author, proceeding with the caution becoming his character, begins by establishing the actual existence of family affections, and their capability of affording pleasure. In proof of these facts, he states that a father of a family, seated at a frugal board with his wife and children, enjoys more gratification than he could derive in solitude from the most exquisite fare; and further points out the many advantages flowing from the indulgence of such family affections. He next proves that the pain occasioned by the loss of a beloved object, exceeds the pain of any wound, not mortal; since the former sometimes kills, which a wound, not mortal, never does. But this killing, in common parlance heart-breaking, is the superlative degree of intensity. In

slighter degrees, sorrow produces various disorders of langour and inertness, which are enumerated, and for which travelling is asserted to be the proper and received prescription. The right of the family to moral compensation being thus incontrovertibly established, the next question is the absolute and relative amount of the claims of the different relations. Signor Gioia begins with the latter point, which depends upon the relative intensity and duration of grief in the different claimants.

Setting out with the positions, that grief is both more intense and more enduring in the female than in the male sex, and that the conjugal is the strongest of all affections, Signor Gioia takes the duration of a widow's sorrow from an old Lombard law, which prohibits widows from entering a convent in less than twelve months after the loss of their husbands; whence he concludes that his Lombard predecessor deemed twelve months the utmost duration of such excessive anguish as should interfere with the mourner's sane judgment of her real intentions. Next assuming the intensity of grief to be proportionate to its duration, and thence adopting 12 as his maximum, our mathematician constructs the following table of the rate of claims.

'Wives for the murder of a husband, as 12
Husbands for the murder of a wife 10
Mothers for the murder of a child..... 8
Fathers ditto 6
Children for the murder of a parent.... 4
Brothers for the murder of a brother .. 2

Having thus far arranged his data, our author proceeds to fix the lowest price of grief for the loss of a relation. For this purpose, he reminds his readers that he has already proved such grief to be greater than the pain of any wound not mortal; and thence, somewhat abruptly perhaps, concluding that every such grief is worth double its correspondent wound, allots to brothers 40 *lire per diem*, for two months. He adds a table of the claims of the rest of the family; but we think that such of our readers as wish to prosecute the inquiry more deeply, will be now very well able to make the calculation for themselves. The sums thus allotted, will, in the signor's opinion, just defray the expense of the travelling, which he had previously declared indispensable to the cure of the many maladies engendered by grief. But during their peregrinations, the members of the afflicted family cannot exercise their respective professions or trade; and it follows, of course, that this interruption of profit must further be made good by the murderer.

Hitherto we have only considered the compensation due for the actual sufferings of positive grief; but the same persons have a further claim for their loss of future enjoyment in the society of the deceased, and of that claim we are next to seek the amount. Our author, with his accustomed candour, first rejects the exaggerated estimates of enthusiasm, and then proceeds as follows:

'We have already said, that the moral pleasure enjoyed by a family assembled round a frugal board, far surpasses that which the most exquisite fare can afford.

'If, then, we take A. as the amount of the smallest annual consumption per head, we may be certain that the value of the lost affections must be a multiple of A.

'If the smallest multiplicator of A., destined to give the sum allotted to a brother, be 2, the judge, or legislative *amateur*, has only to refer to the last table given, to ascertain the proportions due to the rest of the family.'

Still, we have only half accomplished our task with regard to this second division of the moral claims of the murdered man's family. We have discovered the intensity of the future pleasures of which they are deprived by the loss of their relation, but not the probable duration of such enjoyment, ere they are fully compensated; the already found multiple of A., must be multiplied by the number of years of such probable duration. This number of years must be calculated by the age of the oldest party concerned: viz., in the case of a slaughtered son, the parent is entitled to so many annual values as he himself can expect years of life; whilst in the case of a murdered parent, the son claims for the number of years which the deceased might have lived.

This concludes the whole chapter of homicide. The author ascertains, after the same fashion, the rate of compensation due for the remainder of the thirteen classes of crimes above enumerated. But we imagine our readers will be abundantly satisfied with the specimens we have given them, and shall take leave to excuse ourselves from the toil of following this mathematical lawgiver any farther. Yet there is one point which we cannot overlook. As we were closing the volume, our eyes rested upon the title, 'Of the value of disturbed Tranquillity;' an injury to which we are, personally and officially, too obnoxious, not to feel a strong interest in its amercement. Upon this subject Signior, Gioia says,

'I have been asked, are there storehouses of tranquillity? Is tranquillity to be bought and sold in open market? To both questions I answer, Yes.

'When the merchant intrusts his wares to the sea, he feels anxiety proportionate to the dangers to which they are exposed. To relieve his mind from this anxiety, he pays one, two, or three per cent. to the insurer, who, in case of loss, gives him the value of the goods. The one, two, or three per cent. paid to the insurer is the price of tranquillity, as the money disbursed at the door of a theatre is the price of dramatic pleasure. Insurance offices are storehouses of tranquillity, as are theatres of dramatic pleasure.'

Thus furnished with a measure of value, by which to appraise the tranquillity we have been robbed of, in the conscientious discharge of our official duty, as regulators of the public taste; we hastily drew up a statement of the injuries we have suffered from the vapid insipidity of some of the works it is our arduous task

to peruse; from the petulant levity of others; from the feebleness with which some have maintained a cause we approved, and from the intolerable talent with which others have advocated one we reprobated. We can assure our readers, that according to the most moderate computation, the sum at which we lay our damages is not small. But we abstain from bringing the estimate forward, for many reasons. One, that it is altogether a private affair, between ourselves and the *genus irritabile vatum*, in which the public would probably feel little interest. Another, that considering Signor Gioia esteems the original voluntary assumption of a painful office, such an alleviation of its sufferings, that he assigns to the slightest possible wound the quintuple of the gain so earned, we are not quite sure whether, if those individuals of the above-mentioned genus, whose ire we may have excited, should bring a counter-action, the balance of accounts would very decidedly be in our favour. And, "last, not least in our dear love," we have not heard that in any of the various constitutions, despotic, republican, or representative-monarchical, concocted, concocting, or to be concocted, in Europe, or America, the Signor Melchiorre Gioia's principle of universal compensation has been, or is to be adopted.

Art. VI. 1. *Memoire sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de J. H. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre.* Par L. Aimé-Martin, Accompagné de Lettres, &c. 8vo. pp. 496. Paris. 1826. London: Treuttel & Würtz.

2. *Correspondance de J. H. Bernardin de Saint Pierre, precedée d'un Supplement aux Memoires de sa Vie.* Par L. Aimé-Martin. 3 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1826. London: Treuttel & Würtz.

The laborious object of these four volumes, which are published together, is to do honour to the memory of the author of the "Studies of Nature," and of "Paul and Virginia." The whole work has been composed and edited by the pious care of friendship; and M. Aimé-Martin is avowedly the eulogist and advocate of Bernardin de Saint Pierre. Impartiality in his account of his hero is, therefore, neither pretended, nor to be expected; and, in forming an estimate of the personal character and genius of Saint-Pierre, the cautious reader will, of course, judge him rather by the recorded facts of his life, and the contents of his writings, than by the animated panegyrics and the partial criticisms of his biographer.

The single volume, containing the life of Saint-Pierre, which we have put first at the head of this article, appears to have been originally written and published by M. Aimé-Martin about six years ago; and it is now, by the rather whimsical transposition from which we have rescued it, converted into a fourth volume, to follow the correspondence; and thus to stand *after* the supplement which had been written expressly to complete it. The fortunes of Saint-Pierre were singular; his career was adventurous and remarkable; and the story of its vicissitudes is sufficiently chequered with

variety of incident. The memoir on his life, therefore, is a narrative of romantic interest, as well as of some literary curiosity; and we are surprised that this volume has not already been translated into English. There is, indeed, an evident disposition in the writer to heighten the dramatic effect of every situation into which his hero was thrown: his descriptions are always ambitiously drawn. His language is florid, and aims at poetical imagery; and his whole cast of opinion is by far too much overstrained, and too affectedly sentimental. A tone of exaggeration, in short, prevails through the whole memoir, both in the relation of facts and the expression of feelings; and we should hesitate to pledge our judgment, either upon the authenticity or soundness of all that is advanced in it. But the book is so written, as abundantly to produce that sympathy for the personal fate of the hero, which constitutes the lighter charm of all biography; and the narrative of his adventures is, perhaps, the more amusing, by reason of its having borrowed something of the vivid colouring and imaginative spirit of fiction. We are convinced, that if the volume, with some modifications, were clothed in an English dress, it would possess considerable attraction as a tale of human life, and that it would at least be read, as people read the common class of novels, for the excitement to be found in its story.

Whatever curiosity or interest may be ascribed to the memoir on the life of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, the single volume with which it is occupied is assuredly the only part of M. Aimé Martin's huge compilation, that possesses any particle of value. The letters have no intrinsic merit; and their contents have been robbed of all novelty, for they have been used or anticipated in the composition of the memoir. They relate little more than the circumstances of the writer's life, which his biographer has detailed with scrupulous minuteness. They display none of those graces of style, and beauties of description and imagery, for which Saint-Pierre's works are so remarkable. Still less do they, like his Studies of Nature, give us a pleasing insight into the enthusiastic temperament of his mind: they are for the most part confined to the description of his pecuniary grievances, and to the indulgence of the discontent provoked by the ill success of his affairs.

The motive or excuse of M. Aimé-Martin for offering to the world these three volumes of uninteresting letters, is explained in a long and tedious prefaratory discourse, or 'Réfutation,' as it is entitled. It appears that, since the original publication of Saint-Pierre's Memoirs, by M. Aimé-Martin, a writer named Durosoir has contributed to the "Biographie Universelle," an article on the same subject, in which the character of Bernardin is studiously depreciated and vilified. Fired with violent and probably just indignation at this attack upon the memory of a revered friend, M. Aimé here undertakes to expose the malicious falsehoods of his slanderers; but instead of simply republishing his first work, with a refutation of

the article in the Biographie, as the most natural course of proceeding, he has thought it necessary to print all the letters of Saint-Pierre which he could succeed in accumulating. We can warmly sympathise with that laudable anxiety for the fame of departed excellence, which it is the last duty of friendship to cherish: but we know that such zeal is too often injudicious and apt to defeat its own purpose; and, in the instance before us, we really cannot discover the service which the publication of this interminable correspondence can render to the memory of Saint-Pierre. The letters will never be read; or if even they should be, there is nothing in them to illustrate, as the partial biographer would fain persuade us, "the simplicity of the sage, and the virtues of the father of a family." M. Aimé would have done better to have suffered the personal character of his hero to rest upon the memoir which he had previously rendered of his life.

In that memoir, the biographer has, very naturally, been led by affectionate admiration, much to overrate the qualities of his idol. He would require us to believe him an example of the most exalted genius, and to number him, as a moralist, among the greatest benefactors of humanity. This pretension, it is needless to say, is only ridiculous. As a charming writer, of tender and glowing sentiment, his beautiful, though extravagant, tale of Paul and Virginia, will long cause him to be remembered; and his Etudes de la Nature offer higher indications of originality, both in elegant fancy and philosophical reflection. But the circumstances of his life did not develop, as the characteristic qualities of his mind, either sound judgment or the capability of forming practicable views of human improvement; and we allot to him the highest praise to which either his writings or his conduct can entitle him, when we distinguish him as an amiable enthusiast. But such a sketch of his fortunes, as we can extract from M. Aimé's memoir, after making a proper allowance for the spirit of rhapsody in which it is composed, will perhaps give a better idea of the man than whole pages of criticisms on his writings.

Bernardin de Saint-Pierre was born at Havre, in Normandy, of respectable parents, in the year 1737. Even in early boyhood, he shewed the warmth of imagination and love of ideal abstraction, as well as the passion for contemplating the works of nature, which marked his mental character throughout life. The piety of disposition, which was shewn in the bent of his early tastes, was elevated, says his biographer, by the perusal of various religious works in his father's library; and the Lives of the Saints in particular, excited him to such a pitch of exaltation, that, when only nine years old, he left his father's house with the notable purpose of turning hermit, and consecrating a solitary life, like the anchorets of old, to the service of God. He was of course brought back to his home; and soon after this childish adventure, some volumes of voyages and travels gave a new current to his ideas. Robinson

Crusoe was put into his hands; its pages were eagerly devoured, and its story haunted his thoughts and his fancy, by day and night. He identified himself—as what boy of imagination does not?—with the hero: he was transported, in delicious day-dreams, to the desert island, and lived himself through the same adventures, as the solitary. He went further in his reveries: he civilized the savages around him; and perhaps to the influence which that delightful fiction exercised upon his young mind, might be traced both the chimerical projects of his riper years, and the peculiar tone of his later writings.

In this romantic temper of his boyhood, his passionate importunity induced his parents to allow him to make a voyage to Martinique, with an uncle, who was master of a vessel; and the realities of a sailor's life, for a time, cooled his enthusiasm. On his return, he was placed in the Jesuit's college at Caen, where he distinguished himself by his successful application to study: but here again he was seized with another fit of romance, and was with difficulty dissuaded from professing himself a Jesuit, that he might embark as a missionary for India. Being weaned from this inclination, he entered the university of Rouen, gained its highest mathematical honours, and was, in consequence, induced, at the age of twenty, to become a candidate for appointment, first as a civil, and afterwards as a military engineer.

In this last capacity his public life began. During the seven years' war, he served in the engineer department with the French armies in Germany, where he deported himself gallantly, and was wounded. He was afterwards sent to Malta, with other engineers, to assist its knighthood in an apprehended siege by the Turks; but returning, after this false alarm, to France, he found himself thrown out of employment, and almost without the means of subsistence. In this discouraging state of his own affairs, he began to interest himself in the general welfare of his species; and about the year 1762, having succeeded in borrowing a small sum of money, he set off for Russia, with the rational ambition of seeking permission from the empress Catherine to found a republic upon the shores of the Black Sea! In this mad expedition, he encountered many adventures, and without money or letters of introduction, succeeded wonderfully in effecting his journey to Petersburgh and Moscow. His simplicity of character, his pleasing address, and many amiable qualities, seem to have won him friends wherever he appeared:—and his imprudence, or restless zeal, as regularly prevented him from deriving lasting profit from his good fortune. The moral atmosphere of Russia was anything but the climate for his hopeful scheme of founding a republic; but Catherine distinguished him by her notice, and received him into her military service. This, however, he soon quitted in disgust, and was precipitated, by his enthusiasm for liberty, into new [illegible] but Escaping to Poland, he offered himself as a volunteer [illegible] of

cause of her independence;—engaged in the civil war, which aided foreign oppression, in desolating that unhappy kingdom;—fell desperately in love with a Polish princess, who first encouraged, and then dismissed him;—and finally returned to his native land, bankrupt in projects, and pennyless as he had quitted it, some four years before.

Saint-Pierre was now about thirty years of age, and had seen as much of the world as should have sufficed to dispel his Utopian dreams of becoming the founder of new states, and dictating the universal happiness of his species. Yet he was as pure a visionary as ever. His patrons, wearied by his perpetual solicitation of employment, at length procured him an appointment as engineer to the colony, which the French government were labouring to re-establish in Madagascar. Full of this new enterprise, he sold the little patrimony to which he had now succeeded by the death of his father, and expended the whole of it in preparation for his grand undertaking of civilizing the Eastern world. Books on legislation, policy, natural history, navigation, mathematics; scientific instruments of various kinds; all were purchased, until he had no more to give. "But while," says his biographer, "he exhausted his purse for the wants of the new colonial republic, and prepared to teach so many nations to live in abundance, he found that he was himself without shirts;" and even the necessary linen for his own voyage was with difficulty procured upon credit. He had scarcely quitted the shores of France, before he found, to his horror, that the chief of the expedition, the governor-elect of Madagascar, was bent,—not upon the philanthropic object of civilizing the natives of the island, but—upon making them the victims of the slave trade. Quitting the expedition in disgust and indignation, at the Isle of France, he remained there in his quality of military engineer; and thus commenced his residence of two years in the island, which he afterwards converted into the scene of his most popular tale.

This disappointment of his hopeful scheme of civilizing Madagascar, seems at length to have calmed the activity of Saint-Pierre's enthusiasm. He now perceived that he had been all his life the dupe of his ambition; and convinced of the futility of his sanguine projects for promoting the happiness of the world, he thenceforth determined, as he afterwards humorously confessed, to legislate only for imaginary nations. He was true to his resolution, On his last return to his native country, he withdrew from the busy world, and traced in solitude the plan of his Utopia. And it is more honourable to his philosophy that when, many years afterwards, during the storms of the Revolution, he saw all minds agitated with the speculative follies which had misled his own youth and manhood, he studiously avoided mingling in the political madness and crimes of his age, either as deputy of the people, senator, or statesman.

Thus, throughout the last half of his protracted life, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre appears to us only in the most attractive

light which the literary character can present: passing his days in retirement and study, supporting poverty and prosperity alike with philosophical serenity, cultivating the best affections of our nature, and, above all, with incorruptible integrity, disdaining, in the most perilous times, either to conceal or to modify his opinions. While he shunned public life and abstained from plunging into the vortex of the Revolution, he was at no pains to elude observation; and considering the capricious and sanguinary temper of the times, and his own unbending consistency, it is wonderful how he escaped with existence through all the bloody scenes of the Revolution, from the reign of terror to the settlement of the imperial despotism.

It was in the summer of 1771, that he returned to France, and began his career as a man of letters. His first published work was his well-known 'Voyage to the Isle of France;' and his exposure of the iniquities of the slave trade, immediately drew down upon him the enmity of the whole class of persons, who were interested in the commerce of the colonies. His Voyage, however, was universally read and admired; and the reputation of this work introduced its author into all the literary circles of Paris. But in that society he appears to have found far more to loathe than to love; and he never mingled in its intrigues and cabals. He had sufficient virtue to resist the advances of a beautiful woman, because her husband was his benefactor. The lady proclaimed her own infamy for the revenge of covering him with ridicule; and his forbearance from the commission of enormous ingratitude and treachery, made Saint-Pierre the laughing-stock of the Parisian coteries. Again, a bankrupt bookseller loaded him with abuse; and because the placable man of letters did not take the life of the miserable offender on the spot, the philosopher d'Alembert marvelled at his want of spirit, and a Jansenist bishop proclaimed, with a sneer, that M. de Saint-Pierre had '*l' ame très chrétienne.*' Whether the luckless observer of the commonest dictates of gratitude subsequently contrived to rid himself of his offensive reputation for continence, his biographer does not inform us; but to recover the respect of Parisian society for his courage, he was compelled to court two duels, and grievously to wound his antagonists in both. But this was the last sacrifice which Saint-Pierre offered to the prejudices of the worthless society in which he moved; and the philosopher, ever afterwards, reproached himself for having dreaded this violation of the laws of God, less than the endurance of ridicule. In the first emotions of disgust at the corruption which surrounded him, and in bitter resentment at the petty obloquy with which he had been pursued, for venturing 'to keep a conscience,' it was natural, for a mind so easily excited as that of Saint-Pierre, to rush into the most absurd extremes, from universal benevolence of feeling, to misanthropy and hatred. He secluded himself for some time from all mixture with the world, and determined to commune only with his own heart.

In the composition of his 'Etudes de la Nature," he now found a cure for these morbid feelings. This, his most elaborate work, appeared in 1784; and its favourable reception, above his sanguine hopes, recompensed him for all that he had suffered. Four years later, the publication of 'Paul and Virginia,' completed the measure of his reputation; and thenceforth he ranked in France among the most successful and popular writers of his age. In 1792, one of the last acts of power of the unfortunate Louis XVI., was to nominate him the successor of Buffon, in the charge of the Jardin des Plantes, and Museum of Natural History. This office he had held but a few months, when, in the anarchy of the period, it was suppressed; and our philosopher gladly withdrew to a rural retreat which he now possessed at Essone. Here he remained during the worst horrors of the Revolution, cultivating his garden and farm, endeavouring to abstract himself from the dreadful scenes which were in daily agitation, and scrupulously avoiding the perusal of all newspapers and political works, which would have compelled him to contemplate the progress of events. Just before this epoch, and at the sufficiently mature age of fifty-five, he had married the daughter of his publisher, a young woman, who numbered fewer years than himself by one-half. There was nothing remarkable in this marriage, except that it was one of mutual affection, too often embittered by pecuniary distresses. It is not unworthy of note, that Saint Pierre gave the names of Paul and Virginia to the only two children which the union produced. In his sixty-third year he was left a widower; but his engaging qualities, even in old age, very soon obtained for him a second youthful bride of amiable character, who, captivated by the graces of his mind, was contented to forget all disparity of time. She performed the duties of a mother to his children with exemplary care, and solaced his declining years with cheerful society and affectionate attention.

From his retirement at Essone, Saint Pierre was reluctantly dragged forth in 1794, to a public employment, which, though unsolicited, he was not permitted to refuse; and an escort of gens-d'armes conducted him by force to his chair of moral philosophy in the national Norman school. Here, in his inaugural discourse, he electrified his auditors by daring, after all the frightful impieties of the Revolution, once more to proclaim the existence of a God, and the necessity of religion! On the formation of the institute, in the following year, he was openly insulted by his atheistical colleagues, for maintaining the same obnoxious doctrines: by more than one of these wretched maniacs he was challenged to the proof, sword in hand, that there was no God; and Cabanis put it to the vote that there was no Supreme Being, and that the name of the Almighty should be interdicted in their assembly!

But we turn with a shudder from this picture of the most terrific variety of human madness. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre had al-

ready survived the epoch of his extreme danger. The Buonaparte family, who now began to appear above the political horizon, chanced to be partial to his writings. Louis and Joseph, who, in all the strange vicissitudes of their fortune, have exhibited some estimable qualities, eagerly sought the acquaintance and personal friendship of the author of Paul and Virginia. Louis, when a mere youth, had been so charmed by that tale, as to introduce himself to Saint-Pierre by a letter, which is a curious memorial of enthusiasm; and Joseph, at a later epoch, in mere admiration of his genius, settled a pension on him, unshackled by any conditions of patronage: an act worthy of record, as a trait of generous friendship, alike honourable to the donor and the object of his respect. Napoleon himself, too, both before he was first consul, and after his elevation to absolute power, paid sedulous and less disinterested court to Saint-Pierre; and we have, in M. Aime's Supplement to his Memoirs, some curious particulars of the intercourse which, for a time, subsisted between Bernardin and the young conqueror of Italy. From this part of M. Aime's work only shall we offer an extract.

'After his brothers Joseph and Louis, Napoleon, in his turn, came to visit M. de Saint-Pierre: but this was not the first advance which the warrior had made to the philosopher. In the course of the campaigns of Italy, he had written to him a charming letter: "Your pen is a pencil," said he; "whatever you paint is present to our eyes; your works delight and console us; you will be, at Paris, one of the men whom I shall see most frequently, and with most pleasure." The flattering partiality thus shewn for him by an illustrious captain, the fame of his victories, the friendship of Louis, the visit of Joseph, had all predisposed Saint-Pierre in favour of Buonaparte.....The general had just been elected by the class of sciences in the Institute: he spoke much of his plans of learned industry and retirement; he mentioned his wish to purchase a little country-house, in then eighbourhood of Paris, and said he should only visit the capital to be present at the sittings of the Institute. M. de Saint-Pierre, in the sincerity of his heart, applauded this project, which, to his feelings, appeared quite a natural one; and he even went so far as to offer his little place at Essone to the conqueror of Italy, who only smiled with a slight air of embarrassment, and muttered a few words about servants, equipage, &c. M. de Saint-Pierre, then, at once saw that this young man, with his straight hair, sallow complexion, and severe deportment, was anything but a Cincinnatus; and thenceforth he put himself upon his guard; for he said, "This is a man of ambition; he flatters me only to gain the ascendancy over my will;" and this reflection redoubled his reserve. Buonaparte, however, prolonged his visit, and ended by pressing Saint-Pierre to dine with him. The latter excused himself, on account of the illness of his wife. "It is only a friendly party," said Buonaparte; "we shall have Ducis, Collin d'Harleville, Lemercier, Arnault," &c. Saint-Pierre persisted in his refusal, and the general gave another turn to the conversation, spoke of the disorder of the finances, the delay of payments, and bluntly asked him whether he suffered any inconvenience from these matters. He then rose, and took his leave.

'Two days afterwards, Buonaparte called again: he was received by Madame de Saint-Pierre; she alone was at home. "See," said he, placing a purse of money on the mantle-piece, "here is a little sum which I have just succeeded in touching for you at the Institute. Having obtained the minister's order, I was resolved to get it executed myself: in future we shall have no more delays." "Then," he added, on taking his leave: "M. de Saint-Pierre can sign the entry for the amount at the next sitting."

'Touched by the kindness of this conduct, Saint-Pierre thought he should take the occasion to offer the general a copy of his Studies of Nature; and on the morrow he called at his hotel. Buonaparte then lived in the Rue de la Victoire: the porter seeing M. de Saint-Pierre pass with a packet of books, told him it was forbidden to offer the general any present, and shewed him some magnificent vases of gold and silver, which were displayed in his lodge. These were presents from the contractors of the army; and the general had not suffered them even to be brought into his anti-chamber. M. de Saint-Pierre, however, persisted; and the porter, foretelling that he would have the same fate as the contractor, suffered him to pass. The general's anti-chamber was full of strangers of distinction, among whom were a diplomatic body: M. de Saint-Pierre passed through the crowd, gave his name, and was admitted. Buonaparte received his thanks with modesty, and his book with the best grace in the world. "See," said he, drawing from his shelves a copy of the same work, which bore the marks of having been very much used, "in what good time your present comes: really this is a happy day for me!" He pronounced these words with the most amiable manner; and, shewing some medals which had just been struck, of his Italian campaigns, he offered one of them to Saint-Pierre, and begged him to keep it as a memorial of his first visit. M. de Saint-Pierre would then have withdrawn: Buonaparte detained him. "But," said the other, "there are strangers waiting to see you." "Well," replied Buonaparte, in a rude tone, "let them wait: it is their vocation;" adding, with a contemptuous smile, "They are some of the worthless agents of that modern system of politics, which teaches only how to deceive, to lie, and to plot, without ever arriving at an object." As he thus spoke, his hand was mechanically pointing to a little cannon which stood upon the table. "General," said Saint-Pierre, putting his finger on the gun, "here is a plaything, which, in the hands of a hero, settles more matters in a day than all the courts of Europe in ten years." Buonaparte raised a pale and thoughtful countenance, but a smile was upon his mouth, and his look was penetrating. He fixed it upon Saint-Pierre, as though he would pierce his inmost thoughts; and finding his gaze encountered by that of a man who could also read the secret of hearts, he turned away his eyes, and the smile vanished. In the exchange of this single glance, the man of ambition and the philosopher had read each other, and discovered they were not made for congeniality.

'A short time afterwards, Saint-Pierre went to dine with Buonaparte on the renewal of his invitation. Every thing was then modest, and without pretension, in the establishment of the man who was, soon, to subjugate Europe, and inhabit the palaces of monarchs. His table was frugal; but a woman, full of graceful charms, did its honours; and he was himself anxious to please. He had eulogies for all the varieties of talent which were assembled at his board, and every compliment was heightened by some appropriate reflection.'—Tome i., pp. 123—129.

After interesting his party in some lively anecdotes of his Italian campaigns,

'.....Buonaparte spoke of his taste for retirement, of his intention to live in the country; and then, all at once, becoming animated against the journalists who accused him of ambition, he gave vent to his indignation at their servility and their falsehoods, recalled several stinging instances of the satire which they had directed against the writings and persons of all the individuals who were listening to him, and ended by proposing that all his friends should unite with him in establishing a journal which should be consecrated to truth, and might give a direction to the public opinion. The address of the hero did not succeed; and whether the proposal alarmed the indolence of his auditors, or provoked suspicion of his projects, some of them excused themselves, by alleging the contempt which such miserable antagonists should inspire; and others by quoting the example of Boileau, that criticism, however unjust, serves only to double the powers of genius. But an unexpected sally decided the question. "General," said a poet of sonorous voice, and imposing stature, "you wish us to assume a power which tolerates no master: if we were to turn journalists, you would dread us, you would crush us!" If the event may guide our judgment, this foresight could not be displeasing to Buonaparte: it taught him, at least, the extent of the danger which he was courting.....He became lost in thought, absent, and took no further part in the conversation; and his guests understood that it was time to withdraw.'—Tome i., pp. 131—133.

This friendly intercourse with Buonaparte was suspended by the failure of Saint-Pierre to appear at the Thuilleries after Napoleon became First Consul, and still more by his rejection of a solicitation, on the part of the conqueror, that he would become the historian of his campaigns in Italy. Saint-Pierre excused himself, with the remark, that he had studied only the laws of nature, and was ignorant of those of politics and war; and Napoleon then, for some time, descended to shew his resentment against him by bitter sarcasms and paltry persecutions in the Institute; but he never seriously carried his hostility farther, and Bernardin passed his declining years in the quiet enjoyment of the independence, for which he was principally indebted to the friendship of Joseph Buonaparte. He did not live to witness the dissolution of his benefactor's ephemeral dream of royalty; but peacefully closed his life in January, 1814, and at the great age of seventy-seven years, with the tranquillity of a true philosopher, and the piety of a sincere Christian.

ART. VII. *Life of Theobald Wolfe Tone, Founder of the United Irish Society, and Adjutant-General and Chef de Brigade in the service of the French and Batavian Republics.* Edited by his Son, William Theobald Wolfe Tone. 2 vols. 8vo. Washington, Gales & Seaton. 1826.

WE have not lately seen two volumes of more peculiar and more captivating interest, than those which are now before us. We hope that in inviting the attention of the reader to them we shall

not be accused of sedition, as we really consider that, besides the sort of romantic character they possess, they are fraught with some most important lessons, which it well behoves this country to study and to digest, before it be too late. The situation of Ireland at this moment, after the recent rejection even of the consideration of her claims by the new House of Commons, is one of a most ominous and appalling description. There is not one of her Catholic inhabitants, from her first peer to her meanest peasant, who does not feel personally insulted, and substantially aggrieved, by that most unwise and most unjust decision. The spirit of the people is inflamed to a degree of excitation strongly resembling that which, within the last thirty years, has driven them three times into open insurrection. How their present discontent shall terminate, Providence only can foresee.

At such a crisis as this, brought on by a desperate and grasping faction in the state, for their own short-sighted and sordid purposes, it may not be useless to glance over the events of such a life as that of Theobald Wolfe Tone—a life full of the strangest vicissitudes, marked by an extraordinary degree of enterprise, in what he considered the cause of his country, and at length sacrificed to that cause by his own hand, in order to save the ignominy of a public execution. Mr. Shiel has brought upon himself the vengeance of the Irish government, for having made these volumes the theme of one of his speeches in the Irish Catholic Association, and for having attempted to shew the new facilities which existed for the foreign invasion of Ireland, in the modern invention of steam boats. Thus warned, we shall not say one word of foreign invasion, or domestic insurrection, but merely confine ourselves to the task of placing the reader in possession of some of the leading points of interest, with which this piece of biography so copiously abounds.

The volumes consist of several memoirs of different periods of his life, written by Tone himself; of diaries, containing the most minute details of his proceedings on the most important occasions of his career; of some supplementary memoirs, as well as of a brief outline of his own education, and services in the French army by his son; and, finally, of a short and very beautiful memoir written by Mrs. Tone, in which she effectually exposes the falsehood and exaggeration of some tales, concerning herself and her family, which have been published in the New Monthly Magazine. It must be admitted, however, as an excuse for those inventions, that there are few families, in any country, whose history affords so many materials for romantic fiction as that of Theobald Wolfe Tone. No imagination would have dared to contrive such adventures as those which befel himself and his brothers, and even his wife and his only surviving son. Fortune would seem to have marked them all out as the special objects of her caprice and her severity: we have at present, however, to do with Theobald alone, and it will be seen that, even at the commencement of his life, it promised to be sufficiently diversified.

He was born in Dublin, in the year 1763, and was the eldest of three brothers. In consequence of some Chancery litigations, the pecuniary circumstances of his family were by no means prosperous; nevertheless they mustered sufficient means to provide him with an excellent education, which was finished at the university of Dublin. He acknowledges that he did not profit much from the opportunities thus afforded him, that he was abominably idle, and that instead of attending to his classics, he found his chief delight in attending the parades, field-days and reviews, of the garrison of Dublin, in the Phœnix Park. To this circumstance he traces the untameable desire by which he was ever after actuated to become a soldier; although he reluctantly submitted to try his fortune first at the bar. Before he quitted college he was engaged as a second in a duel, which terminated in the death of one of the parties, none of them being at the time above twenty years of age: a pretty good proof of the discipline that prevailed at that period in the university of Dublin. The manner in which he became acquainted with the admirable lady, who afterwards became his wife, is characteristic ofthe man.

'At length, about the beginning of the year 1785, I became acquainted with my wife. She was the daughter of William Witherington, and lived, at that time, in Grafton-street, in the house of her grandfather, a rich old clergyman, of the name of Fanning. I was then a scholar of the house in the University, and every day, after commons, I used to walk under her windows with one or the other of my fellow-students; I soon grew passionately fond of her, and she, also, was struck with me, though certainly my appearance, neither then nor now, was much in my favour; so it was, however, that, before we had ever spoken to each other, a mutual affection had commenced between us. She was, at this time, not sixteen years of age, and as beautiful as an angel. She had a brother some years older than herself; and it was necessary, for my admission to the family, that I should be first acquainted with him, I soon contrived to be introduced to him, and as he played well on the violin, and I was myself a musical man, we grew intimate, the more so, as it may well be supposed I neglected no fair means to recommend myself to him and the rest of the family, with whom I soon grew a favourite. My affairs now advanced prosperously; my wife and I grew passionately fond of each other; and, in a short time, I proposed to her to marry me, without asking consent of any one, knowing well it would be in vain to expect it; she accepted the proposal as frankly as I made it, and one beautiful morning, in the month of July, we ran off together, and were married. I carried her out of town to Maynooth for a few days, and when the first *eclat* of passion had subsided, we were forgiven on all sides, and settled in lodgings near my wife's grandfather.'—vol. i., p. 21.

It is but justice to Mrs. Tone to observe, that throughout these volumes, wherever she is spoken of by her husband, and mention is made of her in almost every second page, it is uniformly in terms of the most ardent affection. It is the most engaging trait in our hero's character, that through all his wild and extravagant proceedings, whether at home or abroad, she still held her place in his

heart, as the first object of his feelings and his thoughts; and that her happiness, and possibly her aggrandizement, was one of the most lively incentives to his ambition. Two years after his romantic marriage, Tone was obliged to leave her with his friends, while he came to London for the purpose of serving his terms at the Temple. His fondness for the profession may be inferred from his acknowledgment, that 'after the first month he never opened a law book, nor was he ever three times in Westminster Hall in his life.' This disinclination to study must, of course, have been increased by the extreme uncertainty of his circumstances, which kept him in much uneasiness of mind. 'However,' he says, 'one way or another I contrived to make it out. I had chambers in the Temple (No. 4, Hare Court, on the first floor), and whatever difficulties I had otherwise to struggle with, I contrived always to preserve the appearance of a gentleman, and to maintain my rank with my fellow students, if I can call myself a student.' One of his resources was the European Magazine, for which he wrote several articles, mostly critical reviews of new publications, for which, in the course of two years, he received about 50*l*. He attempted, also, in conjunction with a friend, a burlesque novel, intended to ridicule the trash of the circulating libraries; but, unfortunately, none of the booksellers here would risque the printing of it, though it was offered to them 'gratis.' It was afterwards published in Dublin, where it was read only by the authors and their friends.

A singular project which engrossed the mind of our law student, for some time, was a proposal to the minister, Mr. Pitt, for the establishment of a colony in one of Cook's then newly-discovered islands in the North Sea, on a military plan, with a view 'to put a bridle on Spain in time of peace, and to annoy her grievously from that quarter in time of war.' The scheme, of course, met with no attention from Mr. Pitt. He did not even acknowledge the receipt of the memorial in which it was set forth. We mention this omission, as, though apparently a slight circumstance in itself, it gave birth to a lasting resentment in the mind of Tone against that minister, and, no doubt, materially swelled the tide of angry feeling which afterwards shewed itself in his exertions for the independence of Ireland. His resentment was the more bitter, as, at the same time, his pecuniary affairs were in a state of great embarrassment. Such was his distress, that he went down to the India-house, to offer his services to the Company, as a volunteer soldier, and the accident only of his having applied at the wrong season of the year, seems to have prevented his offer from having been accepted.

Fortune, however, smiled once more upon him. His wife's grandfather gave her a portion of 500*l*., which enabled him to return to Dublin, and to enter upon his profession in Trinity term, 1789. From the sort of preparation, however, which he had made for it, it would have been miraculous if he had succeeded. He devoted

his attention chiefly to politics, and wrote a pamphlet, which, though 'it was barely above mediocrity,' obtained for him the notice of the Whig party in Ireland, and eventually led to a connexion with them, from which he at first expected great advantages. The only material result of it, however, was, that it gave him a decided turn for politics; and in the course of his inquiries into the state of Ireland, to whose interests he was unquestionably most ardently attached, he arrived at a conclusion, or rather, as he calls it, a theory upon which he ever afterwards acted. This theory was, that 'the influence of England was the radical vice of the Irish government, and consequently that Ireland would never be either free, prosperous, or happy, until she was independent, and that independence was unattainable, whilst the connexion with England existed.'

Having once formed his opinions, his next proceeding was to give publicity to them; accordingly, on the first appearance of a rupture with Spain, he wrote a pamphlet, for the purpose of shewing that Ireland would not be bound by any declaration of war that might be issued by England. This was a tolerably strong step towards the demonstration of his theory. The pamphlet, however, fell still-born from the press, as the public mind was not yet quite prepared for so decisive a doctrine. Having by this time run far beyond the utmost boundary of the Whig principles, he already looked down upon that party with contempt. Such was the state of his progress towards extreme measures, when he became acquainted with Tom Russell, one of the most celebrated anti-Anglicans which Ireland has produced: we shall give Tone's account of the origin of his acquaintance with this person, and also of the manner of life which he led at the period we speak of.

'My acquaintance with Russell commenced by an argument in the gallery of the House of Commons. He was, at that time, enamoured of the Whigs, but I knew these gentlemen better than he, and, indeed, he did not long remain under the delusion. We were struck with each other, notwithstanding the difference of our opinions, and we agreed to dine together the next day, in order to discuss the question. We liked each other better the second day than the first, and every day since has increased and confirmed our mutual esteem.

'My wife's health continuing still delicate, she was ordered by her physician to bathe in the salt water. I hired, in consequence, a little box of a house on the sea-side, at Irishtown, where we spent the summer of 1790. Russell and I were inseparable, and, as our discussions were mostly political, and our sentiments agreed exactly, we extended our views, and fortified each other in the opinions, to the propagation and establishment of which we have ever since been devoted. I recall with transport the happy days we spent together during that period; the delicious dinners, in the preparation of which my wife, Russell, and myself, were all engaged; the afternoon walks, the discussions we had, as we lay stretched on the grass. It was delightful! Sometimes Russell's venerable father, a veteran of near seventy, with the courage of a hero, the serenity of a philosopher,

and the piety of a saint, used to visit our little mansion, and that day was a *fete*. My wife doated on the old man, and he loved her like one of his children. I will not attempt, because I am unable, to express the veneration and regard I had for him, and I am sure that, next to his own sons, and scarcely below them, he loved and esteemed me. Russell's brother John, too, used to visit us, a man of a most warm and affectionate heart, and, incontestibly, of the most companionable talents I ever met. His humour, which was pure and natural, flowed in an inexhaustible stream. He had not the strength of character of my friend Tom, but for the charms of conversation, he excelled him and all the world. Sometimes, too, my brother William joined us for a week, from the county Kildare, where he resided with my brother Matthew, who had lately commenced a cotton manufactory at Prosperous, in that county. I have already mentioned the convivial talents he possessed. In short, when the two Russells, my brother, and I, were assembled, it is impossible to conceive of a happier society. I know not whether our wit was perfectly classical or not, nor does it signify. If it was not sterling, at least it passed current amongst ourselves. If I may judge, we were none of us destitute of the humour indigenous in the soil of Ireland; for three of us I can answer, they possessed it in an eminent degree; add to this, I was the only one of the four who was not a poet, or at least a maker of verses; so that every day produced a ballad, or some poetical squib, which amused us after dinner, and as our conversation turned upon no ribaldry or indeceney, my wife and sister never left the table. These were delicious days. The rich and great, who sit down every day to the monotony of a splendid entertainment, can form no idea of the happiness of our frugal meal, nor of the infinite pleasure we found in taking each his part in the preparation and attendance. My wife was the centre and the soul of all. I scarcely know which of us loved her best; her courteous manners, her goodness of heart, her incomparable humour, her never-failing cheerfulness, her affection for me and for our children, rendered her the object of our common admiration and delight. She loved Russell as well as I did. In short, a more interesting society of individuals, connected by purer motives, and animated by a more ardent attachment and friendship for each other, cannot be imagined.'—vol. i., pp. 34—36.

The French Revolution, which had, at its commencement, produced a serious impression in this country, was viewed in Ireland with the most cordial sympathy and approbation. The Catholics began to feel the humility and servitude to which they had been reduced by the penal laws, and, for the first time, took measures for obtaining the entire removal of their grievances. Tone, who was a Dissenter, anxiously participated in their views, and although, at the time, he did not reckon a single Roman Catholic among his acquaintances, he wrote a pamphlet in their behalf, which met with distinguished success; it was the immediate cause of making him known to the gentlemen by whom the affairs of the Catholics were managed, and to the volunteers of Belfast, by whom he was invited to assist in the formation of the club of United Irishmen, which commenced a new epoch in the politics of Ireland. A similar club was established in Dublin, composed of Archibald Hamilton Rowan, James Napper Tandy, Dr. Drennan,

the Hon. Simon Butler, and other distinguished persons. Of this club, Tone was also elected a member, and, upon the retirement of Mr. Richard Burke (son of Edmund) from the agency of the Catholics of Ireland, our author was elected (1792) secretary to their general committee, with a salary of 200*l.* a-year. This situation he appears to have filled for nearly two years, with great advantage to the body with which he was thus honourably connected: a transaction, however, which took place in 1794, rendered his removal from Ireland a matter of necessity. A gentleman of the name of Jackson had been sent, by the French republican government, to Ireland, in order to sound the people of that country as to their willingness to join the French against England. Jackson was unquestionably faithful to the cause which he had espoused, but he was one of the most indiscreet emissaries ever employed on so delicate a mission. On his arrival in England he communicated the purport of his mission to an attorney, of the name of Cockayne, who lost no time in conveying the intelligence to government. Cockayne was accordingly instructed to accompany Jackson to Ireland, and to watch and betray all his proceedings. Tone was one of the first persons to whom Jackson opened himself in Ireland, and he eagerly entered into the business: but, before any effectual step was taken, Jackson was arrested, tried, and executed. The safety of Tone was, of course, compromised; but, through the exertions of his friends, he obtained permission to quit Ireland, and to take up his residence in America, whither he proceeded in the month of May, 1795.

He had scarcely arrived in Philadelphia, when he resumed his plans for the liberation of Ireland. His first step was to wait on the French minister, Adet, from whom, however, he received but little encouragement. He purchased a plantation near Princetown, and was quietly preparing to settle himself as an American farmer, when he received letters from his friends in Ireland, entreating him "to move heaven and earth to force his way to the French government, in order to supplicate their assistance," and informing him that the public mind of Ireland was fast advancing towards republicanism. Means were, at the same time, placed in his hands for enabling him to make the best of his way to France. He lost no time in obeying this call, and he arrived at Havre de Grace, on the 1st of February, 1796.

At this period commence the journals of his proceedings during his mission in France; they are written in a careless manner, but as they were intended chiefly for the gratification of his family, they exhibit a genuine and artless account of his life from day to day. They are often exceedingly droll, and animated with the finest touches of native Irish wit. The author had a ludicrous trick of dragging into his memoranda, favourite quotations, sometimes from old plays, sometimes from old ballads, and other similar sources, which, besides that they have little merit in themselves,

have nothing in the world to do with the subject in hand. The effect is of course often merely nonsensical; but generally it is so ridiculous, that one cannot help being amused with it. We shall give an example or two, premising, that after Tone's arrival in Paris, he found no difficulty in obtaining access to the directory and ministers of France, who all promised to give their best assistance to the purpose which he had in view.

'*March* 21. Went, by appointment (this being the first Germinal), to the Luxembourg, to General Clarke; "*damn it and rot it for me*"—he has not yet got my memorials; only think how provoking. I told him I would make him a fair copy, as I had the rough draft by me. He answered it was unnecessary, as he had given in a memorandum, in writing, to Carnot, to send for the originals, and would certainly have them before I could make the copy. We then went into the subject as before, but nothing new occurred. He dwelt a little on the nobles and clergy, and I replied as I had done in the former conversation; he said he was satisfied that nothing was to be expected from either, and I answered that he might expect all the opposition they could give, if they had the power to give any, but that, happily, if the landing were once effected, their opinion would be of little consequence. He then asked me, as before, what form of government I thought would be likely to take place in Ireland, in case of the separation being effected? adding that, as to France, though she would certainly prefer a republic, yet her great object was the independence of Ireland, under any form. I answered, I had no doubt whatever that, if we succeeded, we would establish a republic, adding that it was my own wish, as well as that of *all* the men with whom I co-operated. He then talked of the necessity of sending some person to Ireland, to examine into the state of things there, adding, "you would not go yourself?" I answered, certainly not; that, in the first place, I had already given all the information I was possessed of; and, for me to add anything to that, would be, in fact, only supporting my credit by my own declaration; that he would find, even in the English papers, and I was sure much more in the Irish, if he had them, sufficient evidence of the state of the country to support every word I had advanced, and evidence of the most unexceptionable nature, as it came out of the mouths of those who were interested to conceal it, and would conceal it, if they could; that, for me to be found in Ireland now, would be a certain sacrifice of my life to no purpose; that, if the expedition was undertaken, I would go in any station; that I was not only ready and willing, but should most earnestly supplicate and entreat the French Government to permit me to take a part, even as a private volunteer, with a firelock on my shoulder, and that I thought I could be of use to both countries. He answered, "As to that, there could be no difficulty or doubt on the part of the French Government." He then expressed his regret at the delay of the memorials, and assured me he would use all diligence in procuring them, and would not lose a moment after they came to his hands. I entreated him to consider that the season was now advancing fast when the channel fleet would be at sea, and the camps in Ireland formed, and, of course, that every hour was precious, which he admitted. I then took my leave, having fixed to return in five days, on the 6th Germinal. I apologised for pressing him thus, which I assured him I should not do in a business of my own private concern, and so we parted. And

now is it not extremely provoking that, in a business of such magnitude, seven days have been lost? The papers are lying in the Minister's hands, ready and finished, and nothing to do but to send for them, yet they are not got. Well! if ever I get to be a Citizen Director, or a Citizen Minister, I hope I shall do better than that: I am in a rage; hell! hell! "*Fury, revenge, disdain, and indignation, tear my swoln breast, whilst passions, like the winds, rise up to heaven, and put out all the stars.*" As I have nothing to add more outrageous, I will here change the subject.'—vol. ii., pp. 57, 58.

One of the first things which his French friends required Tone to do, was to draw up a manifesto on the state of Ireland. This document seems to have given our hero infinite trouble. The following passages in his diary particularly refer to it:

'*March* 25. At work in the morning at my manifesto. I think it begins to clear up a little. I find a strong disposition to be scurrilous against the English government, which I will not check. I will write on, pell-mell, and correct it in cool blood, if my blood will ever cool on that subject. Went, at one o'clock, to Clarke—Damn it, he has had my memorials, and never looked at them. Well! this is my first mortification: God knows, I do not care if the memorials were sent to the devil, provided the business be once undertaken. It is not for the glory of General Clarke's admiration of my compositions that I am anxious. He apologized for the delay, by alleging the multiplicity of other business, and perhaps he had reason, yet I think there are few affairs of more consequence than those of Ireland, if well understood. But how can they be understood, if they will not read the information that is offered them?—Well, "*'Tis but vain,*" &c. Clarke fixed with me to call on him the day but one after, at two o'clock. The delay, to be sure, is not great; nevertheless I do not like it. There was something too, in his manner, which was not quite to my taste, not but that he was extremely civil. Perhaps it is all fancy, or that I was out of humour. Well, the 27th I hope we shall see, and till then, let me work at my manifesto. Heigho! I have no great stomach for that business to-day; but it must be, and so *allons*. But first I will go gingerly, and dine alone in the Elysian fields. It is inconceivable the solitude I live in here. Sometimes I am most dreadfully out of spirits, and it is no wonder. Losing the society of a family that I doat upon, and that loves me so dearly, and living in Paris, amongst utter strangers, like an absolute *Chartreux*. Well! "*Had honest Sam Crowe been within hail—but what signifies palavering?*" I will go to my dinner. Evening; did no good—"*I cannot write this self-same manifesto, said I, despairingly.*" No opera. Went to bed at eight o'clock.

'*March* 26. At work at the manifesto like a vicious mule, kicking all the way. However, I am getting on, but I declare I know no more than my lord mayor, whether what I am writing is good, bad, or indifferent: "*Fair and softly goes far in a day.*" I am going fair and softly, but I cannot say I go far in a day. I have been writing now five hours, without intermission, and I am surprised to find how little I have done; but I write two lines, and blot out three, so it is easy to see how I get on. Well! now I think it is time to go to my dinner. I am to dine with my friend Dupetit Thouars, who has, I am heartily glad to find, re-entered the service. He

has at present the rank of commodore, and if the war continues some time longer, may probably become an admiral. I hope and believe he will do his duty, though he is a damned *aristocrat;* but then he hates the English cordially, and that covers a multitude of sins. Evening: Dupetit Thouars prevented by business; but, to make amends, left a very troublesome French boy, to keep me from being low spirited, I suppose. Got rid of him as well as I could. At night sent for a bottle of Burgundy, intending to drink just one glass. Began to read (having opened my bottle) Memoirs of the reign of Lewis XIV. After reading some time, found my passion at a particular circumstance kindled rather more than seemed necessary, as I flung the book from me with great indignation. Turned to my bottle, to take a glass to cool me—found, to my great astonishment, that it was empty—Oh, ho!—Got up and put every thing in its place, exactly—examined all my locks—saw that my door was fast, as there may be rogues in the hotel—peeped under my bed, lest the enemy should surprise me there. It is the part of a wise man to be cautious, and I found myself, just then, inclined to be extremely prudent. Having satisfied myself that all was safe, "*I mounted the wall of my castle, as I called it, and having pulled the ladder up after me, I lay down in my hammock and slept contentedly.*" This is vilely misquoted, but no matter for that; it is just like one of P. P.'s quotations. Slept like a top all night.'—vol. ii., pp. 66, 67.

Anxious as the leading members of the French government were, at the time, to rescue Ireland from the domination of England, it is very remarkable that they were as ignorant of the condition, and of the tone of feeling then prevailing in the former country, as if it had been one of the islands of the South Sea. Clarke, who afterwards became Duke of Feltre, and who was himself an Irishman, seems to have known as little on the subject as Carnot. The conversation recorded in the following extract, is quite laughable for the gross stupidity which it betrays on the part of the republican statesman.

'*July* 18. Rose early this morning, and wrote a threatening letter to citizen Carnot, telling him "*If he did not put five pounds in a sartin place*——!!" It is written in French, and I have a copy. God forgive me for calling it French, for I believe, properly speaking, it is no language; however, he will understand that money is the drift of it, and that is the main point. Called at twelve on Clarke. At last he has got my brevet from the Minister at War. It is for the rank of Chef de Brigade, and bears date the 1st Messidor (June 19). It remains now to be signed by Carnot and Lagarde, which will be done to-day, and to-morrow, at nine, I am to pass muster. "*To-morrow, I swear, by nine of the clock, I shall see Sir Andrew Barton, knight.*" Clarke embraced me on giving me the brevet, and saluted me as a brother officer; so did Fleury, and my heart was so full, I could hardly reply to either of them. I am as proud as Punch. Who would have thought this, the day I left the Lough of Belfast? I would have thought it, and I did think it. That is manly and decided, as P. P. used to say. I now write myself Chef de Brigade, "*in any bill, bond, quittance, or obligation—Armigero.*" Huzza! huzza! Let me have done with my nonsense and huzzaing, and mind my business.

Clarke asked me, would we consent, in Ireland, to let the French have a direct interference in our government? adding, that it might be necessary, as it was actually in Holland, where, if it were not for the continual superintendence of the French, they would suffer their throats to be cut again by the Stadtholder. I answered, that, undoubtedly, the French must have a very great influence on the measures of our government, in case we succeeded; but that I thought, if they were wise, they would not expect any direct interference; adding, that the most effectual way to have power with us, would be, to appear not to desire it. I added, that, for that reason, I hoped whoever was sent in the civil department, would be a very sensible, cool man, because a great deal would depend on his address. Clarke replied, "*We intend to send nobody but you.*" That stunned me a little. What could he mean? Am I to begin by representing the French Republic in Ireland, instead of representing the Irish Republic in France? "*I am puzzled in mazes, and perplexed with errors.*" I must have this explained in to-morrow's conversation. Clarke then went on to say, they had no security for what form of government we might adopt in case of success. I replied, I had no security to offer but my decided opinion, that we would establish a Republic. He objected, that we might establish an aristocratic Republic, like that of Genoa. I assured him the aristocracy of Ireland were not such favourites with the people, that we should spill our blood to establish their power. He then said, "Perhaps, after all, we might choose a King; that there was no security against that but information; and that the people of Ireland were in general very ignorant." I asked him, in God's name, whom would we choose, or where would we go look for a King? He said, "May be the Duke of York?" I assured him that he, or his aid-de-camp, Fleury, who was present, had full as good, and indeed a much better, chance than his Royal Highness; and I added, that we neither loved the English people in general, nor his Majesty's family in particular, so well as to choose one of them for our King, supposing, what was not the case, that the superstition of royalty yet hung about us. As to the ignorance of our peasantry, I admitted it was in general too true, thanks to our execrable government, whose policy it was to keep them in a state of barbarism; but I could answer for the information of the Dissenters, who were thoroughly enlightened, and sincere republicans, and who, I had no doubt, would direct the public sentiment in framing a government. He then asked, was there nobody among ourselves that had any chance, supposing the tide should set in favour of monarchy? I replied, "Not one." He asked, "Would the Duke of Leinster, for example?" I replied, "No; that every body loved and liked the Duke, because he was a good man, and always resided and spent his fortune in Ireland: but that he by no means possessed that kind of character, or talents, which might elevate him to that station." He then asked me, again, "Could I think of nobody?" I replied, "I could not; that Lord Moira was the only person I could recollect who might have had the least chance, but that he had blown his reputation to pieces by accepting a command against France; and, after him, there was nobody." "Well," said Clarke, "may be, after all, you will choose one of your own leaders; who knows but it may be *yourself?*" I replied, we had no leaders of a rank or description likely to arrive at that degree of eminence; and, as to myself, I neither had the desire nor the talents to aspire so high.'—vol. ii., pp. 159—161.

The plan proposed by Tone was, that a body of French troops should be landed in Ireland, with a general at their head, of established reputation; the troops to consist of at least 20,000 men, 15,000 of which should land as near the capital as circumstances would admit, and 5,000 in the North of Ireland, near Belfast. If, however, the Republic found it impossible to spare so large a body of men, he mentioned 5,000 as the very lowest number with which the attempt could be made. He might as well have mentioned five hundred. The bare idea of subduing the English force in Ireland by means of 5,000 men, and such auxiliaries as they might receive on their landing, was supremely absurd.

After many promises and delays, the famous Botany Bay expedition was fixed upon, and actually put to sea, from Brest, on the 15th of December, 1796. The force on board the different frigates, was estimated at 15,100 men, well provided with arms, artillery, and ammunition, under the command of Hoche. The result of this enterprise is well known. The fleet were separated by the elements; Grouchy, who might have landed at his destination, with five or six thousand men, hesitated until the vessels in company with him were rendered scarcely sea-worthy by the inclemency of the weather, when he thought right to return to Brest as quickly as he could. Tone was with this expedition. He speaks in indignant terms of Grouchy's* hesitation. It is remarkable, that in their voyage to Botany Bay, and their return to Brest, they did not meet a single English ship of war.

We pass over the period during which our hero served in the army of the Sambre and the Meuse, and also the ineffectual armament of the Texel, in order to come to the third and last expedition in which Tone was engaged for the invasion of Ireland. We give the editor's account of it.

"At length, about the 20th of September, 1798, that fatal expedition set sail from the Baye de Cameret. It consisted of the Hoche, 74; Loire, Resolue, Bellone, Coquille, Embuscade, Immortalite, Romaine, and Semillante, frigates; and Biche schooner, and aviso. To avoid the British fleets, Bompart, an excellent seaman, took a large sweep to the westward, and then to the north-east, in order to bear down on the northern coast of Ireland, from the quarter whence a French force would be least expected. He met, however, with contrary winds, and it appears that his flotilla was scattered; for, on the 10th of October, after twenty days' cruise, he arrived off the entry of Loch Swilly, with the Hoche, the Loire, the Resolue, and the Biche. He was instantly signalled; and, on the break of day, next morning, 11th of October, before he could enter the bay or land his troops, he perceived the squadron of Sir John Borlase Warren, consisting of six sail of the line, one razee of sixty guns, and two frigates, bearing down upon him. There was no chance of escape for the large and heavy man of war. Bompart gave instant signals to the frigates and

* This was the Grouchy, to whose hesitation Napoleon, at a later period, imputed his defeat at Waterloo.

schooner, to retreat through shallow water, and prepared alone to honour the flag of his country, and liberty, by a desperate, but hopeless defence. At that moment, a boat came from the Biche for his last orders. That ship had the best chance to get off. The French officers all supplicated my father to embark on board of her. "Our contest is hopeless," they observed, "we will be prisoners of war, but what will become of you." "Shall it be said," replied he, "that I fled, whilst the French were fighting the battles of my country?" He refused their offers, and determined to stand and fall with the ship. The Biche accomplished her escape, and I see it mentioned in late publications, that other Irishmen availed themselves of that occasion. This fact is incorrect, not one of them would have done so; and besides, my father was the only Irishman on board of the Hoche.

'The British admiral dispatched two men of war, the razee, and a frigate, after the Loire and the Resolue, and the Hoche was soon surrounded by four sail of the line and a frigate, and began one of the most obstinate and desperate engagements, which have ever been fought on the ocean. During six hours, she sustained the fire of a whole fleet, till her masts and rigging were swept away, her scuppers flowed with blood, her wounded filled the cock-pit, her shattered ribs yawned at each new stroke, and let in five feet of water in the hold, her rudder was carried off, and she floated a dismantled wreck on the waters; her sails and cordage hung in shreds, nor could she reply with a single gun from her dismounted batteries, to the unabating cannonade of the enemy. At length she struck. The Resolue and Loire were soon reached by the English fleet; the former was in a sinking condition, she made, however, an honourable defence; the Loire sustained three attacks, drove off the English frigates, and had almost effected her escape; at length, engaged by the Anson razee of sixty guns, she struck, after an action of three hours, entirely dismasted. Of the other frigates, pursued in all directions, the Bellone, Immortalité, Coquille, and Embuscade were taken, and the Romaine and Semillante, through a thousand dangers, reached separate ports in France.

'During the action, my father commanded one of the batteries, and, according to the report of the officers who returned to France, fought with the utmost desperation, and as if he was courting death. When the ship struck, confounded with the other officers, he was not recognised for some time; for he had completely acquired the language and appearance of a Frenchman. The two fleets were dispersed in every direction; nor was it till some days later, that the Hoche was brought into Loch Swilly, and the prisoners landed and marched to Letterkenny. Yet rumours of his being on board must have been circulated, for the fact was public at Paris. But it was thought he had been killed in the action, and I am willing to believe that the British officers, respecting the valour of a fallen enemy, were not earnest in investigating the point. It was at length a gentleman, well known in the county Derry, as a leader of the Orange party, and one of the chief magistrates in that neighbourhood, Sir George Hill, who had been his fellow-student in Trinity college, and knew his person, who undertook the task of discovering him. It is known that in Spain, grandees and noblemen of the first rank pride themselves in the functions of familiars, spies, and informers of the holy Inquisition; it remained for Ireland to offer a similar example. The French officers were invited to breakfast with the Earl of Cavan, who commanded in that district; my father sat

undistinguished amongst them, when Sir George Hill entered the room, followed by police officers. Looking narrowly at the company, he singled out the object of his search, and stepping up to him, said, "Mr. Tone, I am *very happy* to see you." Instantly rising, with the utmost composure, and disdaining all useless attempts at concealment, my father replied, "Sir George, I am happy to see you; how are Lady Hill and your family?" Beckoned into the next room by the police officers, an unexpected indignity awaited him; it was filled with military; and one general Lavau, who commanded them, ordered him to be ironed, declaring that, as on leaving Ireland, to enter the French service, he had not renounced his oath of allegiance, he remained a subject of Britain, and should be punished as a traitor. Seized with a momentary burst of indignation at such unworthy treatment and cowardly cruelty to a prisoner of war, he flung off his uniform, and cried, "These fetters shall never degrade the revered insignia of the free nation which I have served." Resuming then his usual calm, he offered his limbs to the irons, and when they were fixed, he exclaimed, "For the cause which I have embraced, I feel prouder to wear these chains, than if I were decorated with the star and garter of England."'—vol. ii., pp. 523—525.

The result need not be told. Tone was tried by a court martial, and ordered to be hanged. He anticipated his fate, by the aid of a penknife; and after lingering some days in prison, died as he had lived,—faithful to the cause which he had espoused.

It is a remark that no reader can fail to make, after perusing these volumes, that it was chiefly to the personal exertions of Theobald Wolfe Tone, the fitting out of the three French expeditions against Ireland was to be attributed. This is a circumstance not to be overlooked by those who wish well, as we most sincerely do, to the permanence of the Union between England and that country. The argument is obvious. If one man could do so much with France, at the time her resources were extremely embarrassed, is it not to be feared that, even without such interference, our jealous neighbours, now that they are absolutely opulent, and at least equally disposed to injure us, would look at once to Ireland, in case war should again break out in Europe? Is the British statesman, therefore, in his senses, who, instead of conciliating the sister island, does every thing in his power to exasperate and oppress her? It was by such folly in our councils that America was lost. We ardently hope that the future historian will not have to say, that it was by a course of similar madness in the cabinet and parliament, that Ireland was compelled to follow the example of the colonies.

We have no room to notice the many interesting and important documents which will be found in the Appendix to these volumes. Among them, is that matronly and affecting narrative of Mrs. Tone, to which we have already alluded. We cannot refrain from indulging the reader with one extract from this paper, in which she describes her parting with her only son, when setting out to join his regiment.

'At the close of January, 1813, my son was appointed Sub-Lieutenant

in that regiment, and ordered to its depôt, or head quarters, at Gray, in Franche Comté, to instruct recruits; another, and a very good practical school; but the account of this I shall leave to himself. Before going off, he had leave of absence for a month. We removed again my little establishment to Paris, and took lodging in the Rue de Lille, now Rue de Bourbon. It will be believed this month was a most interesting period to me. I had lived with great economy at St. Germain's, and was able to make considerable additions to the government allowance for equipment. We got an excellent little horse, of Arabian breed, called Solyman, with whom I made acquaintance; it used to eat bread out of my hand, and was as gentle as a little dog. At length the day of departure arrived, and I accompanied him as far as Brie Comte Robert, the first day's journey, to see how Solyman went on. Horse and rider frolicked on before me, and now and then returned to the coach window to receive a caress, Solyman always putting in for his share. We passed the night there.

'Next morning, we walked from the town together, out of human ken (Solyman, with his little portmanteau, making one); and there I blessed my boy, and parted with him. Oh! people talk much of the pain of parting; but, in the variety of painful feelings which have passed through my heart, it is not the worst. The feelings are then, at least mine always were, of a very mixed and active nature; some of them delightful. Besides, parting is not *parted:* the object is there, but—parted—gone. Even now I must not think of it.

'Hitherto I had not allowed myself even to feel that my William was my own and my only child. I considered only that Tone's son was confided to me; but, in that moment, nature resumed her rights. I sat in a field: the road was long and white before me, and no object on it, but my child: nor did I leave "*to after-eye him till he had melted from the smallness of a gnat to air.*" But then, I thought my task was finished; my business in life was over. I could not think; but all I had ever suffered seemed before and around me at that moment, and I wished so intensely to close my eyes for ever, that I wonder it did not happen. The transitions of the mind are very extraordinary. As I sat in that state, unable even to think of the necessity of returning home, a little lark rushed up from the grass beside me; it whirled over my head and hovered in the air, singing such a beautiful, cheering, and, as it sounded to me, approving note, that it roused me. I felt on my heart as if Tone had sent it to me. I returned to my solitary home.'—vol. ii., pp. 586, 587.

We have, also, in the Appendix, a very curious account of this young soldier's adventures, in the campaigns of Napoleon in Germany. But we must refer the reader for them to the volumes themselves, which he will find in every respect entitled to his best attention.

ART. VIII. *Ueber Natur, Bestimmung, Tugend und Bildung der Frauen, von Karoline von Woltmann.* 1 vol., 12mo. Vienna. Black & Young: London. 1826.

WE have here a disquisition on the nature, the destination, the virtues, and the education of women, written by Madame

Woltmann, the authoress of some works of imagination, and the editor of the Volkssagen, or popular tales of Bohemia, her native country. She is the widow of a very eminent writer, and seems well-read in Kant, Fichte, and other German metaphysicians.

The fair sex cannot complain, with any great reason, of not having their duty laid down for them in books, and that at a sufficiently early period. We cannot speak decidedly of what the Hindoo and Chinese philosophers may have done in this way; and the Persians, who, though in their conduct they seem to verify the old proverb of the 'smith's mare going the worst shod,' have been always very generous of their ethical instructions. But the oldest piece of the kind that we are acquainted with, is a very agreeable little work of Xenophon's, usually called his "Economics," in which Socrates relates a conversation he had with a young man named Ischomachus, who gives him an account of the sage instructions he had bestowed upon his young wife, immediately on their marriage, respecting her duties as a wife, and as the mistress of a family. This little piece we would recommend to the perusal of all our fair readers (in the English translation, we mean, for we believe there is such a thing), that they may learn to bless their lot, that they are what they are, and not Athenian matrons, proud as the appellation may sound. Though the ladies of Rome enjoyed somewhat more consideration than those of Greece, yet we do not find, in the remains of Roman literature, any work particularly designed for their service; and even in the days of chivalry, they were left to pick up knowledge from one another, or however else they might. But of late years the case is far otherwise; and if they do not know, and practise their duties, wherever the fault may lie, it is not in the want of good books. They have been taught by novels, by essays, by sermons, by treatises, by *hints*, and that both by writers of their own sex and of the other. Though, if we may believe the present writer, the latter are but indifferently qualified for the task; for the following is the first sentence of her preface, "If these pages had been written by a man, they would have been better; but no man could write them, since nature has denied to him, as such, the necessary knowledge of the subject of which they treat."

Madame Woltmann commences her work with reflections on the peculiar bodily frame and mind of females. With respect to the former, she notices the greater delicacy of their organs, a nicer disposition of the osseous system, a more lively vibration of the nervous tissue, greater elasticity of the muscles, and greater flexibility of the sinews, as peculiarly distinguishing it from those of all other animals. The mind of females, she regards as inferior in strength to that of men; but exceeding it in quickness, and in capability of receiving impressions from external objects.

This we conceive to be matter of fact, and there are those who ascribe these differences between the different sexes, and between

persons of the same sex, to some original differences in the substance or organization of the corporeal frame. The celebrated Bonnet was so decidedly of this opinion, if we recollect rightly what we read of him, many years ago, that he goes so far as to say, that if the soul of Newton had been placed in the body of a Californian, with a Californian brain to work by, he would never have been any thing more than a mere Californian; perhaps not the most distinguished of his tribe. Other philosophers think the difference is in the soul, and not in the body. The simple truth is, we know nothing of the matter; and the world will probably go on wrangling and disputing on the subject till doomsday, as it has already gone on, we dare say, since its creation, without getting nearer to an end. Mad Woltmann proceeds:

'A woman cannot, like a man setting out from a given position, deduce conclusion from conclusion, and make herself mistress of an endless domain of ideas, drawing them on, as it were, by an invisible chain of necessity. She cannot retain various and intricate combinations steadily present to her mind.

'But as the sensible power of perception is more delicate and more various in women than men, so also is the power of mental perception. The power of combination (wit) of the female mind, is weaker than the power of combination of the male mind; but it is more rapid, more exciteable. The conclusion which the female mind forms, is always only *one*, and the *most immediate*, the remainder of the series is wanting; but a crowd of single conclusions suddenly spring up, and in the female judgment, supply the place of the legitimate series, and on these the judgment sustains itself.'—p. 7.

We have given this specimen of the philosophical language of M. Woltmann, and we fear it will hold out but slender encouragement to such ladies as have foundered in the third volume of Madame de Staël's Germany, to encounter similar difficulties in a language which, even in a novel, is not the very easiest reading in the world. Nevertheless, Madame Woltmann's sentiments and observations, in the metaphysical parts of her work, are, as far as we took the trouble of interpreting them, correct and just; and she really appears to be more at home in the business, than the last-mentioned learned lady.

After tracing out, at some length, the peculiar nature of the female sex, our fair philosopher proceeds to consider the state of women, under the different forms of society that have prevailed in the world. In the lowest stages of the social state, such as it is among the tribes towards the north pole, the condition of the female is one of unmitigated severity: among tribes inhabiting a milder region, her lot is a gentler one, and she approaches near to the man in consideration. When the character of the tribe is sensual, and their minds coarse, so long as youth and beauty are in their bloom, the female enjoys a considerable degree of power; but this short period is succeeded by a lengthened one of the most op-

pressive slavery. 'In general,' continues M. Woltmann, 'physical strength is more highly prized, as the wants of a people are of a rougher kind: the natural destination of the female to the maternal state is less valued when in a lower sphere of mental culture: a man, as such, is of less value: mind and morals have most sway among the noblest and most cultured nations; and in proportion to them, are the situation and relation of females among all nations.'

The next state considered, is that of females among the orientals. Here a woman is chiefly regarded in her maternal character, for a tribe advances in power as it increases in number. Hence women enjoyed some consideration: hence arose the practice of polygamy, which M. Woltmann regards as conducive to population in states like those of the Asiatic hordes of Nomades; though it may have the contrary effect, in stages of society which are more advanced. Speaking of polygamy, we take this opportunity of recommending, to such of our readers as may have been disturbed by the arguments in favour of it in the lately discovered work of Milton, arguments to which we have seen no good reply, a very able essay on the subject among those of Hume, where, in our opinion, the question is completely set at rest.

The maternal character exalted woman in the East; the practice of polygamy depressed her. The harem was, and is, the seat of envy and jealousy; and, in the unchanging East, under every religion and government, whether patriarchs, kings, caliphs, sheikhs, or sultans, the condition of females has been always the same.

After the East, comes Greece. Here polygamy disappears: instead of the harem we meet the gyneceum; and the women merely inhabited a separate part of the house, but were not confined by bars and bolts; they might also enjoy the society of their brothers, and of their nearest relations; and, though M. Woltmann does not notice it, had the privilege of frequenting the tragic theatre, and of partaking in other amusements and solemnities: we speak here of the Ionic states, for in the Doric ones, females seem to have enjoyed a higher degree of consideration, more approaching to their condition among the Romans.

Madame Woltmann dwells, with complaisancy, on the state of females among the latter people during the time of the republic, on the sacred obligation of marriage, and the various rights which the women possessed. She thus eloquently commences her account of the great corruption of domestic manners under the empire:—

'When under the emperors, the laws which had been given and accepted for the maintenance of the republic, served as implements for its destruction, freedmen and eunuchs acted in the interior of houses, as the eunuch acts in the harems of the east; within the narrow compass of the great families which the Roman republic presented, in an ever repeated circuit, the vengeance due to his offence seized and destroyed the criminal before those eyes which had seen him perpetrate the crime: then lawful marriage became more and more rare. The woman moved in forcible ex-

change, herself full of desire, and the object of it, from Penates to Penates, and bore her part in the extortions and persecutions of the men. Adoption gave creation to child-murder, and replenished the halls of the houses which had been desolated by that crime. All natural feeling was now annihilated; and the Julian Claudian family presents a series of instances of this destruction of domestic relations, and degeneration of the female sex.—pp. 61, 62.

The Germanic nations are distinguished, M. Woltmann affirms, by a superior sense of the ideal, especially in morals. To this leading trait of their character, she ascribes not merely the fondness for, and longing after, the beautiful in every form, but even their want of decision, and their helplessness. It also established, from the most early times, the relative station of the woman among them; and she pays our own nation the compliment of saying, that it is amongst us, of all the nations of Germanic origin, that woman has most firmly retained her original high estimation. Among the Germans, she says, this part of the national character is, like every part of it, less perceptible; as, instead of manifesting itself in the whole community, it is only to be found among individuals. She continues to illustrate the feminine and maternal character of the women of Germanic race, and the energy and vigour, joined with the female virtues, which they have on various occasions exhibited, by copying examples, from Tacitus, down through the middle ages.

'As among the Germans in the north and north-east, the original inclination to domestic life has, does, and will exist; so in Italy, since the times of its earliest communities, and Rome, the inclination for associating in towns, has prevailed. His house is, for the German, the Briton, the Scandinavian, the asylum of content; for the Italian, the asylum of necessity.'

To this town-life of Italy, M. Woltmann thinks may be ascribed the higher intellectual character of the Italian ladies during the middle ages, and the greater share which they took in important public affairs; and she notices it as a curious circumstance, that an Italian (Boccaccio) was the first who wrote a work dedicated expressly to the female sex. The excessive and deep-seated passions of Petrarca and Tasso, for two strictly-virtuous females, and the noble dames of the court of Hyppolito of Este, from whom Ariosto drew his Bradamante Flordelis and Isabella, as also the celebrated Vittoria Colonna, are adduced as instances of the elevation attained by the female character in Italy.

The character of the French women, from the most ancient times down to the present day, is treated at some length, and with considerable ability; and the influence of the state of female society in France on the rest of Europe, particularly Germany, where it became unfortunately the mode to imitate France in every thing, is well and powerfully delineated. We have not, that we can recollect, met any thing superior to it in Madame de Stäel, and we trust

t will produce its full effect upon all females who may happen to peruse it.

The character of the Slavonian women is less generally known, and we will give it in the words of one of themselves (for we presume M. Woltmann is a Bohemian), lest in our abridgment we might lose some important traits.

'Nature is continually of herself flinging away rules, that they may not become fetters. Creatures in whom the peculiarities of two species run together, dissolve the limits of the peculiarity of species. Sexual peculiarities are done away with by individuals.

'In France, may be observed a great individual approximation of the females to the condition of the men. Among the Slavonians, the two sexes almost exchange their peculiar natures.

'The Slavonian man is generally weaker in his power of conception, in will, and in determining the will by his conceptions, than other men; but his feelings and his fancy are stronger. The Slavonian woman, on the other hand, exceeds all other women in strength of mind, of will, and of determining the will by her conceptions. The man freely receives the impulse, in all his actions, from the woman; as the man of the Germanic race desires to give it to the actions of the women.

'Among the Slavonian nations, we also frequently see the female sex overstep the limits of the circle of duties assigned to them by their natural condition, and enter on an immediate share of the active duties of public life; their physical circumstances alone seem to prevent their taking a general and legal participation in them.

'The Slavonian women possess and manage their own property, as soon as they are of age, in all respects, independently of the men. In their territorial possessions, they exercise all the seignorial rights and obligations with the same independence and the same immediate duties to the state, as he does. The law does not require that, in the judicial transactions which they perform, a man should be present as their assistant.

'In the higher ranks, I have, as far as my experience has gone, perceived the most salutary consequences to result from this independence of the sex. I have seen women, who were the most faithful wives, the fondest and tenderest mothers, manage alone a property which required the activity and circumspection of men; nay, more, bring that property into complete order; and I have heard the testimony of perfectly impartial men, whose situations qualified them to deliver an opinion on the subject, declare that they had managed and regulated it with astonishing firmness, penetration, and circumspection.

'In the middle ranks, where there is less of education and of property, I have scarcely met any but examples proving that the perfect independence of the property of women, and the distinction of goods, during marriage, which results from it, is highly detrimental to the closeness of connubial relations, and exerts, in general, an evil influence on the female character.

'I take not upon me to decide how much of this may be attributed to the incomparably more careful education of females, in the higher ranks, compared with the neglected one of these latter.

'Christianity has been introduced, among almost all nations, by women. But it was brought by St. Olga into Russia, and by St. Ludmilla into Bohemia, in a very different manner from that in which it was into Lom-

met among the Germanic nations.

'Nevertheless, this exchange of the natural characters of the t
which facilitates this union, was the probable cause of the desti
political independence, which, in Europe, has chiefly befallen r
Slavonian origin.

'By it came such great restlessness in public life; and pri
which should have served as its point of support and counterpois
opposite pure and internal character, became too impotent to tal
activity and interest, too corrupt to be able strongly to secure
velop the moral principle of humanity.

'In general, the independence of an empire is then least sec
women do not confine themselves within the circle which the
points out to them, that is, the house; there most secure, wh
their own circle, they are inspired by the most lively, the most i
interest for the state. In this respect, we may oppose ancient
and modern England, to Poland.'—pp. 137—141.

This extract affords as fair a specimen as we could sele
Woltmann's mode of thinking. In style she appears to a
valling M. de Stäel; and she seems a tolerable adept in th
common in Germany, of enveloping the most simple idea
most tortuous and involved language, giving a strain to the
the perusal hardly to be equalled by any difficulties to be t
in Greek authors. We wish the good sense of the Germa
would rise superior to this paltry artifice, and that *la meta*
tudesque may be no longer the laugh of France and Englan

ART. IX. 1. *Aben-Hamet, the last of the Abencerages; a R*
by the Viscount de Chateaubriand. Translated from the Frenc
pp. 207. 7*s*. London: Treuttel & Würtz. 1826.
2. *The Natchez: an Indian Tale.* By the same Author. 3 vo

e really ever entertained such a notion, he grievously deceived
self as to the extent of his poetic powers. Not that he wants
gination, or a sensibility to every thing that is grand or beauti-
n nature and the arts. Few writers with whose works we are
ainted, possess the power of connecting familiar objects and
y-day facts, with so many and such noble associations, bor-
d from religion, chivalry, and romance, as M. de Chateaubri-
But while we admit, and greatly admire, the enthusiasm, the
us, the splendid eloquence which characterize his best works,
eel that his talents are those of the orator, not of the poet.
we take from 'The Natchez' the episodes of 'René' and 'Atala,'
of which have been already published by the author in another
, we strip it of the only pages which are calculated, in the
test degree, to repay the trouble of perusal. These two tales
written in the usual style of narrative, and may be considered
asterpieces in their way. But all that portion of The Natchez
h M. de Chateaubriand has attempted to write in the poetical
, is affected, cold, and puerile in the extreme. We shall give
or two extracts, in order to justify this censure, premising that
Natchez were an Indian tribe, who occupied part of Louisiana,
n it was under the dominion of the French. The hero of the
is René, a French gentleman, who, compelled to become an
from his own country, takes refuge in that part of America.
s adopted as a son by one of the Indians, and married to the
beautiful woman of the tribe, who had been the object of pur-
to more than one of their warriors. Her preference for René
es the jealousy of her earliest admirer, and he is, in the end,
ficed to the vengeance of the savage. With this, the main
of the tale, the author has attempted to interweave a picture of
manners of the Natchez; he has moreover affected to describe
es and events as if he were an Indian, writing according to the
of their rude and passionate rhetoric. In the former, he has
eeded to an extent that will not be much valued at present, as
ossess several descriptions of the peculiarities of the American
ans, much more interesting and minute than any which these
mes supply. But as to the second object, that of imitating the
of expression prevalent among those natives of the woods, our
or has wholly failed; and his failure is the more ridiculous, as
as frequently endeavoured to raise his composition to the dig-
of the epic. What can be more absurd, for example, than the
wing description of the collection of some French regiments,
red to march against the Natchez?

n the centre of the army appeared the battalion, clad in blue, which
the thunderbolts of Bellona, the same which in almost all engage-
forces fortune to follow France; versed in the most sublime sciences,
kes the artillery serve to crown victory. No nation can boast of such
nd. It was commanded by Folard, the immoveable Folard, who,
st the most imminent dangers, could calculate the curve of the ball

or the bomb, point out the hill which it was requisite to seize, and tra figures and resolve the problems of Pythagoras, on the very thea slaughter, amidst fire and death.

'The infantry, white and light as snow, quickly formed in front heavy machines, which disgorge flame and iron. Marseilles, the gall which ascend the ancient Egyptus; L'Orient, which sends forth its sh the seas of Taprobane itself; Touraine, with its delicious fruits; Flar with its blood-red harvests; Roman Lyons; German Strasburg; Tou so celebrated for its troubadours; Rheims, whither kings repair to re their crowns; Paris, to which they carry them back; all the cities, provinces, all the rivers of Gaul, had contributed to furnish America these famous soldiers.'—vol. i., pp. 36, 37.

This is certainly one of the worst imitations of Homer's celeb catalogue, that has ever fallen under our notice. Much of grandeur of the Iliad consists in its similes. Nobody knows better than M. de Chateaubriand, and he therefore resolved 'The Natchez' should not want so essential an ingredient o epic poem. Take the following passage as an example, which no less than two such figures, in order to enable the reader to derstand the effect of an enraged woman's eloquence, upon a c cil of her nation:

'She spake: her crown of feathers and flowers dropped from he clined head. As a poppy, stricken by the sun's rays, droops toward earth, while bitter drops of sleep distil from its stem; so the je woman, consumed by the flames of love, bowed her brow, on which seemed to gather a cold perspiration. Confusion pervaded the assem the cries of the matrons, the movements of warriors, the voices of the men, were all to be heard at once. Thus, in a manufactory where w men prepare the wool of Albion or Iberia, these beat the dusty fle those transform them into stuffs of wonderful texture, while others pl them into the purple of Tyre or the azure of Hindoostan; but if some steady hand chance to spill the scalding liquor upon the fire, a black pour rises with a hissing in the halls, and clamours burst from this sud night.'—vol. i., pp. 66, 67.

From this passage, the reader will collect that M. de Chat briand has also his debates and his fiery speeches, as well as mer. He is also equally minute and diversified, in describing combats between the Indians and the French troops. A example:

'Lifting an enormous stone, such as two Europeans could scar carry, to mark the bounds of certain sports at some public festivity, Sachem discharged it as lightly as an arrow, at the son of Malh The stone rolled and broke the legs of the soldier: he fell head foremo the ground, and in his agony bit the bloody grass. O Malherbe! scythe of death cut thee off in the flower of thy years. But so long a muses shall possess the power of enchanting men, thy name shall live, those of thy compatriots, on whom thy illustrious grandsire conferred mortality!

'Which way soever he turned, Adario cleared himself a passage with his hatchet, club, dagger, or arrows. Geblin, intoxicated with glory, d'Assas, with the heroic name, the imprudent d'Estaing, who would have dared defy Mars himself, Marigni, Comines, St. Alban, succumbed to the son of Siphine. Inspired by his example, the Natchez came on, bellowing like wild bulls and bounding like leopards. The earth was flayed by the trampling of the furious warriors; clouds of dust spread a new night over the field of battle; the faces of the soldiers were begrimed, their arms broken, their garments torn, and the sweat ran in streams from their brows.

'Heaven then sent a panic among the French. Febriano, who was fighting in front of the Sachem, was the first to betake himself to flight, and the soldiers, forsaken by their chief, broke their ranks.

'Adario and the Sachems rushed into them with a noise resembling that of the waves dashing against the blackened piles planted before the walls of a maritime city. Chepar, from the top of a hill, beheld the defeat of the left wing of his army: he ordered Artaguette to bring up his grenadiers. At the same time Folard, having contrived to save a few pieces of cannon, placed them upon an open height, and began to play upon the Sachems.

'Thou, O valiant brother of Celuta! didst forsee the intention of the commander of the French, and to save the fathers of thy people, didst rush, supported by the young Indians, upon the chosen troop. Thrice did the companions of Outougamiz endeavour to break the battalion of grenadiers, thrice was their force repelled by the impenetrable mass.

'"O spirits!" cried the friend of René, addressing himself to heaven, "if ye deny us victory, grant us death!" and he attacked Artaguette.

'Two coursers, sons of the winds, burning with love for the same filly, as soon as they descry each other at a distance in the plain, bound neighing to the fight. Their inflamed breath mingles together; they rear upon their hinder legs; they close; each covers the other's mane with foam and blood, and they mutually strive to worry one another. Suddenly loosing their hold, they charge anew; turning their rumps and erecting their bristling tails, they fling up their heels into the air: sparks fly from the iron semi-circles which cover their murderous hoofs. Thus fought Artaguette and Outougamiz; thus flashed the blades of their weapons. The fire directed by Folard obliged them to separate, and threw the ranks of the young Natchez into disorder.

'"Tribes of the Serpent and of the Tortoise!" exclaimed the brother of Celuta. "withstand the attack of Artaguette, while I go with the allies, to take those engines of thunder."

'He spake: the allied warriors followed him two by two, and advanced towards the hill where Folard awaited them. Intrepid savages, if my strains are destined to descend to future ages, if I have received a spark of the Promethean flame; your glory shall live among men so long as the Louvre shall overlook the waters of the Seine, so long as the nation of Clovis shall continue to be the first nation in the world, so long as the memory of those peasants who have just renewed the miracles of your hardihood, in the fields of La Vendée, shall survive.'—vol. ii., pp. 10—14.

A more ludicrous specimen of bombast than this, can scarcely, we apprehend, be found in the whole range of British or foreign

literature. How the noble Viscount could have been induced to permit such trash to appear under his name, is to us unaccountable. We know not if these volumes are intended to swell the mass of his collected works, which a generous bookseller of Paris has lately undertaken to publish. We presume that some motive of book-making, was, at bottom, the cause of the appearance of 'The Natchez;' otherwise, how could any man in his senses have sent such a work into the world? Worthless, however, as it is in the English dress, it is still more absurd in the original French. Not satisfied with aiming at the triumphs of the epic muse, it appears that M. de Chateaubriand also envied the renown of the celebrated Bunyan, and that, in order to outshine that bard, he introduced several of his *dramatis personæ* in allegorical characters. To these he added a train of phantoms, sufficient to excite the terror of all the nurseries in France. But we have done with these fooleries, and proceed to the 'Last of the Abencerages,' a story of no great interest, but told in a very different style from that of the 'poem' which we have just been considering.

The author informs us, that in this romance, his idea was to paint three men, a Frenchman, a Spaniard, and a Moor, of equally elevated characters, and also to give a female portrait in the same proportions. The Moor and the lady, are unquestionably well drawn; but they stand so prominent on the canvas, that the other figures attract scarcely any attention. The story is very simple; so also is the style in which it is told, though occasionally it is embellished with a sort of oriental colouring, not ill adapted to any theme that touches on the fortunes of the Abencerages.

Aben-Hamet, the last of his race, desirous of examining the Alhambra, the scene of the courtly splendour of his ancestors, proceeds from Tunis to Grenada, for that purpose.

'In him were united the beauty, the valour, the courtesy, and the generosity of his ancestors, with that mild lustre, and slight tinge of melancholy which adversity, nobly supported, inspires. He was only twenty-two years of age when he lost his father, and then determined to make a pilgrimage to the land of his ancestors, in order to gratify the secret longing of his heart, and to execute a plan which he carefully concealed from his mother.

'He embarked at the port of Tunis; and a favourable wind carried him to Carthagena, where he landed, and immediately proceeded on the road to Grenada. He gave himself out for an Arabian physician, who had come to collect plants amid the rocks of the Sierra-Nevada. A quiet mule bore him slowly along in the country where formerly the Abencerages were carried with the swiftness of the wind on warlike coursers; a guide walked before, leading two other mules, ornamented with bells and party-coloured woollen tufts. Aben-Hamet crossed the large heaths and woods of palm-trees of the kingdom of Murcia; from the great age of these trees, he conjectured that they must have been planted by his ancestors, and his heart was pierced by regret. There rose a tower in which the sentinel, in former times, kept watch, during the wars of the Moors and Christians; here

appeared a ruined building, whose architecture proved its Moorish origin; a fresh subject of grief to Aben-Hamet! He dismounted from his mule, and, on pretence of seeking for plants, hid himself for a few moments in the ruins, in order to give free vent to his tears. He then proceeded on his road, in a state of reverie, which was encouraged by the noise of the mule-bells, and the monotonous songs of his guide. The latter only interrupted his long-winded ditty, in order to quicken the pace of his mules, by giving them the names of *beautiful* and *brave*, or to scold them by the epithets of *lazy* and *obstinate*.

'Flocks of sheep, directed by a shepherd, like an army, in sere and barren plains, and occasionally a solitary traveller, far from diffusing an appearance of life upon the road, only served, in a manner, to make it more gloomy and desert. These travellers all wore a sword attached to the waist; they were wrapped up in a mantle, and a large slouched hat half covered their faces. As they passed, they saluted Aben-Hamet, who could only make out, in their noble salutation, the names of God, of Senor, and of Knight. At the close of the day, the Abencerage took his place in the midst of strangers at the inn, without being troubled by their indiscreet curiosity. No one spoke to him, no one questioned him; his turban, his robe, and his arms, excited no surprise. As it had been the will of Allah, that the Moors of Spain should lose their beautiful country, Aben-Hamet could not help entertaining a feeling of esteem for its grave conquerors.

'Emotions still more vivid awaited the Abencerage at the end of his journey. Grenada is built at the foot of the Sierra-Nevada, on two high hills, separated by a deep valley. The houses, built on the declivities in the hollow of the valley, give this city the shape and appearance of a grenadoe half open, from which resemblance it derives its name. Two rivers, the Xenil and the Dauro, the sands of the first of which contain gold, and the other silver, wash the feet of the hills, form a junction, and afterwards take a serpentine course in the midst of a charming valley, called la Vega. This plain, which is overlooked by Grenada, is covered with vines, with pomegranate, fig, mulberry, and orange trees; it is surrounded by mountains of singularly beautiful form and colour. An enchanting sky, a pure and delicious air, affect the soul with a secret langour, from which even the passing traveller finds it difficult to preserve himself. Every one feels that, in this country, the tender passions would have very soon stifled the heroic ones, if true love did not always feel the wish to have glory as its companion.'—pp. 13—21.

The Moor scarcely arrives in Grenada, when his eyes light on a young Spanish Houri, the daughter of the Duke of Santa Fé, who captivates his soul at the first glance. She becomes equally enamoured of the noble stranger; but the difference of religion is an obstacle upon both sides; he expecting, that for his sake, she would follow the Prophet; she resolving that he had no chance of her hand, unless he assumed the cross of the Christian. They had frequent opportunities of intercourse, and, among other haunts sacred to Moorish fame in the neighbourhood of Grenada, they visited together the Alhambra, of which we have the following compendious and beautiful description:—

'All the charms of, and regrets for his country, mingled with the illu-

sions of love, seized the heart of Aben-Hamet. Silent and immoveable, his wondering looks dived into this habitation of the genii. He fancied himself transported to the entrance of one of those palaces which are described in the Arabian tales. Light galleries, canals of white marble bordered with lemon and orange trees in full bloom, fountains, and solitary courts, presented themselves in all directions to his eyes; and through the lengthened vaults of the porticoes he perceived other labyrinths and fresh enchantments. The azure blue of the most heavenly sky appeared between the columns, which supported a chain of gothic arches. The walls were covered with arabesques, which seemed to the eye like imitations of those stuffs of the east, which, in the ennui of the harem, are embroidered by the caprice of a female slave. An air of voluptuousness, of religion, and of war, seemed to breathe in this magic edifice; it was a species of lovers' cloister, a mysterious retreat, where the Moorish sovereigns tasted all the pleasures, and forgot all the duties of life.'—pp. 74—76.

Every day increases the ardour of the lovers, but still each is disinclined to make any sacrifice on the score of religion: years roll on, and their mutual affection remains unchanged. At length, it would seem, that the Abencerage is on the eve of a capitulation, when he discovers that the family, to which he wished to be allied, was the most violent among the enemies of his ancestors, and was actually in possession of the property which had been wrested from them. Under these circumstances he tears himself away from the object of his idolatry, and, returning to Africa, is heard of no more. His mistress spends the rest of her life among the ruins of the Alhambra, lamenting the absence of him, whom she is destined never to see again.

We find prefixed to this tale a general preface, which the author intends as an introduction to the collection of his works; it seems to have been written shortly after his sudden dismissal from the ministry for foreign affairs, and it bears no slight traces of the acerbity which that disgrace excited in his mind. It is, however, an eloquent performance; though, perhaps, for such a manifesto of principles, somewhat declamatory. We own that we were surprised by its liberal tone, as we had imagined that M. de Chateaubriand was one of the warmest advocates for the late invasion of Spain, whereby the liberty of that country was overthrown. He observes—

'My works, which are a faithful history of the last thirty wonderful years, present, along with what is past, sufficiently clear views of what is to come; I have predicted a great deal, and there will remain behind me undeniable proofs of what I have fruitlessly announced. I have not been blind to the future destinies of Europe; I have never ceased to repeat to the old governments, which were good in their time, and had their share of renown, that they had no choice, but either to settle themselves into constitutional monarchies, or to be swallowed up in a republic: a military despotism, which is what they might secretly wish for, would not, in the present day, have an existence of any duration.

'Europe, compressed between a new world completely republican, and an

ncient empire completely military, which has started up suddenly in the midst of the repose of arms; Europe, I say, requires more than ever to unlerstand her situation, in order to take measures for her salvation. If with internal political errors be mixed up external ones, its decomposition will be completed more quickly: the cannon shot, which is sometimes denied to support a just cause, is sooner or later obliged to be fired in a contemptible one.—Preface, pp. xix—xxi.

The following observations are framed in language still stronger:

'The seeds of new ideas have every where risen above ground; in vain would we attempt to destroy them: we might cultivate the rising plant, strip it of its venom, and make it bear wholesome fruit; but it is not in the power of any one to tear it up by the roots.

'It is a most deplorable illusion to suppose our own times exhausted, because it appears impossible that they should still produce, after having given birth to so many events. Weakness goes to sleep with this illusion; folly believes that it can surprise the human race in a moment of lassitude, and compel it to retrograde. See, however, what happens.

'After one has witnessed the French Revolution, it will be said, what can ever happen which is worthy of occupying our attention? The oldest monarchy in the world overturned, Europe alternately conquered and conquering, crimes unheard of, dreadful calamities covered over with glory unexampled—what is there to compare to such events? What is there? Look beyond the seas. The whole of America comes forth republican, from that revolution which you pretend to say is finished, and replaces an astonishing spectacle, by a spectacle still more astonishing.

'And can any one imagine that the world has changed in this manner, without any change in the ideas of men,—can it be believed that the last thirty years are to be considered as not having past; that society can be re-established such as it existed in former times? Recollections which no one participates, idle regrets, an expiring generation, which the past is summoning and the present is devouring, will never succeed in reviving that which is completely lifeless. There are opinions which perish, as there are races which become extinct; and both the one and the other remain, at most, objects of curiosity and inquiry in the plains of death. That society, so far from having attained its object, is still marching to new destinies, is what appears to me indisputable.'—Preface, pp. xxiv—xxvii.

Mr. Canning himself, radical though he be, has made use of no language more undisguised than this; it is unquestionably the language of wisdom, perhaps of prophecy.

ART. X. *Chronological Records of the British Royal and Commercial Navy, from the earliest period* (A. D. 827), *to the present time*, 1827; *founded on official Documents, illustrated by copious Tables.* By César Moreau, French Vice Consul in London. 85 close folios, in lithography. Treuttel & Würtz: London. 1827.

To those who are fond of tracing from small beginnings to unprecedented greatness (we hope we need not yet say, to the commencement of decline) of that navy, which is so naturally, and has been so effectually, the bulwark of these kingdoms, this book is a

treasure of inestimable value. To those, again, whose object to mark the steps by which the commerce of these kingdoms arrived at its present extent and prosperity, this work, i smaller compass, and with less trouble than would have atten it in any other form, offers the most satisfactory informat Whilst those who wish to study the analogy that subsists betw commercial legislation and commercial prosperity, have here be them ample *data* for the exercise of the most sound and the r extensive philosophy. Indeed, to every man, politician, or r chant, or philosopher, be he an Englishman or be he not, the l supplies a desideratum, by furnishing what could not previo have been obtained, without the necessity of wading through least, 500 folio volumes, and examining and comparing at l 5000 detached papers.

There is only one thing to be regretted; and that is, a s notice in the title-page,—'very few copies of this work have b printed;' because, if there be one book of which it had been n desirable to have a large impression than another, a work o much labour, and so much utility, is precisely the one. Perh also, we might complain that the work is in lithography; though it be in general beautifully executed, and, more especi in the tabular parts, remarkably clear, yet the written charac particularly when so very minute as it is in the greater part of th pages, is never so easily read as the common character of print types. These are, however, minor objections; and now, that book exists, we doubt not that the very laborious, and, as have every reason to believe, very accurate author, will meet w abundant encouragement to induce him to print it in a clearer c racter, and in a more copious supply.

The work, as is mentioned in the title-page, commences at reign of Alfred, from whom the beginning of the naval power England may be dated. Previous to that era, indeed, there m have been the boats of the Celts, the gallies of the Romans, the ships of the Saxons; and, if what is said of the Phœnici trading to Cornwall for tin, can be implicitly relied on, it is p bable that the inhabitants of the southern parts of the island, w familiar with ships of a considerable burthen at a very early per The civil wars, however, which had long wasted the country, the circumstance of two conquests, the latter of a barbarous p ple, had destroyed the fighting marine of England, if it did p sess any; and previous to the reign of Alfred, and during early part of it, the people had to contend with the invading Da not upon the sea, as would have been most desirable, as well as n natural, but upon land, after the invaders had debarked, and to up a position. We cannot resist taking the following extract f M. Moreau, and we do this the more readily, that the nature o work generally does not admit either of extract or of abridgme

'There is nothing in the world more difficult, than to restore a t

power when it is fallen into decay, in a country where there is little foreign trade, to furnish ships, and to be a nursery for seamen; and in the face of enemies who are masters of the sea. To an ordinary genius this must appear impracticable. What admiration, then, is justly due to that extraordinary prince, who not only attempted, but accomplished, that difficult undertaking; who raised a mighty naval power, almost out of nothing; revived foreign trade, and wrested the dominion of the seas out of the hands of the insulting Danes. This was the great Alfred, who presents himself in so many amiable points of view, to one who studies the Anglo-Saxon history, that it is impossible not to contract the fondest and most enthusiastic admiration of his character. It is much to be lamented, that we have such imperfect accounts of the means by which this great prince accomplished the many wonders of his reign, and particularly of the methods by which he restored the naval power and foreign trade of England, when they were both annihilated. The few historians of those times were wretched monks, who knew little of these matters, and thought it sufficient to register, in their meagre chronicles, that such and such things were done, without acquainting us with the means by which they were accomplished. We must try, however, to make the best of the few imperfect hints which they have left us, and endeavour to set this important part of the naval history of England in as clear a light as possible.

'Nothing can more fully demonstrate the state of the shipping and trade of England, at the accession of Alfred to the crown, than the feebleness of the first fleet with which he encountered his enemies at sea. After four years' preparation, he got together five or six small vessels, with which he put to sea in person, A. D. 875, and meeting with six sail of Danish pirates, he boldly attacked them, took one, and put the rest to flight; (Chron. Saxon, p. 83). A victory which, though small in itself, probably gave him no little joy, as it was on an element to which the Anglo-Saxons had long been strangers. His misfortunes at land, which threatened the total ruin of himself and kingdom, obliged him to suspend the prosecution of raising a naval power, for some time. But no sooner had he retrieved his affairs, by the great victory which he obtained over the Danes at Eddington, A. D. 878, than he resumed his former scheme, and pursued it with redoubled ardour; and the means he employed to accomplish it, were equally humane and wise. Instead of satisfying his revenge, by putting the remains of the Danish army to the sword, when they were in his power, he granted them an honourable capitulation, persuaded their leaders to become Christians, assigned them land in East Anglia and Northumberland, and made it their interest to defend that country which they came to plunder; (W. Malms., l. 2, c. 4). With the assistance of these Danes, who had many ships, and were excellent sailors, he fitted out a powerful fleet, which, Asserius tells us, he manned with pirates, which was the name given to the Danes by all the other nations of Europe; and with this fleet he fought many battles against other Danish fleets, with various success; (Asser. p. 9). There can be no doubt that this wise prince put many of his own natural subjects on board that fleet, both to learn the arts of navigation and fighting ships, and to secure the fidelity of the Danes, of which he had good reason to be suspicious. Still further to increase the number of his seamen, he invited all foreigners, particularly the people of old Saxony and Friesland, to enter into his service, and gave them every possible encouragement;

(Asser. p. 13). As he well knew that a flourishing trade was the best nursery for seamen, and of great advantage to the kingdom, he invited his subjects to embark in it by various means, as particularly by lending them money and ships. By these, and, probably, by other methods, which have not come to our knowledge, Alfred raised so great a naval force, in a few years, that he was able to secure the coasts of his kingdom, and protect the trade of his subjects.'—fol. i.

Although the immediate successors of the great Alfred do not appear to have used any active means for keeping up that naval superiority which his wisdom and patriotism had produced, yet, for about a century, it seems to have been continued by the people themselves; nor was it till in the reign of Ethelred, that the Danes, under Sweyne of Denmark, and Olof Trygvason of Norway, again threatened, and finally succeeded, in subjecting the Saxons to Danish power; and this, mainly, through the neglect into which the marine had begun to fall. The contributions which the Danes levied, in their excursions between the years 991 and 1012, may seem, considering the then state of the world, of incredible amount, being not less than 128,000 pounds weight of silver. In the contest which took place in the immediate vicinity of London, between Edmund Ironside and Canute, the Dane, the latter had the advantage, in consequence of his naval superiority; and, though he did not at first succeed in the conquest of the city, he dug a canal by the Surrey end of London bridge, so as to bring his ships above that structure; and so invested the city, that, after he had been acknowledged sovereign, he levied upon it 11,000 pounds of silver, in addition to 72,000, upon the rest of the kingdom. But, upon this, he dismissed the greater part of his Danish followers, and set about the establishing of a more powerful marine than had hitherto appeared in the North Seas; and then, during his reign, the commerce of England was not only safe from pirates, but greatly extended over the northern parts of Europe.

About two hundred years after the first establishment of the navy by Alfred, the unfortunate Harold, who, next to Alfred, was the ablest of all the Saxon princes, paid great attention to the navy; and, no doubt, the fleet of 700 ships, which he had collected in the channel, would have been sufficient to prevent the invasion by William of Normandy, had not the greater part of it been drawn toward the North Sea, in order to chastise the unprovoked hostility of Harold Hardrad, the Norwegian king. Even after the memorable battle of Hastings, which appears to have been fatal only in consequence of the death of the gallant, but too adventurous, Harold, the English fleet was superior to that of the invaders, and kept them pent up in the harbours of Hastings and Pevensay.

William made great exertions, to extend both the naval strength and the commercial wealth of the kingdom; and, though this was probably done more with a view to the retaining of his double dominions, than from any desire to ameliorate the condition of the

people, on either side of the Channel, yet it unquestionably had the latter effect; and the institution of the Cinque Ports, with their privileges, no doubt tended to give a stability to the maritime power of the country, which it had not attained even in the days of Alfred.

About a century after the Conquest, the fleet, equipped by Richard Cœur de Lion, for the purpose of carrying him and his mistaken followers to Palestine, appears to have been powerful and well equipped, and may be recorded as another step in the naval history of England; soon after this, the whole vessels in the kingdom were impressed into the public service, by king John; and the navy gradually increased, till, at the equipment for the siege of Calais, by Edward III., in 1346, there were 748 vessels, having on board 14,956 mariners.

During the wars of York and Lancaster, the naval power and foreign trade languished; but they recovered, although in January 1548, there were only 53 vessels, burthen 11,268 tons, mounting 2085 pieces of ordnance, and carrying 7,731 soldiers and sailors. In the reign of Elizabeth, much attention began to be paid to the navy; but the result seems to have been an increase of courage and skill, rather than any great addition of numbers; and in 1588, the memorable year of the Spanish Armada, the fleet of England amounted to 190 ships, of 31,539 tons burthen, and manned by 14,956 hands. It was in this reign that a regular annual supply was first made for the navy.

In the year 1625, the navy had increased in tonnage, compared with that left by Elizabeth at her *death*; but the number of ships had decreased, being 42 at the former period, and only 33 at the latter. Ten years afterwards, the naval history is marked by the first attempt of Charles to impose ship-money, which was continued for four years, and led to the dethronement of that monarch, and the establishment of the Commonwealth. About this period, too, the ships were classed according to their rates; and, during the Protectorate, the number of ships had so much increased, that there were 154, of the different rates, having a burthen of 57,463 tons. At this time, too, the celebrated navigation-act, which had originated in the time of Cromwell, was re-enacted, by which it was provided, that foreigners were not allowed to import into England, in their ships, any merchandize except the produce of their respective countries; and that the British colonists could not carry their produce to any country without bringing the same first to England. Whatever might be the effect of an act of this description in a more liberal age of the world, and when the navy is completely established, there seems little doubt that it was, at the time, highly beneficial, and that it contributed not a little to that progressive increase of the naval strength of the country, which continued to become more and more extended and effective; until, in the triumph over the last powerful combined fleet of the

enemies of England, off Trafalgar, the career of maritime conquests, and that of the most brave, daring, and successful of a long line of maritime conquests, terminated together.

The details which Mr. Moreau gives of the state of the navy and commerce, in the latter part of their history, and more especially during the last fifty years, do not admit of any abridgment, or even of any description, which could make them at all intelligible, in a less compass than that which they occupy in his work; and as they extend over a full three-fourths of it, their quotation at length is of course out of the question. One table we may notice, as presenting a general view of the progress and fluctuations of the shipping trade at every port in the three kingdoms, together with that of the different colonies; and also the number and tonnage of foreign vessels entered inward and cleared outwards, from 1791 to 1825 inclusive, with the exception of the year 1796, the records of which were unfortunately consumed by the fire at the custom-house in 1814. In this table there are some very remarkable changes; and if it were carefully studied, in conjunction with the local history and changes in the industry of the people at each port, there can be no question that a body of information, relating to commercial matters, would be obtained, of which, elsewhere, it would be difficult to find the equal.

The author, confining himself strictly to that which is matter of fact and history, takes no notice of what are likely to be the effects of the new navigation laws upon the commercial marine of the country; neither does he in any way notice that real or fancied falling off which, in latter times, is supposed to have characterised the royal navy. But though these considerations, and more especially the latter, have not formed any part of his plan, it is extremely difficult, and would not be altogether wise, to conclude our remarks without making at least a slight allusion to the subject; and this we are the more justified in doing, inasmuch as throughout the whole period of a thousand years, to which they refer, the statistic documents which Mr. Moreau has brought together, completely demonstrate the position, that the royal navy of England has, from the era of Alfred to the present time, been the barometer of her prosperity and the bulwark of her strength. He has given us, in the stubborn technicality of arithmetical figures—figures which never can be refuted by the boldest figures of the most ingenious authoritative speech—a complete confirmation of that sentiment of the poet, which is as true to philosophy as it is in accordance with the unsophisticated feelings of the national character:

> "Britannia needs no bulwark,
> No towers along the steep;
> Her march is on the mountain wave,
> Her home is on the deep."

It does not, however, require the labours of the annalist, or the ardour of the poet, to tell the inhabitants of these islands that their defence against foreign invasion consists in the dominion of those

seas by which they are surrounded, in like manner as their domestic improvement has mainly consisted in the facilities of communication afforded to them by those seas. They are a more powerful barrier than any wall against the foe, at the distance of but a few leagues, and a certain, easy, efficient highway to the friendship of man, and for the mutual exchange of the products of industry at the remotest point of the earth's surface. If, then, this be a truth which forces itself upon every man who can understand a map, and draw from it the slightest conclusion—if every Briton inhales it with that air which is to him the breath of life—if it form the pathos of every tale, the burden of every song, the crown of every thing noble in the history of the country,—how shall those who have the control of public affairs stand acquitted, and they who represent the people, and take the most solemn oaths to preserve their rights and perpetuate their combined greatness, stand any thing but condemned, if it be found that the marine of England has been in the smallest tittle sacrificed to the cupidity of party, or the working of individual corruption?—Nay, how shall they stand acquitted before their country—before their consciences, if they have sacrificed the dark but terrible majesty of the naval power, even for the tinsel and glitter of an army!—if it shall be said, that while our generals were contending on a foreign soil, for objects which were not ours—while they overthrew, in the cause of those who were not our friends, the armies of those who should not have been our enemies, the recoil of the fool-hardy though daring and powerful stroke, fell upon the navy of England, and left us nothing but the bubble of military glory, in the room and stead of our natural, our national, and our ere while invincible strength? Upon a former occasion, poison was added to the sting of the satirist, by his being enabled to say,

"*Newmarket*'s glory rose as *Britain*'s fell;"

but the sting will be more severe, and the poison more deadly, if a future satirist shall have the means of saying that, for the sake of an army which she could only use in foreign lands, on the offensive, and for foreign purposes, England sacrificed her noblest means of defence! We should be unwilling to entertain this position, were it not that we think there are, in the voice of public opinion, as well as in the conduct of the two branches of the public service, some circumstances which afford a strong confirmation,—at least, a confirmation so apparently strong that a refutation of it requires something more than a speech from a secretary, or the asseveration of a lay lord.

We are very willing to admit, that since Nelson's last victory, the scope for our fleets has been narrowed; and we will not refuse or reject the necessary inference, that even a navy will rust if it lie idle; nay, we will concede so far as to admit, that in the partial actions which have taken place since that memorable time, there has

been no lack of skill or gallantry in the commanders, and no falling off of courage in the men. Nor have we any doubt that, at this moment, the British navy is as superior to that of any of the Continental powers, as it has been in the average of periods of peace. But these are not the grounds upon which to bring the question to issue: the grand inquiries are, does the British navy occupy the same share of the people's attention and admiration, and receive the same pre-eminent and unadulterated watchfulness, which it did in those times when, but for it, these islands might have been provinces of some Continental kingdom? We fear not—we find not; for, for once we hear the navy alluded to, either in the common conversation or common writings of the day, we hear the army mentioned a hundred times; while, to appeal to a very humble, but by no means an unerring test, the signs of our public houses exhibit a continual recurrence of Wellington, where Cochrane or Nelson should be, and perhaps once were.

This change in public opinion is not, however, to be regarded as a cause: it is an effect; a merely secondary effect of something operating at head quarters. That something arises partly from the different forms, according to which the governments of the army and navy are constituted; and partly from the different modes in which the details of them are paid, considering the different way in which each is originally manned, and administered in practice. The navy is commanded by a junto; the army, by a single chief: the navy is, at least generally understood to be, under party—perhaps we should rather say, family influence; while, under the late Commander-in-chief, all such influence in the army was zealously resisted. That these circumstances account for all the changes which have taken place, we will not venture to say; but we are sure that they account for no inconsiderable portion of them, and we are equally sure that they are completely the reverse of what, in as far as promotion is concerned, took place in the better days of the navy. It used to be said, that the British army, though composed of better men, was worse officered than any other army, inasmuch as the ladder of promotion was purchase and favour; but that the British navy was better officered than any navy, because there merit and experience were the sole means of advancement. In these times, the people at home looked upon the two branches of the service with a geographical eye, as it were; and because the soldier was less useful for purely British purposes, they seem to consider his profession as less nationally honourable, and the way in which he was commanded, as less important to the welfare and glory of the nation. Hence, rank in the army was looked upon as a thing which might be bestowed upon a favourite, or bought with money. But, in consequence of the permanent value of the navy, it was held that an office of trust there was above all favour and all price, and had to be won ere it could be worn.

The case is now altered,—a little for the better it may be in the

army, and very much for the worse it is in the navy. We do not mean to say, that since the peace many mustachioed heroes have not been promoted in the land service, who would be more in their element, and, in the event of another war, would prefer

> "Capering nimbly in a lady's chamber,
> To the lascivious pleasing of a lute,"

far before

> "Frightening the souls of fearful adversaries;"

but the extent to which this has taken place, and the way of its taking place, have much less of novelty as well as of mischief in them, than what has occurred in the navy. Who, we would ask, are the persons who have been retained in commission, and advanced in promotion, since the marine service became safe as well as profitable, even for the softest landsman? We appeal to the muster-rolls—we appeal to the disclosures that have been made in the House of Commons—we appeal to the hundreds of scar-seamed veterans, who, having spent their thirty, aye, and some of them their forty years, in the hardest and the hottest service of their country, are now starving on the scantiest half-pay, as lieutenants, or even (proh pudor!) condemned to drudge at menial offices, for which in spirit and in habit they are but ill qualified, as superannuated midshipmen!

Now, if there be any one means of degrading the navy—of bringing down its character, and its efficiency, beyond those of any other navy under the canopy of heaven, truly these are the means; and fatal for the present honour, and when war comes, (as come some day it must), for the future security of this country, was the hour when, for purposes purely political, this grand palladium of the nation was placed under the custody and the control of a lay lord, and had all the unprovided sons of the aristocracy tumbled into it, as so much ballast. It has been said, again and again, that owing to ignorance in the felling, the selecting, the preparing, and the attending to the timber in the building departments of the navy, the dry rot is consuming the ships more rapidly than ever the combined powers of the elements and the enemy consumed them, during the stormiest weather, and the fiercest war. But truly this, bad though it be (and it is part and parcel of the same system—of the same bungling committal of the management of ships and sailors, to those who are ignorant of both), is nothing compared with that moral dry rot which has the while been wasting away the spirit and energy of the navy—and wasting these in such a manner, as that the forest, whence a supply may be drawn, is consumed at the same time. Formerly, there was a glimmering of hope through the dark oppression of the impress: if the tar was contented to be before the mast for life, he looked towards the comfort of a wooden leg in Greenwich Hospital; and as the impress (unlike the voluntary enlistment for the land service,)

took the energetic and the ambitious along with the idle, the daring spirits saw a path before them, clear, save from storm and shot, all the way up to admiral of the fleet; and there cannot be a doubt, that while this was some compensation to them, for the hardship of impressment, and the taking of them forcibly away from their natural hope of ultimately rising to the command of merchant vessels, constituted the master-pulse in the heart of the navy. But if this is to be taken away; how, with the evidence of those who have been promoted, as well as of those who have not been promoted, staring them in the face, can any seamen, of any spirit, or any ambition (and without these, what is a seaman good for?) remain in the navy, if there be a possibility of escaping from the hopeless degradation to which, in consequence of the fatal system, they are subjected? It is clear, therefore, that the ultimate effect of even an apparent partiality in the naval promotions, would paralyse the spirit of every crew, down to the meanest individual, and that consequently whatever were the ability or the spirit of the injudiciously-chosen officers—the officers elevated over the heads of men of longer standing or greater experience, they would want these daring individuals, without whom the genius of a Nelson had been in vain.

But, in the event of a war breaking out (and the experience of a thousand years has shewn that, in the navy at least, such contingency ought never to be overlooked), the deterioration of the crews of our ships of war, how fatal soever it may be, will not be the worst part of the evil. Other nations have shewn that they could find sailors not very much inferior to our own, while the inferiority of their officers was proverbial; and proverbial, because it is utterly impossible to form a good naval officer in any school, save that of experience. No study of tactics, through the medium of books, how much soever the party may be disposed to such a study, can impart this ability; the naval commander must learn what he has to do, upon the element where he is to do it; and before he can successfully work a ship in battle, he must be able to work that ship as a seaman, and give orders for the trimming her to the elements, as well as for managing her fighting tackle, so that she may combat successfully with the enemy. All this is demanded, not merely in consequence of the reason of the thing itself, but in order to inspire that confidence in the commander which is necessary to the prompt discharge of so desperate a duty of fighting men upon the seas; and if he, to whom the important command is entrusted, is not able to acquit himself as a thorough seaman at all points, seamen will not, and cannot, from the whole tenor of their nature and habits, pay him the requisite degree of respect; and thus their belief in his invincibility being shaken, it will to a certainty shake their own courage.

Now, those scions of aristocracy, of short standing and no experience, who have been promoted in the room, and over the heads

of those veterans to whom, both in distributive and national justice, the promotion belonged, must be exceedingly lame in all the better and more necessary elements of their profession. They must remain so, from the inactivity of the fleets; nor would it be possible, even although those fleets were kept in commission and at sea, at a war-expense, to make these young men at all equal to the veterans; because, even granting that they might, in time, learn something of mere seamanship, they would still be 'fair-weather jacks,' in the fighting sense of the words; and thus the longer that the peace continues, even although that peace were made as expensive in the navy as possible, the more would the navy be deteriorated, and the less would it be fitted for action, in the event of its being again necessary. Indeed, had the system of promotion been what it ought to have been, there should not have been a single landsman (for those of whom we speak are no better than landsmen) promoted, until the very last remaining midshipman, or even intelligent man before the mast, who had fought with Nelson, had been raised to a command. We ask, if this, or any thing like this, has been done? and for our country's sake, we turn from the answer with a mixture of sorrow and indignation—sorrow, that the strong arm of England should be thus broken in the day of peace; and indignation at those by whom the deed has been perpetrated.

Art. XI. *Voyage a Madrid, (Août et Septembre,* 1826). Par Adolphi Blanqui. 8vo. pp. 240. 7*s.* 6*d.* Paris: Doudey-Dupré. London: Treuttel & Würtz. 1826.

However pleasant a journey from Paris to Madrid may be to the person who performs it, and we know of few "highways" that offer so many changes of agreeable scenery; yet we confess that little can now be told of such a tour, which we have not already learned from a multitude of travellers. We did not, therefore, expect any new discoveries in the volume before us, particularly as it relates to a country, that, perhaps, of all others in Europe, is the least subject to variation. We thought, however, that as Mr. Blanqui had been in Spain so recently as the autumn of the last year, he might have collected some political details not altogether unworthy of attention. In this expectation we have not been quite disappointed, as, in fact, it was his especial object to examine the actual political condition both of Spain and Portugal. Had he been permitted to carry his intention into effect, we have no doubt that he would have produced a much more important volume than that which now lies before us. But as the miserable policy of the Spanish government prevented him from proceeding farther than Madrid, we have here only such observations as a very limited survey enabled him to make.

He has, very unnecessarily, as we think, devoted a considerable portion of his work to the mere description of the towns and villages through which he passed, after crossing the Bidassoa, particu-

larly as he deviated in no instance from the royal road through Toloso, Vittoria, and Burgos. We shall therefore take leave to join him at once at the barrier of Fuencarral, where we find him involved in as many difficulties, before he effects his entrance into Madrid, as if he had arrived there a declared enemy, sword in hand, to demand it. His passport had been regularly signed by all the numerous authorities that may be said to line the road from Irun to the capital, and it exhibited in clear and legible characters, the words *pour voyager en Espagne et Portugal.* He was told by the officer at the gate, that he could not be permitted to pass, as his passport did not contain the word *Madrid!* "What, sir," he asked, "is Madrid then not in Spain?" "We cannot help it," was the only reply he could get for eight hours, during which he was detained at the gate. The cabinet having been consulted, we presume, in the meantime, and all the old women of the court having deliberately considered the matter in their camarilla, the formidable Frenchman was at length admitted, and behold him in his lodgings at the Puerta del Sol, the rendezvous of all the quidnuncs of Madrid.

The severity of the inquisition, now practised at the gates of this capital, is ridiculous beyond all conception.

'During these tedious hours of expectation, I examined carefully the vulgar, stupid countenance of the deputy, who affected, in a sort of box which he called an office, all the importance of a Prefect of police. Neither peasants nor travellers, riding or walking, could enter the city without shewing to this person a passport or certificate. Each had to undergo a regular inquisition, although his passport was perfectly correct. "Who are you? where do you come from? what is your business at Madrid? where do you reside? when do you leave?" Such were the questions put by the commissary, with a magisterial air, to every person that passed; the answers being carefully taken down in a registry by the secretary. During the interval of several hours that I was compelled to remain in this den of spies, several of the poor peasants, mistaking me for an officer, came and presented their papers to me with trembling hands. Some of them poured forth an account of themselves with such profusion as to leave me no opportunity of undeceiving them; whilst I saw others eagerly pressing towards me, in the hope of having their business more speedily dispatched.' pp. 74, 75.

But this sort of personal investigation, was nothing to what Mr. Blanqui had to undergo at the office of the police, whither he went to get his passport *vised* for Portugal. We shall give his account of his interview with the intendant.

'On entering the office of the Intendant, I saluted him in Spanish; but, with an impatient and disdainful gesture, he referred me to his Secretary, Don Pedro Vingolas, adding, in a low voice, "There goes Lafitte's agent." "You are known here," said M. Vingolas; "the French police sent us notice of your coming; you are not what you say you are, your passport is not regular." The Intendant then handed him the note sent from Paris. "Sir," said I, "permit me first to reply to M. Intendant, who accuses me

of being an agent of M. Lafitte. M. Lafitte has his own affairs to attend to, and, probably, takes but very little interest in your's; if the police of Paris has announced my arrival to you, it has also furnished me with a passport, inviting you to lend me assistance when necessary. This passport is perfectly regular, and I am certainly the person I declare myself to be." "You are rich?" "Sir, I have no need to ask money from any one." "You are rich; for it requires to be so to come into this country." "Sir, that has nothing to do with my passport. It has been countersigned by your consul at Bayonne, and by all the authorities, from the frontiers to Madrid." "But I don't see the *visa* of the Spanish ambassador at Paris." "That *visa* is not strictly necessary; I have travelled through England and Scotland without the *visa* of the Spanish ambassador, and was never molested." "Why have you taken the title of surgeon only, and omitted that of professor of the School of Commerce?" "These two titles are not incompatible. Hold out your arm, and you shall see I took the one which suited me best." "You came to Spain, you say, to instruct yourself; but there is nothing here superior to what you have left behind." "Were this argument to have any weight, a Frenchman would but rarely quit his country. I have already, Sir, seen many interesting things, and have still many to see, though Madrid is not larger than one of the Fauxbourgs of Paris." "I can scarcely believe that you have come here merely to instruct yourself. You have been in the country but a short time; what have you already learned?" "I have learned that your hospitals make one shudder; that your finances are in disorder; that your custom-house officers pay more attention to their own interests than your's; and that your Castilles are greatly in want of water." "What, is that all?" "Why, I have heard, besides, that the peasants of Andalusia are skilful in the cultivation of cotton, sugar-cane, and cochineal; my intention is to judge of this with my own eyes. I have letters for all the merchants of your southern provinces." "Vagabonds are always well supplied with letters." "How, then, do you distinguish persons of probity? But, for your further security, I shall tell you, that I am a married man; that I have left my wife *enceinte*; and that I have need of peace, both for her interest as well as my own." "We have nothing to do here with the interest of women with child." "Mr. Secretary, the police of France is not infallible; and if it has, through mistake or baseness, represented me to you as a dangerous and suspicious person, I warn you to reflect before you insult me. I know the respect due to your character—do not forget the laws of hospitality."'—pp. 84—88.

At the close of this conversation, not less characteristic of the Spaniard than of the Frenchman, our traveller was desired to return the following day, when his hopes of being allowed to proceed to Portugal were finally extinguished. We must translate the author's note of this conversation also, as it is really curious.

'In the morning I returned to the police, and was received this time by the secretary Vingolas. "We certainly cannot, sir," said he, accosting me, "let you have a passport for Portugal." "May I take the liberty of asking the ground of your refusal?" "Your explanations are not satisfactory." "I think that they are perfectly clear." "They should have been so, to enable you to get what you want." "What do you charge me with?"

"Nothing." "This arbitrary proceeding, sir, terribly resembles the inquisition." "To be sure, all this is *purely inquisitorial* (these two words still echo in my ears), it is on account of the inquisition that we are here, what! you who are reputed to be so knowing, not to be aware of this?" "I should have done you that honour, sir." "What a youth it is! the secret is, to be strong: it costs a great deal to find it out—but once have the power you ought to use it. This was what Buonaparte did." "A pleasing patron no doubt for legitimate monarchs." "Again, you shew your youth, moderate yourself—do not go to Portugal. We will return to you your papers only on condition that you state in writing, the places you have frequented, and the persons you have visited." "Sir, I request to be allowed twenty-four hours to deliberate, before I submit to this insult." Thus ended our conversation.'—pp. 89, 90.

Strange to say, the French minister at Madrid, or rather his secretary, advised M. Blanqui to submit to the indignity which the police imposed upon him, of giving in a list of the places which he had frequented, and of the persons whom he had visited. But his progress to Portugal was absolutely forbidden. From all that has since occurred, no reasonable man can doubt, that the preparations then making, near the frontiers of that country, for the invasion since carried into effect, were the real cause of this extraordinary vigilance.

Our traveller, being now obliged to end his tour at Madrid, amused himself, in that dull and stately capital, as well as he could. We pass over his observations on its public buildings and general appearance; but before we come to his political remarks, we must give a single anecdote, which speaks volumes for the wretched state of whole classes in the Peninsula.

'As I was leaving the theatre, a man approached me with evident confusion in his countenance, to beg charity. "Sir," said he, "I am an officer of artillery without any pay; I have three children to support—pray do something for me." Such applications are very common. An English traveller told me that while he was at Seville, some time ago, he was accosted by a very tall Spaniard, who told him to deliver his purse, or he would kill him if he hesitated. "There it is," said the stranger, "but it is a miserable trade you drive, and that too in a dangerous place." The Spaniard, seeing that he was an Englishman, instantly altered his tone. "Sir, sir, my life is in your hands: here is my address, come and see me to-morrow: it is in your power either to make me hang myself or to do me a great service; come I pray you: you have nothing to fear." The Englishman in effect went to the appointed place: there he found eight children, who were greedily devouring some fragments of coarse food, with all the appearance of distressing hunger. The father (the robber) offered to restore the purse to the stranger, who was now very much moved by what he saw; and he informed the English gentleman that he was a cashiered magistrate, whom despair had forced to this last resource.'—pp. 105, 106.

M. Blanqui confirms the views which we have always entertained of the effects likely to be produced by the presence of a French

army in Spain. Instead of extinguishing the spirit of liberty, it has served rather to cherish and increase the growing disposition of the people for a constitution. Hence a system of inquisitorial superintendence, extending, as nearly as possible, to every individual of intelligence in the whole community, has been rendered necessary on the part of a government foolishly resolved to exercise absolute power. A system of more grinding oppression never had an example in the world, except, perhaps, that which prevails in Ireland. The following details will afford some idea of its character and extent:

'The constitutional party, now decimated by the scaffold or by banishment, was composed of almost all the enlightened members of the aristocracy, of proprietors and commercial men. Most of this party, which is, to say the least, very numerous, live under a sort of perpetual suspicion, and those of them who were employed under the authority of the Cortes, are objects of particular vigilance. To extinguish them the famous law of purification was got up, which is a real tax—a new method of making persons pay for the places which it was desired to take away from them. In a succeeding chapter, I shall give the official precedent of the informations to be taken under such circumstances. In the meantime, an immense majority of the law and medical students, not purified, were excluded, since the restoration, from the public courses of these faculties. Their admission to the schools of law and medicine are prohibited, and they are, consequently, obliged to give up a pursuit which would one day have established them in independent circumstances. A person who is known to have joined, directly or indirectly, the constitutional party, if he requires a passport, is desired to set down the places whither he is to direct his journey; and should there be two roads leading to the place, he must make his election between them. The towns and villages through which he is to pass are carefully noted in his passport, and he is obliged to shew it to the local-authorities as he goes on, on pain of arrest. The royal volunteers alone are entitled to travel armed. They are to be met with in great numbers, with a sabre by their side, should they be on horseback; with a musket, if walking; a very great privilege in a country where a person is in constant danger of assassination, even at the very gates of the capital.

'The merchants, physicians, advocates, hotel-keepers, all those who are enlightened, and in easy circumstances, to whatever profession they belong, are connected with the constitutional party. The more prudent, in general, observe silence with respect to politics: others confine the expression of their disapprobation to an ironical laugh, when any body speaks of the excesses of the apostolical faction, in their presence. The officers who had the command of the army of the Cortes, or of the provincial militia, maintain the utmost reserve; but this discretion proceeds from an excessive spirit of revenge by which they are animated. Veterans in the war of independence, once so proud, now so humbled, with what eyes can they look on the young officers, scented all over, insulting their lowly state every day, either in the avenues to the Prado, or from the galleries of the Escurial? Should a new storm ever sweep over the Peninsula, there will be a terrible cloud over the ranks of this body, which hatred and fanaticism shall have decimated. I could not hear without concern the barbarous ac-

counts of those old officers, who thought that they fought for their country, and had reason to lament that their victories were earned for capuchins. How many of them have I seen lament that their blood was shed in the war against Napoleon, when they compared the effects of the theocratic power with the vast projects of Ferdinand's gaoler!

'The Apostolicals, that is to say, the majority of the nation (for we must count the people as we would flocks and herds, by heads), are not yet cloyed with the proscription and slaughter of this party. Three or four thousand assassinations, ten thousand families in exile; from twelve to fifteen hundred judicial executions, are unable to satiate this stupid population, which observes one hundred and fifty holidays every year, not to mention those days when victims are either hung or buried, and who are brought to the place of execution in baskets, drawn by asses. The monks dispose of this multitude according to their furious passions: by its means do they prolong the agonies, and multiply the sufferings, of their victims; by its means they influence, occasionally, the councils of the prince, exclaiming, under the windows of his palace, "Long live the absolute king! Long live the holy inquisition!"'– pp. 141—145.

There is no question, that what is called the Apostolical party is, at present, the predominant power in Spain. To what extent they mean to carry their hostility to freedom, in their own country, as well as in Portugal, may be collected from their recent proceedings. Among these we must relate, in the words of M. Blanqui, the outrage which they committed against the laws of nations, by their treatment of the son of Murat. Our author received the anecdote from captain Hunter Ward, of the 43d regiment, stationed at Gibraltar.

'It is known that last year, Lucien Murat, son of the ex-king of Naples, proceeding from Europe to America, stopped, some time, at Malaga to provide himself with a supply of wine. One day, as he was walking near the harbour, he was accosted by a wretched looking man, who offered a sabre of very fine appearance, which he said he wanted to part with. Young Murat declined purchasing it at first, saying that such a weapon was useless to one who was just going on board. However, at length he was overcome by the entreaties of this man, who stated himself to be a reduced officer, —no rare character in Spain. 'Up to that moment nothing unusual occurred, except what might naturally take place between seller and purchaser. The son of the ex-king soon landed at Gibraltar, where he waited a means of transport to America. He became intimate with the officers of the garrison, amongst whom was Mr. Hunter Ward, the person of whom I received the following anecdote:—On a fine day, having shewn himself several times on horseback in the lines*, our traveller received a note to the following purport: "Sir, a woman whose heart is yours, is informed that you are about to set out on a very long voyage, and it is possible she may never see you again. She trusts to your honour, and desires to speak with you for a moment. Leave the lines—she waits for you." This note was, very soon, no longer a mystery, and Lucien Murat thought himself very

* 'The neutral space between the English posts and the Spanish videttes is so called.'

fortunate, and was envied not by a few. But he was destined to undergo a bitter disappointment. Scarcely had he passed the English territory, when a Spanish alguazil seized his horse, and conducted the rider to a neighbouring port, where he was recognised. "Are you not the son of Murat?" "My father was the king of Naples." "Whence do you come hither?" (The passport was a jocose one, and he dare not exhibit it). "Sir, I am taking an airing." "Taking an airing! it is you that have been purchasing Riego's sabre at Malaga—you hold the magic weapon of the revolutionists —you come to conspire, wretch!" And forthwith he was plunged into a dungeon, instead of meeting with expected bliss. There, stretched on a pallet of straw, and subsisting on the vilest food, he was obliged, for more than a month, to put up with the grossest insults. "Villain!" they would say to him, "you shall atone for the crimes of your father, and the massacre at Madrid*; never shall you see liberty again, and happy will it be for you if you are not torn to pieces." Such were the communications which he heard from morning until night. The English officers, now thinking that his good fortune was lasting a long time, began to be apprehensive for him: and at length they thought of making inquiries of the Spanish authorities about him. Their frequent applications being unavailable, an official summons was at last sent, on the part of the governor of Gibraltar: the unfortunate Lucien, all pale and haggard, emerged from his dungeon, whither he had been dragged, to all appearance, deliberately, and with a degree of perfidy, the bare idea of which makes one shudder. But he was suffered to leave his prison only on condition that he would embark by the first vessel for America.'—pp. 170—174.

We do not find any further political details worth transcribing. M. Blanqui devotes several chapters to the proceedings of the Cortes, in 1823, on the departure of the king for Seville, and again on his departure from the latter city to Cadiz, and during his residence there. The first removal has been fully described already by Mr. Quin, in his "Visit to Spain," from his own personal observation. The history of the Cortes, after their arrival at Seville, M. Blanqui has supplied from documents which have been published long since, and therefore we deem it unnecessary to refer to them here. We regret that he was not allowed to complete his intended tour, as, under the existing circumstances of Spain and Portugal, a work detailing their actual condition, would be highly interesting, and peculiarly valuable in our own country.

ART. XII. *Souvenirs de l'Emigration, a l'usage de l'epoque actuelle.* Par le Marquis de Marcillac. 8vo., pp. 218. Paris: Baudouin. 1825.

ONE of the questions intimately connected with the history of the French Revolution, which has never yet been fully discussed, is this, Was the emigration of the noblesse, politic? Was it not, in

'* Murat commanded at Madrid at the time of the famous insurrection in 1808, against the French, and then he cared very little about spilling Spanish blood.'

fact, the principal cause of all the disasters that followed? They abandoned their high stations in the community, and their places were instantly filled up by the very dregs of the populace, not only in Paris, but throughout the provinces. Hence, no sense of decency or justice presided over these assemblies and tribunals, to which the fortunes of the state were thus unhappily committed; and nothing was heard of, during the existence of the republic, but measures of the most atrocious nature, calculated to retain the power so acquired, in the brawny hands, to whose violence no resistance was offered.

In the little volume before us, the author slightly considers this question, and insists that events have, manifestly, proved the impolicy of a measure, which was, at first, believed to be the best security for the safety of the monarchy. He justly observes, that 'to remove one's-self from the throne, in order to support it; to go out of France, in order to re-conquer France; to divest one's-self of one's influence, in order to make use of that influence, were unpardonable errors, upon which history ought to pass the severest judgment.' Notwithstanding this observation, the greater part of M. de Marcillac's book is occupied with what may be called his reminiscences of the emigration, which he relates in a lively and enthusiastic manner.

He left his paternal roof on the 20th of March, 1791, and after traversing Switzerland, where he thought the fire of the revolution was extinct, and where he was now taught a very different doctrine, having with difficulty escaped from being stoned to death as an *emigrant*, he arrived at Worms, and presented himself to the prince de Condé and the dukes de Bourbon and d'Enghien. 'I was inscribed,' he informs us, 'on the list of honour. I was the sixtieth. This list was soon filled up to the number of one hundred: and such was the enthusiasm of the moment, that when this number was completed, the list was closed; and we, unanimously, declared every Frenchman disgraced, and unworthy to serve the king, whose name was not found on this sacred roll, of which we each took a formal copy. I well remember, while it grieves me to think of a degree of passionate enthusiasm which has been so often productive of the most injurious consequences, and which we always blame when reason resumes her empire, that we objected to the admission of a colonel of the Queen's cavalry, who solicited to be enrolled, as the hundred and first or second.' It is no wonder, therefore, that so many emigrants, who tendered their services after this 'sacred roll' was completed, should have complained of the cool reception which they experienced. Folly itself could not have devised a more absurd and mischievous plan for serving the monarchy than this.

The details which M. de Marcillac furnishes of the treatment experienced by the emigrants, from their *allies*, Prussia, Austria, and Russia, throw great light on many proceedings which have

been hitherto wrapped in clouds of mystery. He relates one striking fact, which quite surprised us, and which he gives as an illustration of what he calls 'the perfidy that governed the councils of the cabinets,' at the moment that Dumouriez was concentrating his force on the post of Islettes, in order to cover Chalons and the road to Paris.

'The head-quarters of the princes were established at Somme-Suippes; those of the king of Prussia at the Chateau Dampierre. The position of the French army had been reconnoitred, and it was found so impracticable, that it caused the plan of attack to be delayed for a long time. It appeared even, that some idea was entertained, at one moment, of turning their position, and of taking the road to Rheims. But in a council, at which the princes and some of their generals attended, it was resolved to attack the position by main force. The princes demanded, as the post of danger, the assault of the battery on the right. The day was appointed for this affair, which was to decide the fate of the campaign, and to open to the allies the road to Paris, if they obtained the victory, of which they had no doubt. The Prince Royal, or prince Louis of Prussia (I cannot remember which of the two it was), had dined with the princes the day but one after the council, in which the battle had been determined on. He had staid late, and did not set out till it was dark night. He did not know the roads; a guide was sent with him, whom I relieved on his passing the Somme-Tourbe, then occupied by the coalition of Auvergne. It was one o'clock in the morning when we arrived at the Chateau de Dampierre. I was taking leave of the prince, when he said to me, "Monsieur l'aide-de-camp, you must be fatigued; stop here a while: I shall visit the out-posts at day-break; you can accompany me, and I will shew you, in detail, the position of the French republican army. The princes will be glad to have the report which you will be enabled to make to them." We mounted our horses at three o'clock in the morning. The prince traversed the whole line of the French army. When he was opposite the battery on the right, "That," said his highness, "is the battery which the princes have expressed their wishes to attack. If we engage in the battle, we shall undoubtedly gain it, but to what purpose can it serve? To cause some men to be killed—that is all. We shall not save the king; the French do not wish it, as I am well assured. I have been lately in Dumouriez's camp; I have seen his army; I have been well received by it; but it has no solicitude for the king; such, too, is the general feeling among the soldiers. Why, then, shed blood for an object which we cannot attain?"'

We need not add, that a retreat was ordered, and that the projected battle was *not* fought.

There is a certain precipitancy of statement apparent in this work, which prevents the cautious reader from reposing unqualified confidence in the assertion of M. de Marcillac. Yet we have no doubt that his errors, if any there be, are not intentional, and that, though he may not always remember accurately, he never consciously invents for the purpose of practising any unworthy deception.

ART. XIII. *Indische Bibliothek.* Von A. W. Schlegel. Vol. 2. Hefte, 1, 2, 3. Bonn. Black & Young: London. 1826.

FROM the time that had elapsed since the appearance of the first volume of this work, we had begun to fear that its able and estimable author had discontinued his labours. We greet the appearance of these three parts of the second volume, which, together with the noble Bhagavat Geeta (published with a Latin translation and notes), give a sufficient assurance to the friends of oriental literature, that Schlegel has not abandoned the study of the finest and most philosophical language that, we believe, the world ever possessed.

There is something really overwhelming in the contemplation of the quantity of knowledge possessed by such a man as A. W. Schlegel. What days and years of incessant application must have been devoted to the acquisition! All parts of the ancient and modern world, their history, their constitutions, their literature, their modes of thought, seem as familiar to him as those of his native country. His admirable lectures on the Drama, are known and esteemed by all Europe. He has presented Germany with a translation of the greater part of Shakspeare, that may almost vie with the original; he has invested, in Teutonic attire, the lively and brilliant muse of Calderon, Dante, Petrarca; the classic poets have, at various times, engaged him; and such are the powers and flexibility of the German language, that it enables him to rival the Spanish *assonnance*, the Italian *terza* and *ottava rima*, and the various measures of classical verse; in short, to give a faithful copy—a *cast* of the original.

The present work is solely devoted to subjects connected with Indian literature. The portion of it which we are now noticing, contains a variety of interesting matter, such as W. Humboldt's remarks on the critique, by Langlais, in the Journal Asiatique, on our author's edition of the Bhagavat-Geeta, to which remarks Schlegel makes many valuable additions; a continuation of that collection of curious disquisitions, called the Indian Sphynx (that on Scipio Nasica is very worthy of attention), some translations and letters relating to the general subject. We shall confine ourselves to that portion of the work, which exhibits a view of the present state of our knowledge of the Indian drama. It appears in the shape of Additions by M. Schlegel, to a communication of the names and subjects of some plays, made to him by Mr. Wilson, of Calcutta.

About forty years ago, a passage in the Lettres Edifiantes, led that accomplished scholar, Sir W. Jones, to the discovery of the fact, that India was possessed of a drama. He immediately applied himself with ardour to the pursuit of it, and, at length, presented Europe, to its amazement, with the Sacontala of Calidasas, a piece which, if nothing else had come to our knowledge, would have sufficed to inspire us with the highest respect for Indian genius, and to shew the erroneousness of the European idea of oriental poetry.

When Sir William consulted the literati of India on the subject, they all concurred in their assertion of the great wealth and high antiquity of their drama. Of the truth of the first part of the assertion, there is but little doubt; and Mr. Schlegel thinks there is a strong presumption for that of the latter, in the circumstance of the formation of a peculiar theatrical language in the Sanskrit, which may be seen in many articles in Wilson's Dictionary. Nay, Mr. Wilson mentions, in another place, that the Indian theorists distinguished no less than two-and-thirty different kinds of dramas.

One of the pieces in the list given by Mr. Wilson, appears to be of some consequence for ascertaining the antiquity of the Indian theatre. It is a comedy, full of lively action and of character, called the "Clay-cart," written in a simple and antique style, and attributed to the pen of Sudrakas, king of the country once called Ougein, whom the chronology of the Hindoos, and Col. Wilford, place about the year 191 before Christ. The want of a translation of this piece, and still more of the original, prevents Mr. Schlegel from being able to decide, whether it is the first attempt in an entirely new art, or whether it supposes earlier models; for, even though there should be no more ancient drama existing, it, by no means, follows that there were none such. If king Sudrakas was really the first dramatic poet of India, their theatre is not quite three centuries younger than that of Greece, the oldest that we are yet acquainted with. The subjects of the Indian dramas are either taken from mythology, like Sacontala, the story of which is an episode in the Maha Bharata; or founded on historical anecdotes; or from invention, or finally, scenes from common life. The inquiries of Mr. Schlegel have made out the titles of about twenty plays, some of the principal of which are as follows:—of the first class are, Sacontala; The amorous sports of Crishna, of which the subject is the same as that of the lyrical poem; Govinda Geeta, or the story of the loves of Crishna, when living among the shepherdesses, and of the fair Radha; The Anarghya-Raghava, or the history of Rama, in seven acts, according to the division of the heroic poem into seven books; The Later Destinies of Rama; The separation of Rama from Sita, and their reunion after the termination of the war of Lanka (Ceylon), and the overthrow of Ravenas. Of the second class, the principal is, The Seal of Rakshasas (the minister of Nandas, who was murdered by Chendraguptas), and the subject is the reconciliation brought about between them, by Chanakyes, the guardian of the latter, in which, by his political artifices, he overcomes the repugnance of Rakshasas. The play is described as abounding in powerful delineations of character, and poetical beauties. This piece is closely connected with another, called The Coronation of Chandras; and it is curious to observe, that the Indian dramatists practised, like the Greek and English, the art of continuing an action through several plays. In the third class, we find the Malati and Madhevas, the subject of which is

a kind of fairy tale; and Vikramas and Urvasi, of Calidasas, or the amours of king Pururavas and the celestial dancer Urvasi. The lovers are greatly inconvenienced by the natural jealousy of the queen, but, at length, all ends happily. It is full of poetic beauties, but inferior in tenderness and naïveté to Sacontala. In the last class are, the Clay-cart, already mentioned, and the Ratnavali, a very pleasing comedy, attributed to Hersha-Devas, king of Cashmere, who reigned in the 11th century. It is, in subject, so very like the Vikramas and Urvasi, that the king, or rather the poet Dhavalas, who is said to have sold his talents to the monarch, might be very easily convicted of plagiarism. It has, however, one great merit,—it may be regarded as a faithful picture of the manners of the courts and princes of India. The subject is the love of Vatsas king of Kausamdi, for Ratnavali, one of the attendants of the queen; the lady turns out, in the end, to be a princess of Ceylon, who had suffered shipwreck on a voyage to the continent, whither she was proceeding to be the king's second wife. So, of course, matters are accommodated to the satisfaction of all parties.

This slight sketch will probably suffice to make many persons anxious for some more of these dramas than we at present possess, and we are happy to find, that some are, and all will, probably, soon be translated at Calcutta.

Whoever looks into the Indische Bibliothek, will, we can assure him, find a great deal more to interest him than we have been able to notice; and we sincerely hope that the efforts of Schlegel will be long directed that way, for few subjects are more important or more interesting.

NOTICES.

Art. XIV. *Famiglie celebri Italiane, del Conte Pompeo Litta, fol. con rami.* Milano. 1820—26. Nos. I—XV.

This splendid work, *unique*, we believe, of its kind, is not merely a chronicle of heraldry; it is an historical and biographical gallery of the illustrious families that have figured in the *fasti* of modern Italy. Each number contains the account of one or two families complete, and forms, thereby, a separate work of itself, illustrated by several finely executed engravings, exhibiting portraits from the best authenticated originals of the most distinguished individuals of each respective house, drawings of the monuments, statues, &c., erected to their memory, of their armours, costumes, and escutcheons. Many of the plates are neatly and tastefully coloured. Neither labour nor expense has been spared in the execution of either text or engravings. The first numbers we have seen, contain the following families:—Sforza of Romagna, Eccelino of Trivigi, Sanvitali of Parma, Simonetta of Calabria, Gallio of Como, Triulzio of Milan, Cesarini of Rome, Peretti of Montalto, Trinci of Foligno, Cavaniglia of Naples, Giovio of Coma, Della Scala of Verona.

The names of the great Italian families of the middle ages are not confined to the annals of the Peninsula, many of them belong to universal history. The sovereignty which they exercised for centuries over wealthy and flourishing states; their wars, alliances and intermarriages with the principal European dynasties; the individuals, illustrious in arms, in politics, in letters, whom they numbered among their members; the patronage they afforded to the arts; their talents, their virtues, and even their crimes, —all have stamped for ever, in the pages of the history of Europe, the names of the Visconti, Sforza, Della Scala, Este, Gonzaga, Farnese, Media', Colonna, Orsini, and fifty more, of which Italy is justly proud. The singular dignity of the papal tiara has also shed its lustre over a number of Italian families, and conferred upon their representatives, for ages after, a rank, next to that of princes of the blood—a rank which was supported by the then proud splendour of the Roman purple. But these latter adventitious honours, bestowed on the Italian aristocracy in the times of its real decay, are now fast falling, and will, perhaps, be soon obliterated; not so, however, the memory of the ancient founders of the sovereign families of the middle ages—of those men of iron courage, of bold enterprize, of eagle quick-sightedness, of regal magnificence, and of proud state, whose honours and power were acquired by themselves, and through their own deeds; who fought and conquered, and ruled and felt, the primates of their race, and of their time; their memory will long survive the loss of power, of wealth, and of influence, and even the extinction of their proud lineage and fair name.

To retrace the origin—to record the rise and progress of these families—to bring them forth, as it were, from their marble monuments, and from the dusty scrolls of libraries, and exhibit thus the whole Italian patrician order in proud array,—this has been the object of Count Litta's work; and he has undertaken it with a spirit, and persevered in it, with a zeal, a correctness and a taste, that reflect on him the highest credit. He is well qualified for his task, not only by being, himself, a member of that aristocracy whose genealogies he is thus illustrating, but also, and still more, by the qualities of the mind, which distinguish him, in common with other members of his family. His is not a work of fulsome flattery, or of patrician vanity; he records with the impartiality of a conscientious historian, both virtue and guilt, and bestows both praise and blame upon the subjects of his biography, according to their deserts.

Count Litta is a middle aged man, and, supposing his faculties to accompany him to a most advanced period, he may still achieve a most splendid gallery of Italian great names. We understand he is bent upon persevering, in his laborious and expensive undertaking, in which he has met, at first, we fear, but very limited encouragement. At the end of three years after the appearance of the first number, he had not one hundred subscribers in all Italy! We hope, however, now that the work has had full time to become known, that the pride, vanity, and patriotism, or family affection, of the numerous patrician families which abound in every Italian state, will be excited in favour of this truly national undertaking. Even in other countries, it becomes an object of curiosity and interest, and will prove a desirable addition to any valuable library. Those who may feel interest for some particular family only, will be able to provide themselves with its particular biography, as every number is sold separately.

ART. XV. *Lorenz Stark, a Characteristic Picture of a German Family.* By J. J. Engel. Translated from the German, by J. Gans. 2 vols. 12mo. 12*s*. London: Treuttel & Würtz. 1826.

THE prevailing vice, or, as some will have it, the most usual attraction of German tales, consists in mystery and in situations, calculated to strike the mind with horror. There are seasons when we can enjoy such stories as well as others; for example, when tired of the barley-water sort of poetry which threatens to deluge the warehouses of most of our present publishers; or after a dose of such opiates as abound in most of our modern novels. Then it is that we feel the spirit-stirring power of the German muse; with an awful gladness we follow her through the deep ravines and ruined castles, and over the wild and stormy mountains, which she loves to frequent; but at the same time we take good care to attend her, only, in imagination, and to see that all the doors and windows around us are secured, lest she should think fit to serve us in person with a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, returnable in the Black Forest.

On opening the volumes before us, we own we expected to meet her once more in all her glory, but we were much surprised, and so perhaps will be the reader, to find that there is not a ghost, a robber, nor even a drop of blood shed, from the beginning to the end of this tale. It is quite a novelty in the literature of Germany, for it presents a simple and expressive view of every day life in that country, without any of the sentimentality of Kotzebue or the theatrical exaggeration of Pichler. We do not mean to say that it is a perfect work; far from it. The story is feebly told, and the conversations, which abound in it, are stiff and very often dull. Nevertheless, it affords a very intelligible, and, we doubt not, a characteristic picture of a German family; and it is most probably the precursor of other productions, which will be founded on it, as a model, and, at the same time, excel it in execution.

The family, chiefly pourtrayed in it, is that of Lorenz Stark, a merchant of Hamburgh; a wealthy, but a singular and yet excellent old man; habituated to regulate all his movements upon his calculations of loss and gain, but not destitute of generosity and kindness, when a proper opportunity calls upon him for the exercise of those feelings. His only son, of the same name, inherits all the better nature of his father; but he has a great aversion from business, and disdains to calculate, when his feelings are touched. The story turns upon this difference of character between the father and son. The latter becomes attached to a widow, almost of "a certain age," not rich, and surrounded by three or four children. The matter remains a mystery to the father, for some time, who being unable to divine the reasons of his son's frequent absence from home, suspects that his engagements are of an improper description. Disputes arise, and a separation takes place between them. Some relations however interfere; the attachment is declared, and opposed by the old merchant, at first, upon grounds of prudence. The usual representations are made to him, of the happiness of his son being endangered, of the virtues of the lady being a fortune in themselves; but the argument that has most weight with him is the real generosity of principle upon which his son is shewn to have acted throughout the whole affair. The result is, of course, the union of

parties, and the old man crowns his blessing with a liberal settlement. story, such as it is, must impress the reader who will peruse the two mes, with a very favourable idea of the class of German society which troduces to his notice.

. XVI. *I. Lusiadi del Camoens, recati in ottava Rima.* Da A. Bric-lini. 16mo. pp. 377. Paris: Firmin Didot. 1826.

Lusiad is a poem that is known all over the world, because transla- of it have appeared in all the modern languages of Europe. To- ls the middle of the 17th century, it appeared in Italian, being trans- l, although feebly, by Charles Paggi. The new translation, by Bric- ni, is worthy of being placed on a level with the noblest undertakings oetic talent, that have ever appeared in this department of literature. style of it is pure and noble, the diction animated and picturesque; the imagery is preserved with a fidelity that diminishes none of its ve beauty. He has frequently introduced into his translation, and a rare felicity, whole verses, and sometimes hemistichs from the great poets of Italy. But he has succeeded, particularly, in those bold de- otions that belong peculiarly to Camoens, and which discover all the gies of genius, with which the bard of Lusitania was gifted. The limits is article do not permit us to give long quotations; it will be sufficient anscribe only two or three stanzas, in which Triton, the messenger of tune, is described, who, by the sound of his marine shell, assembled he inferior gods in the crystal palace of the sovereign of the ocean. originality of the sentiments of the author is rendered, by this able slator, with suitable energy of style:—

'Era giovine, grande, orrido e nero,
Del padre suo trombetta e messaggero.
L'ispida barba, e 'l folto crin, che steso
Giu per le spalle lubriche scendea,
Ha d'acqua pregni e di limo rappreso:
E ch' ei pettin non ha ben si vedea:
Un da ogni ciocca tremola sospeso
De' neri nicchi ch' ivi l' onda crea;
Su la testa cappello ha pur conforme
Marino guscio di locusta enorme.
Ignudo è affatto, chè d' indugia alcuna
Qualunque veste al nuoto gli saria:
D' animaletti che infiniti aduna
Il mar, suo corpo par coperto sia:
Mille gamberi e granchi cui la luna
Si tien per fermo che incremento dia,
E con guscio lumache, ostriche e molti
Astachi e ricci, in lordo musco involti.
Quella, che regge con la destra mano,
Ritorta conca orribilmente suona;
Si che 'l fragor ch' eccheggiane lontano
L' aer d' intorno e tutto il mar rintrona.'—Canto vi.

ART. XVII. *El Traductor Espanol; or, a new and Practical System for Translating the Spanish Language.* By Mariano Cubi y Soler. 8vo. pp. 225. 8*s*. London: Boosey & Sons. 1826.

AMONG the number of works which have been lately published in this country, with the view of facilitating the acquisition of the Spanish language, we think the volume whose title we have here given, deserves a prominent station. It has been the object of the learned author to grapple chiefly with those difficulties, which a foreigner finds most stubborn when he sits down to make himself master of the splendid dialect of the Peninsula. Thus, for example, the Spaniards are in the habit of writing the verb and the pronoun as if both formed only one word; as *Hicieronlo—they did it; Levantóse—he rose up;* and we know, from our own experience, that the task of separating the verb from the words with which it is united, is one of the most perplexing obstacles which an Englishman has to get over in learning Spanish. In the lessons which Mr. Cubi y Soler has provided for his pupil, he has marked, in italics, the verb on all such occasions, and thus removes one of the first, and not least important, of his difficulties.

Another advantage secured in this little work is this, that most of the words contained in the very excellent lessons which he has selected from the best writers, are translated in a copious vocabulary, which occupies half the volume. The value of this vocabulary will be felt by those who know how exceedingly imperfect are all the Spanish-English dictionaries which we possess, particularly in the explanation of technical terms, and in the names of places.

There is no European language, we believe, which abounds more in idioms than that of Spain. Several collections of these idioms have been published, but these are not only difficult to be remembered *en masse*, they often mislead the student, as the same idiom has often different meanings, according to the occasion upon which it is used, or the place which it occupies in a sentence. In the volume before us, they are explained as they occur in the context, as well as the peculiar niceties of expression, and intricacies of grammar, connected with them.

Several other advantages are offered to the student in this work, which we need not enumerate, as those which we have specified, ought to be quite sufficient to recommend it to his attention.

ART. XVIII. *Storia della Polonia dal tempo dei Sarmati fino a' di nostri, compitata dall' abate* S. Ligurti. 2 vols., 12mo. Milano. 1825.

IT is perhaps not generally known, that considerable intercourse existed, some centuries ago, between Italy and Poland. The communications between these two, however remote countries, on matters of religion, commerce, sciences and arts, were intimate and frequent. The popes exerted, at one time, the greatest influence on the affairs of the kingdom of Poland. Intermarriages also took place between the Polish kings and the sovereign Italian families; among others, Sigismond I. married Bona Sporza, of the family of the Dukes of Milan, of that name. Italian auxiliaries served in the Polish armies, under Sigismond III.; and the Great Sobieski, against their Muscovite and Turkish enemies. At the fall of the Florentine

republic, and the elevation of the grand duke Cosmo I., many Tuscan patriots took refuge in Poland, and found there hospitable reception; and there are letters written by the king of Poland to the grand duke, Francis I., to obtain an amnesty for the exiles. The order of Jesuits formed also a great link between the two countries, by means of the numerous Italian members of that community, who resided in, or visited Poland, for the purposes of their institution. Several Italian writers, in the 17th century, published accounts of the affairs of Poland, and partial sketches of its history. Among others, we have the history of the revolutions which took place in the years 1606—7—8, by Cilli, published at Pittoia, in 1627; a history of the civil wars of Poland, by Vimine, published at Venice, in 1671; an account of the '*holy league* entered into by his Polish majesty and the most serene republic of Venice, against the Turks, in 1684,' Venice, 1685; a history of the troubles of Poland, after the death of the empress Elizabeth Petrowna, by Casanova. In the letters of Monsignor Ciampoli, a Florentine prelate, which were published at Florence, in 1650, many accounts are to be found relative to Polish affairs, as well as several letters of king Uladislaus IV. to Ciampoli himself, who had been commissioned by that monarch to write a history of Poland,—a labour which Ciampoli undertook, but which he was prevented by death from completing. Ciampoli's papers, however, were sent to the king, but in the subsequent invasion of the Swedes, they were lost, together with all the memoirs collected for the same purpose by Uladislaus.

During the 18th century, the connexion between Italy and Poland, and consequently the interest which the Italians had taken in the affairs of the latter country, diminished, and at last ceased entirely.

In 1807, when Napoleon talked of 'changing the destinies of Poland,' and gave out promises which he never realized, Tambroni published a 'Compendia delle Storie della Polonia,' which, however, only comes down to the reign of Uladislaus IV.

Ligurti is therefore the first Italian who has attempted to give a complete history of Poland. However, his performance is far from complete and satisfactory. After a desultory account of the annals of the country, borrowed from other writers, he gives a garbled description of the manners and customs of that gallant people; and speaking, at last, of its erasement from the list of independent nations, in 1794, he shews his political bias, by saying, that 'the mass of the people, and especially the peasantry, are much better under the dominion of a single and powerful lord, who resides at Petersburg, Vienna, or Berlin, than under a thousand little despots scattered over all the surface of the country, which was the case under their feudal nobility.'

Passing over the incorrectness of speaking of *one powerful lord*, when, in fact, there are three who rule over the fragments of ancient Poland, viz. the king of Prussia, and the emperors of Russia and Austria, it might be asked of Mr. Ligurti, whether this *powerful lord* is not obliged to trust to hundreds and thousands of subordinate officers, civil and military, for the administration of his distant Polish territories; and whether some of these agents may not, by their arbitrary conduct, add to the abuses of the old native nobility, who still, it must be observed, retain their feudal rights over their vassals, although they have lost their political influence in the state? But another unpardonable fault of Mr. Ligurti is, his omitting to speak of

the *present* kingdom of Poland, as re-modelled by the late emperor, Alexander, since the last general peace, out of the territory of Napoleon's duchy of Warsaw, conquered by Russia. This kingdom, which our historian does not deign even to mention, forms, however, a distinct state, of about three millions of inhabitants; has its own native administration; its senate or representative assembly, or diet; a constitution or charter, given to it by Alexander; a national army of forty thousand men, well disciplined, commanded by the Cesarowitz Constantine; an university erected at Warsaw, in 1817, by the emperor Alexander; a lyceum, a literary society or academy, and a magistracy, stiled 'commission of worship and public instruction,' which presides over all the schools of the kingdom. This kingdom of Poland is annexed to the crown of the Czars, nearly in the same manner as Hungary is to the Austrian empire, the emperor of Russia styling himself king of Poland. Besides this kingdom, there are Lithuania, and the other Polish provinces, *incorporated* with the Russian empire, which contain about seven millions of people, Gallicia, which belongs to Austria, and the territories of Posen and Thorne, with the city of Dantzick, which have remained in the hands of Prussia. The city of Cracow, and its district, form a small *republic*, having a constitution and a senate. All these important, actual arrangements are left out in Mr. Ligurti's history of Poland.

We must add, however, that another Italian, better qualified for the task of a historian, Professor Ciampi, of Pittoia, well known in the republic of letters for several works of erudition and research, has announced, some time past, a work under the title of *Gl' Italiani in Polonia*, in which will be inserted a number of hitherto unpublished letters and curious documents, collected with great labour by the learned professor, and which, in detailing the early and long connexions between the Poles and the Italians, will throw considerable light upon the history of the former nation.

ART. XIX.—*Some Account of the Life, Writings, and Speeches of William Pinkney.* By Henry Wheaton. 8vo. pp. 616. New York. Wheaton. 1826.

THIS work consists of two parts. The first contains a biographical memoir of Mr. Pinkney, in which the facts are illustrated and explained by different fragments of his correspondence with several distinguished persons, in the United States. In the second part we have his speeches, as well as his opinions, and some dissertations on public matters, in which he was employed.

Born at Anapolis, in Maryland, on the 17th of March, 1764, of English parents, who adhered to the cause of the mother-country in the war of independence, the young Pinkney evinced, at an early period of his life, the strongest attachment to the liberties of America. He was educated for the bar, and became distinguished in his profession. In 1790 he was elected a member of Congress, and in 1796 he was sent on a mission to this country, where he resided until 1804. He then returned to America, and resumed his profession for a while, but was again appointed to the English mission in 1801, and he remained here until 1811, chiefly occupied in negociations concerning the grand question of neutrals and the laws of navigation, as they related to maritime and continental blockades. Upon

his return he was appointed Attorney General of the United States. He took a very considerable share in the discussions which arose out of the war with this country in 1812; and in 1814 he gave in his resignation. It is a curious instance of the facility with which the Anglo-Americans vary their occupations, that in 1815 we find him commanding a corps of volunteers, embodied for the defence of Washington against the attack made upon it by the British forces. On this occasion he was severely wounded. Upon his recovery he still followed his profession, and was elected to represent the city of Baltimore. In 1816 he was sent as minister plenipotentiary to Petersburg, and on his way, according to the wise economy of the United States, he was instructed to touch at Naples, and to demand an indemnity for the losses sustained by the commerce of America, in consequence of confiscations, which took place by virtue of the order of Murat. He then proceeded to Russia, and after having remained there two years, he requested to be recalled on account of his bad health. He was next named to the senate by the legislature of Maryland, and was actively engaged in the performance of his duties, when his labours were terminated by death, on the 25th of February, 1822. His speeches are more distinguished for the closeness and shrewdness of argument than for eloquence. Mr. Pinkney was a useful and industrious public character; but he had no claim to that brilliant reputation which his biographer has endeavoured to attach to his memory.

Art. XX. *Sui vantaggi delle Statistiche, di Melchiorre Gioia.* 8vo. pp. 57. Milano. 1826.

The science of political economy was, at one time, in high estimation in Italy; a collection of the Italian economists was published under Napoleon's reign, by Custodi, in no less than fifty volumes 8vo. The first Italian professorship of political economy was established towards the middle of the last century, in the University of Naples, through the exertions, and at the expense of Bartollomeo Intieri, a Florentine. Genoveli, the first professor, then wrote his "Lectures on Commerce;" and, cotemporarily with him, flourished the celebrated Galiani, Pietro Verri, Mengotti, Carli, and others, whose names are known even beyond the precincts of Italy. From the wisdom of these men, the administration and the people of Italy were beginning to reap practical benefit, when foreign invasion, revolutions, and all the calamities in their train, arrested every useful reform. In Tuscany, however, thanks to the good sense of its government, and the spirit of its citizens, political economy has continued to attract the attention of both rulers and ruled, and the Academia de' Georgofili, at Florence, is still usefully engaged in discussing various important questions connected with the agriculture and the commerce of that country. At Naples, also, De Weltz, has lately published *La Magia del credito*, 2 vols. 4to, in which he exposes the principles of finances and of public credit; a work which is spoken very highly of.

We have already (p. 472) enumerated Gioia's principal works. We omitted his '*Esercizio logico sugli errori d'ideologia e zoologia*' (1824), in which he examines the causes, the nature, and the duration of opinions and errors among men. In the following year (1825), he wrote some reflections on a work of Bonstellen (*L'homme du midi et l'homme du Nord*), in

which the latter had said, that, in southern countries, the sensitive and imaginative faculties are greater than those of thought and reflection. Gioia combats Bonstellen's opinion, in which, however, there appears to be some truth. Lastly, we have now another pamphlet from Gioia's prolific pen, viz., his examination of an assertion made by Say, the French economist, who, in his *Traite d'Economie Politique*, after enumerating the difficulty of obtaining exact statistical information, concludes thus carelessly his sentence: "et parvint ou á les avoir, elles ne seroient vrais qu'un instant." And again, in the Revue Encyclopedique, Say ridicules "ces enormes statistiques, qui vraies au moment où elles ont eté dressées, ne le sont plus au moment où on les consulte." Gioia shews that, among the elements of statistical calculations, there are many such as those derived from geography, hydraulics, and the climate, which will remain ever true; and that others are subject to change only after a certain lapse of time; for in consequence of the physical vicissitudes of population, the variations of local atmosphere, the habits of men, whether physical or intellectual, the movements of arts and trade; 'but their changes are not so rapid,' observes our author, 'as those of the Parisian fashions; even from their known variations, average or approximative calculations may be drawn for the guidance of the actual generation in its contracts, speculations, and political operations. The shepherds still ascend, with their cattle, the Alps, in July, and find there a rich pasture, and return again to the valleys in September; still the mountaineers of the Apennines, who come to reap in the plains, know that they will be able to return to the highlands in time for their harvest, which comes later. Certain soils and latitudes will continue to bear the same productions, and will thus tend to perpetuate the same reciprocal wants of trade among nations in raw materials.' Gioia imparts several curious facts and observations, in support of his arguments.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

The Subscribers to THE MONTHLY REVIEW are respectfully informed that the *Appendix* to this journal will be henceforth discontinued, as a separate number. Two sheets, however, will be added to each of the future Monthly numbers, by which many inconveniences will be avoided. For further particulars as to this necessary alteration, we take leave to refer to the advertisement which will be found on the wrapper.

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